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Pahute Indian Medicine

Early Utah Medical Practice

Pioneer Dentistry

ALEXANDER NEIBAUR

Memoirs of Alice Parker Isom

Mormon Midwives

Journal of Priddy Meeks



Published January, April, July and October, by the Board of Control

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF UTAH

A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, the State of Utah is gathering all obtainable facts, papers and information concerning the activities of our people who are serving their country in the present World War, and

WHEREAS, several outstanding heroes have already given their lives, or rendered signally distinguished service, at home and abroad, and

WHEREAS, we are proud of these men and women and are endeavoring to obtain for official preservation every available fact concerning them, and

WHEREAS, the Historical Society has been formally designated as the official repository of public records, papers and other material of historic value, also designated as the Department of War History and Archives, to record Utah's participation in the war, and

WHEREAS, every assurance is given for the safe and permanent keeping of all public and personal records, to the honor of our worthy military men and women, and for the students of our history,

NOW, THEREFORE, I, HERBERT B. MAW, Governor of Utah, do hereby proclaim that the citizens of the state should furnish to the Utah State Historical Society, 337 State Capitol, for information and preservation, the names, biographical sketches, photographs and copies of war service clippings, papers and records, of the members of their families, their loved ones and their friends.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Utah.
Done at the Capitol, Salt Lake City, this 12th day of September, 1942.

(Signed) HERBERT B. MAW
Governor

By the Governor:

E. E. MONSON (Signed)
Secretary of State.

(SEAL)



From the collection of Herbert S. Auerbach

PAHUTE INDIANS

Medicine Man

Warrior

Indian Doctor

Utah State Historical Society

State Capitol — Salt Lake City, Utah

Volume X January, April, July, October, 1942 Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4

PAHUTE INDIAN MEDICINE ¹

By WM. R. PALMER ²

The trail of humanity down through the centuries from the first man has been beset with sickness and affliction; and paralleling that trail is a line of magicians, soothsayers, medicine men, faith healers, naturopaths, osteopaths, chiropractors, midwives, doctors, surgeons, dentists, etc., etc., who have conjured ways and means to relieve or cure human ailments. The human body, ignoring the conjuring, has proceeded in many cases to heal itself but the particular brand of witchery that was being used at the time got credit for the cure.

Since so many of our ailments are imaginary or profoundly affected by the mind, who shall say that the magic passes of the soothsayers, or the incantations of the medicine man were not often effective in removing the delusions?

Every people, every race, has had its medicine men in variety even down to our enlightened day. Each school may apply the word "quackery" to the others but all of them can bring forth their sheaves of testimonials. The science of medicine, so called, has been the slowest of all to move away from the black arts, and there is still more of conjuring and experimentation than of science in the treatment of our human ills. This is said with apologies to my own doctor whose services I run for every time I have an ache or pain.

The Pahutes have had the good sense to limit their practitioners to two schools. Their medicine is, therefore, less confusing than the white man's methods. Moreover, an Indian can practice either system or both and the only question asked is, do his patients live through the treatment? He had better keep Dame Luck on his side for he may be held accountable for what happens to his patients. There is for him no such convenient alibi as, "the operation was successful but the patient died."

These Indian practitioners are known respectively as "Doctor" and "Medicine Man". Commonly they are supposed to be one and the same but the fact is that there may be, and there frequently is, jealous rivalry between the two as representing different schools

1. Copyright, 1942, by Wm. R. Palmer.

2. For note on Mr. Palmer, see *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 1, No. 1, January, 1928, p. 5.

of thought in the healing arts. Both may and sometimes do work concurrently on the same patient, but seldom in collaboration. Neither one will object to this so long as he gets his fee. If the patient recovers, there may be an argument about which treatment brought about the cure, but, if the patient dies there is sure to be mutual incriminations between the healers, each blaming the other for the death. In that case responsibility will be difficult to fix and both may escape punishment. The Doctor is a faith healer while the Medicine Man drives the demons of disease away with concoctions of lizard tails, bone ashes, herbs or whatever else his spirit tutor bids him use. Superstition is the basis on which both rest.

If an Indian wants to become a Doctor or a Medicine Man he thinks hard about it for many days. If the spirits want him to practice they will some night send him a dream. Some spirit will talk with him from far, far away. If he is to be a Doctor it will sing the healing songs to him, and if he is to be a Medicine Man it will tell him what the herbs and plants are for and how he may concoct medicine from them. The Indian learns his songs or his formula and he is then ready to begin his practice.

The Indian theory is that all kinds of sickness is caused by "mo-go-ab ru-an"—evil spirits—little devils that afflict and torment man. We, too, have little devils whom we hold responsible for our troubles. We call them germs. The medicine man had his devils long before we got ours.

The job of the Indian practitioner is to drive the demons away—to eject them forcefully if necessary from the sick person, or to so harrass them that they are glad to vacate. Often the medicine used is so repulsive that no self-respecting devil will remain in its presence.

The Indian Doctor relies upon his mystic chant to drive or entice the evil ones away. These songs, bear in mind, are given to him by the spirits, but experience and experimentation must determine whether the spirit giver was a good or bad fellow. The tree must be judged by its fruits, and in the olden days, before the white man's laws interfered, a doctor found to be dispensing bad medicine was tortured to drive out his evil enchantments, or he might even be put to death.

Thirty years ago a doctor out on the Shivwits Reservation near Santa Clara, Utah, was suspected of carrying death. He could wish it upon others and all his patients died. Many had gone to their long rest before the doctor's duplicity was suspected. As the black distrust began to fill the minds of the tribe, a scheme was hatched to catch him red handed and kill him. He was called to treat a sick woman—the mother of Paul Jake who told me the story. The doctor came fearfully for he suspected treachery. The room was full of Indians but he proceeded to his singing. One of the watchers decided that the old man was making bad medicine

instead of good, so, at a prearranged signal, a man in the rear crushed the doctor's head with an axe. Even then the doctor's medicine was potent, for the woman died also.

In 1937 I went to Moapa, Nevada, to do a bit of research. There was trouble among the Indians, the cause of which I sought to discover but could not as nobody wanted to talk. When I was ready to leave, an Indian asked if he might ride with me to Cedar City. I let him drive the car while I sat beside him, pencil and note book in hand, taking notes of the matters we discussed. During the day he told me about the trouble and these are the notes I took as he talked.

"Dan Bullit's wife Pauline was sick. Dan called Doctor Charley to see her but he shot a magic fire arrow into her left side under her ribs and she was going to die in one week.

"Her husband seeing she was growing worse called in a woman doctor named H- - - - . She worked and found out about the arrow but was afraid to say anything about who shot it. She asked Dan to call another woman doctor to help her. Dan sent for Doctor Mary - - - - who came right away. Mary found the arrow too, and told right out which man had shot it. Then the Indians went out and made Charley come in and the two women doctors together pulled the arrow out and showed it to everybody and the Indians were all very mad. Some wanted to take Charley out and kill him. He got scared and ran away. Charley Steve said this man made him sick once and he was very mad at Doctor Charley. The arrow looked like fire. Pauline was better next morning. She could eat and sit up and Doctor Mary says she will not die."

Mary was right. Pauline did not die and Doctor Charley was not killed, for which he should thank the white man's laws; but he got no more cases to treat, for the sick Indians were afraid that Charley had not shot his last arrow.

These Indian healers, even as ours, are alert to new ideas. In the early practice of Dr. George W. Middleton, in Cedar City, he was called to the Indian Camp to see a sick boy. Dr. Middleton found a case of appendicitis and wanted to take the patient to town for operation. The medicine man demurred; Dr. Middleton took out his prescription pad and drew a picture of the boy's intestines showing the diseased appendix and also pointed out the area in the abdomen where he would make the incision to take the diseased member out. Still the Indians would not consent.

A day or two later Dr. Middleton met the Medicine Man and inquired about the boy. The Indian answered, "He all right. I cut um sore guts out," and further explained to the horrified doctor how he had operated with the butcher knife. To the next inquiry made a few days later, the Indian answered, "Boy all right. He dead." Doctor Middleton's explanations and drawings had been too clear. They had made the operation appear so simple

that the Indians decided they could do the job themselves and save the money.

Sometimes, however, the red man's surgery does work. Ten years ago at Indian Peak, far out in the desert in Southern Utah, a young squaw with her first child was four days in hard labor. She had become so worn out and enfeebled that the muscles had almost ceased to respond. Apparently she was dying. Seeing this the old "To-ap-o-at" (midwife) took the butcher knife and thrusting it into the vagina cut the passage big enough to remove the child. The squaw lay at death's door for several weeks and it was over a year before she stood on her feet; but she lived and is alive today, though she never conceived again.

Modern hospitalization with its steam heated rooms, its sanitation, its luxury baths and its twilight sleep does not appeal too strongly to Indian women.

Deer Kanosh was expecting an increase in his family and his young wife, Adrine, had negotiated a two dollar loan from me to purchase the needed layette of four diapers and enough outing flannel to line the papoose basket and to make one little gown.

At 3 a.m., one morning I answered a knock at my door and there stood Clarence, Adrine's brother. "Adrine pretty sick. She want you to come quick," was his laconic announcement, then he turned to leave. I called him back and wrote a note for him to take to a doctor. I told him to come back if the doctor refused to go to Adrine.

The doctor took Adrine to the hospital where her baby was born during the day. On the following day Adrine ran away from the institution leaving her baby behind because she did not know where to find it. She walked nearly a mile to the Indian camp and the following day her mother went and brought the baby home. Adrine did not like anything about the hospital—the twilight sleep, the warm room, the clean white sheets, the bath—and, believe it or not, she left because there was too much exposure and it was all too shocking to her modesty. She prefers the Indian way. Her truancy with its long walk apparently did her no harm.

At the camp near Cedar City a few years ago, Julia Jack was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism and the "little devils" within her were taxing to the limit the wits of both the Indian Doctor and the Medicine Man. One day the pain would be in one joint and the next day somewhere else. The healers tried all their arts but the trouble only shifted from shoulders to hips, wrists or ankles. They knew they could dislodge the demons but for some unknown reason they could never manage to eject them from her body. For many torturous weeks the men of skill chased the devils around through the woman's anatomy but the evil ones

only played hide and seek. The pain finally localized in one sore and badly swollen foot.

Tom Parashont, the Medicine Man, said the spirits were tired and had decided now to leave Julia and were trying to find a way out. To facilitate the exit Tom took his dull and dirty pocket knife and jabbed the blade many times down to the handle in the swollen foot. A severe infection developed and Julia's life was imperiled. I got her away to a hospital where heroic treatment saved both her life and her foot. I gave Tom a lecture. I told him that his dirty knife was covered with germs which he planted deep in Julia's flesh. By way of elucidation I explained that germs were little bugs. Tom got the idea, then said half to himself, "Oh yes—white man knife no good, got bugs—old Indian use flint rock, flint rock good; no got bugs, next time flint rock." Tom's treatment still was correct but he had the wrong instrument.

Out of their generations of experimentation the Indians have learned much of the true medicinal qualities of many plants and herbs. They understand also the use of hot and cold packs and of counter-irritants, but their reasoning about the latter differs from the white man's. A physician told me once that he had found, that day at the Indian camp, as scientific and skillful an application of the counter-irritant as he had ever seen in his life. A circle of blisters had been made around an internal focal infection and the patient had been relieved of pain. The physician marveled and wondered how a people so ignorant and so devoid of medical skill ever discovered the principle of the counter-irritant. The answer was simple. The pain and soreness told the wise old medicine man the point in the woman's body where the evil spirits were setting up headquarters, and he went out to make it hot for them. His treatment was right; the devils scattered and left and the pain ceased. They had fled out of the circle of blisters that almost encompassed them, over a narrow break that had purposely been left open (unburned), as a trail out.

The Indians compound some really effective remedies. A powerful emetic is produced by boiling the leaves and stems of the creasote bush, or chaparral. A certain root that grows near the Moccasin Reservation is chewed as a physic. A syrup made by boiling sticky pine gum in water quickly induces vomiting. Sap from the balsam pine added to sage brush tea and boiled down to a syrup is given for coughs and colds. Snake bites and other such infections are treated with a poultice and a beverage made from the root of a certain plant that grows in the mountains and which they call "snake medicine." The Indians have such faith in the efficacy of this root that they have little fear of snake bites. They cut such wounds open and suck them; then apply their snake medicine and go on with their work, paying little more attention than that to the bite. Indians who work among the rocks where

there is possibility of being bitten, usually carry snake root in their pockets. The smell of it, they say, will drive the reptiles away. Having smelled the medicine myself I have respect for the judgment of the snakes!

The most elemental and universal of human ills is child-bearing. The bringing forth of new human life has always meant hazard for the mothers of the race. Every people have had their doctors or midwives to help mothers through that shadowed valley of travail, and remedies covering the whole maternal period have developed among all peoples.

The Pahute god, Shinob, like the Christian God, pronounced a decree of pain and sorrow upon women, but he also promised that they should be preserved in child bearing. To this end he gave rules to the Indians which were to be observed by both parents during pregnancy and the period of purification that must follow.

The mother must refrain from eating meats and fats, and rigidly so during her last weeks. She is to live on vegetables, greens, roots, nuts and bread made from any of the seeds. Her foods must be produced by and out of the earth. She must drink cold water.

In preparation for confinement a small closed shelter or tent is to be set up at a distance from the camp. A hole about ten inches deep and as large as a bed is dug in the center of the floor and a pile of smooth rocks is assembled near by.

When labor begins a fire is built over the rocks and they are thoroughly heated and transferred to the hole inside the tent. Green brush and boughs are laid three or four inches deep over the hot rocks and the woman's bed is placed on that. Her drink then is changed to hot water, of which she generously partakes. The application of heat in this manner, both inside and out, is to relax the muscles. Up to this point the husband makes all the preparations. He now withdraws and turns the case over to "To-ap-o-ats," the midwife.

There are certain things the husband must now do for himself. If he would preserve his teeth he fits a small chip between the upper and lower jaws to keep his teeth from hitting each other. This must be worn during the whole period of purification—usually one full moon. If he would preserve his hair and nails he sharpens a small convenient stick like a pencil which he wears in his hair. If his scalp or any part of his body itches he uses this stick and never his fingernails to scratch because he would lose his hair and his nails.

For several days after the baby is born the husband must remain near-by but outside the tent. The rocks are to be kept warm and the mother might need assistance. They are to talk little and laugh not at all lest wrinkles set on their faces.

If the husband must leave for a little while he must spit on his knee and he must be back by the time the spittle is dry. He may not say "I forgot how fast time was flying."

For at least two weeks after the birth both mother and father are to eat no meat or grease. They must live on plant foods—vegetables, nuts, fruits, etc., and for a full moon both are to drink only warm water. At the end of one moon (one month) the purification bath is given to both parents and normal life together is resumed.

For the first few days after the birth of the baby and while the mother might need assistance at any time, the father, stationed outside, must be ready and subject to call. He is to put a round rock under his head for a pillow so that if he dozes off too soundly his head will roll off and wake him up.

Chiropractic once sounded good to Big John who had been bedridden for five years with rheumatism. The doctor explained to John that he gave "no bittah, nasty medicine," so it was easy for me to persuade the sick man to take a course of treatment.

The doctor was a newcomer to Utah from New England and was eager to establish a practice in Cedar City. Hearing of the sick Indian he proposed to me that he could cure the case and would give his services free if I would arrange to take him out to the Indian Camp each day. I was also to get Big John's consent. The Indian readily agreed to take the treatment and it was arranged that Bishop E. M. Corry and I would alternate in making the trips.

I took the first turn. We entered John's tent and the doctor laid out his tools beside the sick bed; then we stripped John's clothing off and lifted him face downward onto the stools. He was skin and bone, and because he had been sick so long, his flesh was almost as white as a white man's and as tender and soft as a baby's.

The good doctor fingered up and down John's spine until he found a vertebra that seemed to be a few degrees off plumb. He focused a stout knuckle on it and came down suddenly with all his weight like a ton of brick. Poor old John's bones fairly rattled from the impact. Tears filled his eyes and he cursed profusely. The doctor seized John's head and a quick jerk made his neck crack. More profanity. After half an hour or more of this rough treatment John was in a heavy sweat. The doctor gave him a comforting massage and we put him back to bed.

The next day Bishop Corry took the doctor out, but John was not at all cordial. He was finally persuaded to take the treatment again, but his poor emaciated body was sore from the batterings and buffetings it had taken the day before. He groaned and wept and cussed and swore, but he did enjoy the massage he got at the end.

The third day was my turn to take the doctor out. When I threw the flap of John's tent back and walked in he pulled the blanket up over his head and tucked himself tightly in. The doctor greeted him with a cheerful "good morning," but got no response. We laid the tools out and the doctor said in his best Bostonian accent, "Come, Mr. John, make you bettah, make you bettah." No answer. The doctor gave a few gentle nudges and said, "Come John, make you bettah, make you bettah." Then from under the blanket—"Go to hell." The doctor continued, "Make you bettah, John, make you bettah," but to every urging he got the same reply—"Go to hell." The doctor turned to me and asked, "What do you think he means Brother Palmer?" I said, "I think he means just what he says." We packed up and came home.

A few days later I took some food out to John. I said, "What was the matter with you, John. You acted like a big squaw, when I brought the doctor out. Why didn't you let him make you better?" "Make you bettah," he mimicked, then added, "Good hell, Will (Palmer), all same horse kick." Chiropractic treatments since then have little appeal for the Indians. They prefer the regular doctor's bitter medicines.

It has been my privilege to sit by and watch four medicine men in action. Each had his own particular system and his own particular song. Johnnie Kanosh was soft and gentle. His voice was low pitched and musical, his song as soft and sweet as a mother's lullaby. He sat on one side of his patient and sang for awhile. Then he changed to the other side and repeated the song. Then he stood up and uttered a few short, sharp calls. Seating himself again beside his patient the whole process was repeated time after time. When Johnnie gave out, he signalled for other Indians to take up the song while he rested. I looked on from 8 p. m. until after midnight. How much longer this treatment would continue I do not remember.

Old Jake Wiggitt's method was quite the opposite from Johnnie's. His treatment was heroic. He took hold with a stern hand, and his voice was the voice of authority. I spent two successive nights from early evening until after midnight watching him, and, because he thought me something of a skeptic, he fairly "strutted his stuff" in the slang of the youth of today.

Jake's patient was Mrs. Fred Ben from Moapa, a woman who had suffered a paralytic stroke. Her right side was totally paralyzed and she seemed to be unable to speak. She was fully conscious. Jake had been in action on her case for over a week, and the woman's eyes showed the most abject weariness I ever saw in a human being.

She lay on a quilt in the center of the room. Jake had a rod three feet long, on the end of which dangled a half dozen eagle feathers. Jake tramped slowly around the bed with broken step,

waving his wand. He stopped on the east side of the bed and facing east shook his wand fiercely and menacingly at any devils that might be lurking in that direction, then to the south, to the west and to the north.

Then he began singing. His voice was harsh and gruff, and he had grown hoarse from so many nights of exertion. Around and around the prostrate woman he trailed, swishing his feathers, pulling angry faces and all the time singing his wild chant.

This continued for an hour, then Jake put his wand aside and lay down upon the quilt beside the woman. Two Indians stepped forward and picking up the woman, they laid her at right angles to Jake with her feet against his face. He took each foot, put his mouth to the heel and yelled at the spirits that were hiding there. The paralyzed foot received special attention. She was then moved so that her ankles were over his mouth. Same treatment. Another move brought the calves up for treatment, then the knees and the thighs. When he reached the body his tempo increased and he became ferocious, yelping and spluttering like a mad dog. Slowly the woman was dragged across his face and every organ inside and out of her was given its commands. When the head came up he pried her mouth open, put his mouth to hers and yelled and screeched and made the most hideous noises he was capable of; the same in her nostrils, then in her ears and back again to her mouth. He was frightening all the devils that were in her and shaking them loose from their holds upon her.

Jake was now exhausted and steaming with sweat. He had put all he had into the effort. He struggled to his feet, coughed and gagged then thrusting his fingers into his mouth he drew out what appeared to be a few long, light colored hairs to show me what he had captured. I said, "You pulled that hair out of her head." Then I saw that they were white while her hair was black. I then remarked that it was strings of saliva, but the old man passed his wand between his hand and his mouth to show me it was not. The strands remained unbroken.

Jake gagged some more then went outside and the Indians told me to go with him. Out in the dooryard he turned to the east, put his hand to his mouth, coughed, and then waved his hand as if he were casting something away. Then he turned to the south and did the same thing, thence west and north. All the devils now out of his system, he commanded them with an appropriate chant to scatter to the four winds.

What the old man had in his mouth I have never been able to guess, but I saw it and it really made him strangle and cough. He said that they were arrows of sickness that the evil spirits inside of the sick woman were driving through her body. The entire treatment was repeated three times each night that I witnessed it, then Jake, worn out, went to bed. The woman recovered and has full use of her limbs today, after five or six years.

In the matter of life and death the Indians are extremely practical. When grandpa or grandma gets too old to be useful or to take care of themselves, little effort is expended by some families to keep them living on. The old Indian custom, which still occasionally recurs, was to abandon the feeble and helpless and let them die of exposure or starvation.

As a boy of twelve years I engaged one summer to run the town cow herd. At eight o'clock each morning I received the milch cows of the community at the tithing yard³ and drove them out on the hills to graze for the day. At night I returned them to the tithing yard, where the owners came to get them. My chief responsibility was to keep the cattle away from the growing crops, so every day I patrolled the field fence.

One day I found a newly built wickiup of sage brush and cedar boughs against the fence. Looking in, I saw a sight that makes me shudder even yet when I think of it. Beside the ashes of a long burned-out fire, alone and silent, an old Indian sat cross-legged in the dust. He had neither blankets nor food nor water. There was only an empty coffee can within his reach.

A cancer which had started in his nose, had eaten the upper lip entirely away and the place where his nose should be was a mattering cavern as large as my fist. The teeth and jaw bone thus exposed looked twice their natural size and gave a ghastly and horrifying expression to his face. No attempt had been made to bandage or dress or even to cover the hideous sore. The old man leaned slightly forward and from the open wound there was a slow but constant drip, drip of bloody discharge.

I spoke and Old Comanse (that was his name) looked up with a start. Then he called "water, water." I filled his coffee can at the field ditch and he drank it all down in a gulp, then I filled it again. He asked for "shet-cup"—food—and I gave him my lunch which he ate ravenously. He just seemed to poke the slices of bread into that cavern in his face. I told my folks about Old Comanse and each day thereafter I carried food and a tin bucket of coffee to him. He wanted tobacco and I took that to him also.

This continued for four or five days, then one morning Comanse was gone. The Indians had come expecting to find him dead, but finding instead that someone was feeding him, they moved him off into the hills, and we could never learn what became of the old man. They had deliberately and intentionally put him away to die.

3. Ten per cent of the income of members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, ("Mormons"), paid for the support of the Church, is commonly called "tithing." In rural districts, the tithing is usually paid, (at least in part), in the products of the land. The tithing yard is the semi-public yard of the bishop of the Ward in which the Church tithing property—hay, grain, potatoes, cattle, sheep, pigs, honey, poultry, etc. are kept until they can be marketed or exchanged to advantage among the people.

Then there was the more recent case of old Eliza, sister to Big John who took the "horse kicks", and, like him, afflicted in her last years with rheumatism. Eliza's daughter got pretty tired of being tied at home to take care of her mother and wanted to give nature a little help in getting it over with.

I used to take bits of food to the old squaw when I had occasion to visit the camp—a can of soup or tomatoes, an orange or some apples. One cold and stormy March day I called at the camp. No one answered my knock, but the daughter might have gone to town and Eliza was too deaf to hear. The door was wide open so I walked in. There was no fire and Eliza was lying on the cold, bare board-floor stark naked. There was a bedstead off in the corner with nothing but a dirty sheet over the springs. I threw the sheet over the squaw and then called a squaw from another camp to come over. We brought the callous daughter's bed in from another room and put Eliza in it. I gave her an orange which she swallowed in big bites peeling and all. Then I opened a can of tomatoes and she quickly gulped that down. It was evident that she had been getting little food. I made up the fire and left, but I told the squaw I had called in, to tell the daughter that I would have her put in jail if she took the bed and clothing away from her mother any more. When I saw the girl again, the excuse she gave was that Eliza made everything too dirty and she was tired of washing clothes and blankets and she didn't care if her mother did freeze and die. Eliza lived until the following 24th of July. The daughter was not at home. She had left the helpless old woman with a little girl and had gone to Salt Lake City to dance in a Covered Wagon Day celebration.

Why did not the Indians put these aged unfortunate quickly and painlessly out of their misery, instead of killing them by slow exposure and starvation? Because they believe and fear that the spirit of a person so murdered might return to haunt them and do them harm. It might shower bad medicine upon the whole tribe. But if a man dies from natural causes, superinduced though they have been, his spirit carries away no such vengeful animus.

Contrasting strangely with the inhuman treatment of these old and helpless people was the care which the tribe bestowed upon Chokum, an Indian who was something less than a half-wit. This man lived to be quite old. He had no home, but went from one family to another as he pleased. They all fed him and mended his clothes, washed for him, cut his hair and in general took good care of him. The men took him out on jobs where he could earn enough to buy his clothing and shoes. He did not know one piece of money from another, but the wages were always divided fairly with him. When Chokum needed overalls or a shirt or had to make a purchase of any kind, someone went to the store with him. They allowed him to pick what he wanted and pay for it out of his own purse. They helped him count out the money and they

saw to it that he got the right change back. Chokum took sick and died within a few days and was accorded as good a funeral and burial as any other Indian is given.

One more of the mysteries of Indian medicine and I shall have told enough—the significance of the medicine bag. Once there was an Indian who always lost everything that he had. He spent most of his time hunting for the things he had lost, and sometimes he even lost his name. He was a good and a brave man but because he was so afflicted no one dared to trust him.

His tribesmen feared that if he ever had children they would be like him so they asked the Medicine Man to talk to Shinob, the god, about it. The Medicine Man went off alone into the mountains, and when he came back he said that Shinob had told him what all the Indian mothers were to do. He said, "When a baby is born the mother must put a little piece of itself in a buck-skin bag, and the baby is to wear this piece of himself always until he is a young man. When he is brave enough to go off into the mountains alone he is to hide his medicine bag where no one can ever find it and he must never forget where it is himself." "Where can we get a piece of himself?" the mothers asked. "A piece of his segovie (navel cord) will be a piece of himself," the Medicine Man answered.

Since that day, before her baby is born, the Indian mother prepares its medicine bag. Generally it is carefully made and beautifully decorated with beads, because it is to be for her baby a priceless possession. When birth occurs, a bit of the umbilical cord is cut off and sewed up in the bag and the baby wears it upon his person until the adolescent day when he proudly marches away alone to hide it. All through his youth he is taught what that bag he wears means and why he must never forget where he puts it. That is to be his life secret which he must never divulge to any one else. As long as he can remember where he hid his "Segovie" he will not forget other things and his people are to consider him of sound mind.

When the Pahutes now see an Indian hunting around for something he has lost, or acting absent-mindedly, they call out to him, "Hi friend, what is the matter? Have you lost your Segovie?" Then everyone laughs at the pertinent joke and the absent-minded Indian comes suddenly to himself.

Segovie bags are exceedingly hard to get, for obvious reasons. In twenty-five years of trying I have succeeded in getting only two. The babies died and the mothers let me have these priceless treasures, which money could not have bought in the lifetime of the children.

There are other medicine bags than the birth bag which I have described.⁴ The Segovie bag is to be disposed of when a

4. See Addenda I and J, this issue of the Quarterly.

youth is old enough to make his trip alone into desert or mountain, but any other medicine bag he acquires, he must wear throughout his life. This latter kind will be for him a luck bag, a charm. The medicine it contains has been compounded exclusively for him either by himself or by some trusted medicine man, and the ingredients it contains are known only to the person who compounds them. There may be a bit of snake root, a lizard's head, ashes of eagle feathers, a pine nut or two, and the beak of a humming bird to temper the weather for the wearer or the wearer for the weather. Each ingredient carries a special spirit or power—the lizard head long life and ability to hide from an enemy, eagle feathers the courage and straightforwardness of the eagle, food and life are stored in the pine nuts and the snake medicine will ward off dangers from poison reptiles.

These bags, too, are hard to get, yet all the old Indians wear them. I have been able to get only one, and with it came grave warnings from other Indians, of the dangers it holds for me as one not entitled even to touch it. I prize it very highly, and out of respect for the advice of my Indian friends, handle it gingerly.

The white man's schools are breaking down the tribal superstitions and necromantic customs; and something that has made the Red Man colorful and interesting, is being lost in the educational processes of today.

EARLY UTAH MEDICAL PRACTICE ¹

By BLANCHE E. ROSE

The history of the practice of medicine in Utah in the 1840's and 1850's, at least such as was practiced by recognized physicians, is largely a narrative of the lives of a few rugged, hardy individuals who embraced the faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Samuel L. Sprague.—One of the outstanding characters of the Great Mormon Exodus was Dr. Samuel Lindsey Sprague. Born in Boston, May 3, 1807, he was attracted in his early practice of medicine to the Mormon faith, and attached himself to the banner of Brigham Young. He was Brigham's close companion, and was constantly with him in his travels, except when detached and sent on particular missions by the Church leader. The early newspapers as well as the journals of the pioneers contain numerous items relating to Dr. Sprague's comings and goings.

It is related that on the night of March 13, 1846, while the emigrating Mormons were encamped at Richardson's Point, Iowa, President Young, after spending most of the evening in the historian's tent, visited with Dr. Sprague in the latter's tent for more than an hour. It is noted that on this occasion, the doctor reported the health of the camp fairly good. One patient was ill—spring fever, ague and coughs. He felt that after a severe rainstorm the general health would be improved. There were three or four cases of distemper among the horses.

On August 14, 1846, at Cutler's Park, Nebraska, the health of the emigrants was poor. Dr. Sprague had seen 40 patients up to that time, and there were 15 or 20 more to be seen. Most of the cases of illness were fever among the newcomers. Those who had been in camp (this was near Winter Quarters) during the season, enjoyed fairly good health.

His movements during the next few years formed a constant pilgrimage serving the Saints. Accounts of his treating the sick, white and Indians; helping care for the horses and cattle; burying the dead, often burning wood over their graves to conceal them from wild Indians as well as animals; treating the contagious diseases, measles, whooping cough, lung complaints, as well as chills and bilious fever; treating accidents; setting broken bones; and alleviating fever and itching from drinking water appears in the records.

Thomas Bullock's Journal relates some interesting cases: "June 5, 1848, President Young's company moving across the Elk

1. From the comprehensive "History of Medicine in Utah," submitted by Miss Rose to the Faculty, University of Utah, May, 1939, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Arts degree. This excerpt was selected, edited and arranged by J. Cecil Alter.

Horn, Nebraska. Lucy Groves ill. While vomiting from wagon, thrown out as it crossed a rut. Front wheels ran over breasts and shoulders; hind wheel over leg above ankle. Broken. Sprague set it in "splinters."

"June 9, 1848, Oliver Duncan, 15, slipped off wagon train, while driving. Broke leg. Sprague set it.

"June 16, 1848. Maria Kay, 8, died of 'apoplectic stroke,' complicating intermittent fever. Sister Groves, low.

"August 24, 1848. 15 cases of 'mountain fever.'

"August 30, 1848. Sweetwater, Wyoming. Sister Gowan, from Mississippi Camp, died of fever and diarrhoea. Brother Earl's child also dead. [Sprague] Dressed young man's arm injured by bursting gun. Six new cases of 'mountain fever.' More sickness than at any time en route.

"May 22, 1850 (in Utah), [Sprague] attended Walker, an Indian Chief and two other Indians sick with fever. Collected roots and herbs with which he treated them.

"November 11, 1852, [Sprague] spent the entire day with Brigham Young, who had been stricken with a fever.

"May 12, 1854, attended a child of Chief Walker, near present site of Nephi, Utah. Chief was distracted, saying that if the child died, a woman must die also. Sprague calmed Walker and secured promise not to exact carrying out of this Indian idea. Child recovered. Sprague subsequently highly regarded by Walker in particular, and Indians generally."

In December, 1855, Dr. Sprague accompanied Brigham Young to Fillmore, Utah's first capital, and was in intimate contact with the members of the legislature, rendering them medical attention. The doctor described one legislator who had several fits and fell in the fire, being badly burned. He was healed by means of "prayers, healing, faith and mild nursing." Dr. Sprague described treatment of other members who had fever, inflamed eyes, etc. He also rendered medical treatment to citizens, and to Kanosh, Indian Chief.

Sept. 30, 1863, he was serving as Messenger in the State Legislature. On April 9, 1864, he was a member of a Grand Jury which presented to the U. S. District Court, a complaint setting forth grievances growing out of conditions at Fort Douglas, Utah, where the military establishment had erected corrals and stables, and diverted waters from Red Butte Creek, and later turned them back into the water course supplying part of the city's needs. The Grand Jury regarded this situation as being a menace to health and life, and because of interference with irrigation, an economic loss to the community. The Grand Jury termed the condition "filthy, nauseous, deleterious to health of people."

Dr. Sprague was not only a busy physician, but he took an active interest in civic and political activities. He was vice-

president of the original Horticultural Society of Utah, organized to improve conditions for raising fruits, vegetables, etc., and offering premiums for excellence in these developments.

He planted the first flower garden in Salt Lake City, having brought seeds and bulbs from Boston. It is related that he kept some of the seeds from freezing, by carrying them in his shoes.

In June, 1864, Dr. Sprague was appointed member of the Flower Committee, Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society. As indicative of his skill in raising flowers, the following item from the Deseret News of March 24, 1886, is of interest: "Blooming—, 'A rose by any other name,' etc., is true, of course, and this March morning, one that was laid on our desk with Dr. Sprague's compliments; smells deliciously odorous. It speaks plainly of his floral taste and energy. Thanks, Dr."

His was a full life. "Died—Sprague, in this city at half past one o'clock A. M., August 16, 1886, of old age, Dr. S. L. Sprague, (born May 3, 1807, in Boston, Mass.), settled in Salt Lake City in 1848. His last moments were peaceful and without pain. He passed to his rest. He was a kind husband and loving father. Funeral from residence, 46 S. 1 E. St., Tuesday, August 17, at 3 o'clock P. M. Friends of family are invited." He was the grandfather of the late Dr. Hugh B. Sprague of Salt Lake City, Utah, to whom I am indebted for much information in this article.²

Levi Richards.—Dr. Levi Richards, 4th son and 9th child of Joseph and Rhoda Howe Richards, brother of Willard Richards, was born at Hopkinton, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, April 14, 1799. His father was a Revolutionary soldier. From early childhood, Levi showed great interest in things mechanical. He was very musical, playing several instruments, the clarinet being his favorite. He qualified himself for the position of school teacher in the district schools.

Much sickness in his family influenced him to give attention to the use of botanical medicines. Attending school, he qualified himself in the Thomsonian or Botanical system of medical practice. It is said that he became a successful and skillful practitioner of this cult.³

About 1835, becoming interested in the Book of Mormon, he went to Ohio to investigate the new faith. Taking up his residence in Kirtland, he was so impressed with Mormonism that he was inclined to give up the practice of medicine for the ministry.

2. Mrs. C. V. Waite, in her "Adventures in the Far West" (1857, 1866, 1882), vouchsafes the fact: Dr. Sprague is the adopted son of Brigham Young. His whole property is worth not less than \$10,000. He is an Eastern man and has been in Salt Lake about twelve years. During most of that time he has officiated in the Endowment House; * * * He has also * * acted as family physician to the inmates of President Young's homes * * * Dr. Sprague's garden is the prettiest in Salt Lake.—J. C. A.

3. See Addenda "E", this issue of the Quarterly.

However, repeated calls made upon him for his medical services prevented him from following his desire, and he embarked upon the general practice of medicine. His services were in great demand and he rendered to all who called upon him, often declining financial remuneration.

During the time of his practice, he was often called upon to attend Joseph Smith, often accompanying him on trips. In 1841, Dr. Levi went on a mission to England, returning via New Orleans in 1842.

He was highly regarded as a physician. An entry in the journal of the Prophet, under date of April 19, 1843, states: "Levi Richards is one of the best physicians anyone was ever acquainted with." On December 15, 1843, the Prophet journalized as follows: "I was seized with dryness of mouth and throat, sickness of stomach, and vomited freely; my wife waited on me, assisted by my scribe, Dr. Willard Richards, and his brother Levi, who administered to me herbs and mild drinks. Revived by evening. . ."

On Christmas Day, 1843, Dr. Levi was married to Sarah Griffith, by Brigham Young. Later, he married Persus Goodall, who had been the wife of Lorenzo D. Young.

As an adviser Dr. Levi was equally esteemed. He, with Dr. J. M. Bernhisel, another physician, was one of those who conferred with Joseph Smith on March 11, 1844, with a view to finding a secure place of refuge in the Rocky Mountains.

After serving a second mission in England, 1848-1853, Dr. Richards returned to Utah, where, while he did not engage actively in practice, he gave freely of his knowledge to friends. He served as a member of "Board of Examination" for physicians. He died June 18, 1876, age 77.

Willard Richards—Willard Richards,⁴ the youngest of eleven children, was born June 24, 1804, at Hopkinton, Middlesex County, Massachusetts. His father, Joseph Richards, and mother Rhoda Howe Richards, were of old Colonial stock, the first Richards having come to America with Governor Winthrop in 1630.

Willard's interest in medicine did not develop until he was about twenty-nine years of age, stimulated at that time by the severe illness of his sister Rhoda, to whom he was deeply attached.^{4a} He studied the Thomsonian system of medicine and upon the receipt of his diploma began practicing near Boston. It was here in July, 1835, that he first read the Book of Mormon and became convinced of its truth. Feeling that God might have greater work for him to do than curing man's physical ills, he de-

4. See this issue of the Quarterly, p. 47.

4a. From manuscript sketch by Claire Noall.

cided to go at once to the headquarters of the Latter-day Saints in Kirtland, Ohio. A stroke of palsy delayed him for a year but on November 9, 1836, he started for Kirtland.

He was baptized a member of the Church December 31, 1836, and only six months later arrived in Liverpool, England, as one of the first nine missionaries to carry the gospel to Great Britain. While there he met Jennetta Richards, whom he married September 24, 1838. On April 14, 1840, while still in England, Willard was ordained one of the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church.

Returning to America in May, 1841, Willard became Secretary to Joseph Smith in Nauvoo, and kept the Prophet's private journal. He was incarcerated with Joseph and Hyrum Smith when they were martyred June 27, 1844.

A cousin and valued counselor of Brigham Young, Willard accompanied him and the pioneers to Utah, in July, 1847. For a time he continued his work with the sick, but his duties and responsibilities in the Church took so much of his time he had none to spare for his medical practice. He was however, instrumental in organizing the Council of Health,⁵ in Great Salt Lake City, in 1849, and its meetings were held regularly at his home.

A distinguished leader in church and civic affairs, at the time of his death (caused by dropsy, March 11, 1854, at the early age of 50), Dr. Richards held the following offices: He was one of the First Presidency in the L. D. S. (Mormon) Church, General Church Historian, President of the Legislative Council, Postmaster of Salt Lake City, Recorder of Marks and Brands, Chairman of the Board of Education, Chairman of the Council of Health and Editor of the *Deseret News*. He published the first issue of this paper June 15, 1850, in Salt Lake City.

John Milton Bernhisel.—John Milton Bernhisel, son of Samuel and Susannah Bernhisel, was born in Pennsylvania, June 23, 1799, one authority giving Tyrone Township, Cumberland County, another Lloydsville, Perry County.

Graduating from the University of Pennsylvania in April, 1827, he practiced medicine in New York State for many years before joining the Mormon Church in 1842, when he moved to Nauvoo. Taking up his residence with an old friend, Mr. Schneider, he lived there only a short time, for the Prophet insisted that he move to the "Mansion House." He became a member of the Prophet's personal family, eating at the same table with him.

Coming to Utah in 1848, he was sent to Washington in 1849 with a petition for a Territorial Government. When the Territory of Utah was created, Dr. Bernhisel was elected on August 4,

5. See Addenda A, this issue of the Quarterly, p. 37.

1851, as its first delegate to the U. S. Congress. He was re-elected in 1853, 1855 and again in 1857.

In Washington, he was very well known, being a close friend of Senator Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Judge Kane, and his sons, Col. Thomas L. Kane and Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the famous explorer of the Arctic, and Thaddeus Stevens, who remarked that Bernhisel was the handsomest man in Congress.

Dr. Washington F. Anderson paid a glowing tribute to him as a husband and father, and a remarkable man. Dr. Bernhisel was not only a skillful doctor, but was regarded as an authority on economics and politics.

During the 1850's in Utah he was one of a coterie of brilliant minds representing science, literature and the arts. Among these was Wm. France, a graduate of Glasgow University, an authority in medicine and surgery, and the allied sciences of botany and mineralogy; Horace Whitney; H. Naisbitt; Wm. Eddington; James Ferguson; Leo Hawkins, and others. Dr. Bernhisel's brilliant intellect and sparkling personality made him the center of attraction at almost any meeting. He was the soul of etiquette, often carrying politeness to the extreme.

His was a formidable manner. He wore a long frock coat, and a high silk hat, after the fashion of doctors of the old school. He was a stickler for the observance of professional ethics, and observed careful formality when called in consultation. His pet remark to female patients was: "Cultivate, my dear madame, as far as possible, a cheerful, happy and contented disposition, and all will be well."

He was a firm advocate of bleeding, using it in the treatment of many ills. Once when Dr. Anderson protested against the continuance of the procedure, Bernhisel said: "Bleed her to death", meaning "Bleed until she faints." He died Sept. 28, 1881.

William France.—Another physician of the 1850's, who apparently enjoyed a reputation as a skillful surgeon, and performed many successful operations, was Dr. William France.

He was born at Kiddeminster, England, July 15, 1814. He graduated from the University of Glasgow in 1841. He practiced for several years in Liverpool, England, where he served an apprenticeship under Dr. Parr, a then well known surgeon of that city.

Having been converted to Mormonism by a missionary, he migrated to Salt Lake City, where, despite the handicap of some impediment of speech, due to either an injury to the nose or a cleft palate, he developed a successful surgical practice.

Never strong or robust, he was particularly careful of his health. On March 14, 1860, though ailing and feeble for weeks previous, believing that he was well on the way to recovery, he left home for a walk. Two days later, his condition became much

worse. On March 20, 1860, he died. A post mortem, made the same day by Dr. W. F. Anderson, showed inflammation of pleura of lobe of left lung.

Washington F. Anderson.—While the attitude of Brigham Young was not particularly favorable to the influx of non-Mormon professional men, because he felt that the primary need of his struggling community was for settlers who were members of the L. D. S. faith, intent on building up a refuge in the mountains, some of them migrated here.

Among these was Washington F. Anderson, son of LeRoy and Hannah Wright Southgate Anderson, born in Williamsburg, Virginia, January 6, 1823. His father taught Greek and Latin languages, and French and English literature. His early boyhood was spent in Mobile, Alabama. He obtained his medical education at the University of Virginia, 1841-1842, and at the University of Maryland, Baltimore, 1842-1844. During 1842-1843, he was resident student at the Baltimore Alms House Hospital. While there he had unusual opportunities in post mortems and dissections, and in the study of pathology as it was understood at that time. He moved to Alabama, where he practiced in Sumter County and in Mobile until the outbreak of the Mexican War. He served in an Alabama regiment with rank of orderly sergeant. On his discharge, he went to Yorktown, Va., where he practiced until 1849.

Struck with the "gold fever", he migrated to California, via Idaho and the Humboldt River. He practiced in California for several years. While practicing in Yolo, California, he took an active interest in Free Masonry, and was elected master of a chartered lodge there. He took an interest in civic matters, and was elected town magistrate and justice of the peace.

In this period of its history California was a wild and wooly community. Longing for a more civilized and orderly community, he decided to move to Utah.

In July, 1857, he joined a company of Latter-day Saints traveling East. Enroute, they were joined by a party of Mormons returning from Carson Valley. Under the leadership of Perrigrine Sessions⁶ they traveled up the Humboldt River, and via the Raft and Malad Rivers arrived in Salt Lake City in August, 1857. His journal written while crossing the Nevada desert showed a growing faith in the tenets of the Mormon creed. It is not known if this interest was fully consummated.

In the Autumn of 1857, he was appointed Surgeon of Col. Thomas Callister's regiment of the Nauvoo Legion. In 1860, he represented Salt Lake in the State Legislature. He served on the

6. Son of Patty Sessions, see "Mormon Midwives," this issue of the Quarterly.

staff of Major General Robert T. Burton under the Territorial government.

In 1868, he was appointed Division Surgeon of the Utah Militia. He was Quarantine Physician for several years and chairman of the Board of Examiners of Physicians desiring to practice medicine.

In the early 1870's, he was elected president of the first Medical Society of Utah. Dr. J. F. Hamilton was vice-president, and Dr. Heber John Richards, secretary. Other members were Drs. Joseph Richards, Denton Benedict, Allen Fowler, Williamson, Seymour B. Young, Taggart and Geo. C. Douglas.

Despite the fact that Dr. Anderson was apparently not a churchman, he gained the good will of Brigham Young. Early in his residence in Salt Lake, he made it clear to Brigham that he did not claim to be a "convert" to the divine part of Mormonism, but that he admired the law and order that prevailed under Brigham's regime. It is said that Brigham Young slapped him on the shoulder, expressed the belief that he would become a convert in time, and assured him that he need have no fear of not enjoying full citizenship rights, including the privilege of medical practice. A strong sympathetic understanding developed between the two. Dr. Anderson took a deep interest in all community affairs.

He assumed a position of leadership among the younger men of the community, condemning ignorance and charlatanism, and encouraging knowledge and ability in all walks of life.

Though far removed from medical centers, he was a natural student and clinician. At that time, the 50's and 60's, very little was known of bacteriology and pathology. However, there was an inquisitive viewpoint among the more intelligent of the profession. In centers where there were facilities, microscopic investigation predominated. Where men were far removed from these centers, they directed their attention to study at the bedside, attempting to interpret symptoms as they presented themselves, and study carefully the action of the various drugs used in the treatment of disease.

This caused them to develop their senses more keenly than do the present day practitioners, who are prone to take the easiest course, and throw the burden of making diagnoses on those who use aids of a mechanical nature, such as the microscope, the X-ray, the basal metabolism machine and the electrocardiograph. They became very skillful in their use of the few drugs that were available, because of close bedside study and observation of the reaction produced in their patients by the drugs which they administered personally.

In the first ten years of Utah settlement it is probable that most of the medical treatment was of an herb nature, with a few patent drugs that might be brought in by those who went east on a mission or to bring in a company of pioneers.

Drugs such as calomel, the bromides, potassium iodide, tincture of ferric chloride and the opiates were highly valued and used with great care. It is said that the first quinine available in the Territory of Utah was brought in by Johnston's Army.

As indicated, the number of drugs available for prescribing was limited. This was responsible for the fact that doctors must observe closely the action of the drug in order to get the best results from its use. Cream of Tartar and Jalap were given for dropsy due to heart and kidney conditions. Digitalis was used to control the action of the heart. Study of family history and great attention to family traditions was emphasized. There was frequent contact with the patient, as the physician must rely on his own observations and had no trained nurse to make bedside notes for him.

Hare-lip, fractures and stone in the bladder were conditions frequently encountered. Rheumatism, heart and kidney complications were often seen. Malaria and tuberculosis were believed to have been brought in by outsiders, though cases of tuberculosis were found among the Indians of the territory.

Anderson was a very studious doctor, and was inspired with a zeal to elevate the general character of medical practice. He realized the limited opportunities for professional improvement in this remote region, and urged on his fellow physicians the importance of assembling and presenting to each other the bedside records of their cases.

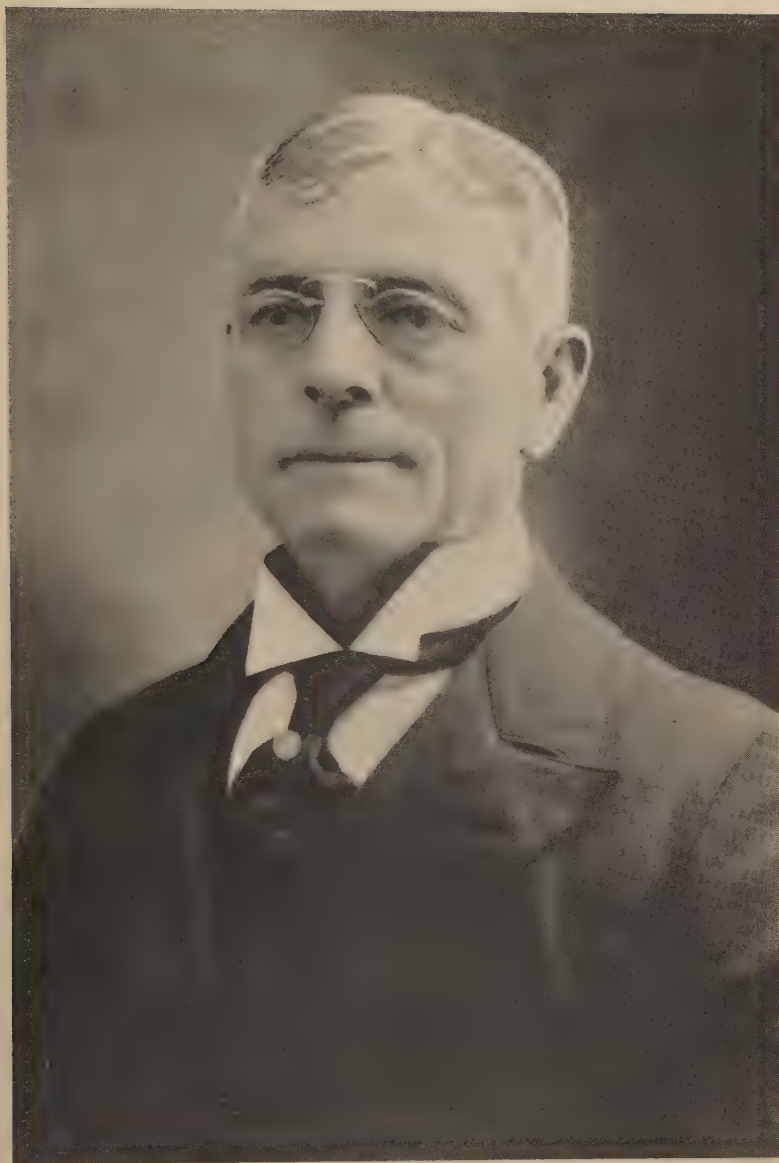
At one of the first meetings of the newly organized Medical Society, he presented a paper entitled, "A plea for a more exact system of clinical observation."

Washington F. Anderson became one of the outstanding physicians in the history of Utah.⁷ Two of his daughters later studied medicine (Belle Anderson Gemmel and Justine McIntyre), and practiced in Salt Lake City. Kathleen, a third daughter, also graduated in medicine and became a prominent bacteriologist in the Pacific Northwest. Dr. Anderson died April 21, 1903.

The surgical instruments and case used by Dr. Anderson are today on display in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Relic Exhibit, in the State Capitol, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Seymour Bicknell Young.—One of the young men who studied with Dr. W. F. Anderson was Seymour Bicknell Young, son of Joseph Young, a brother of Brigham Young. He was one of the few medical men of Utah who was born before the birth of pathology and bacteriology and lived to see medical science advanced to its present high position. Born in Kirtland, Ohio, October 3, 1837, he experienced the trials and tribulations of the Saints there and in Nauvoo. Leaving the latter place, his father moved to Winter Quarters, where he remained until 1850, when

7. See Addenda H, this issue of the Quarterly.



DR. SEYMOUR BICKNELL YOUNG
Oct. 3, 1837 - Dec. 15, 1924

he with his family started for Salt Lake City, Seymour assisting his father in driving an ox team across the plains.

Shortly after his arrival in Utah, Seymour enrolled in the University of Deseret, now the University of Utah. Life in the pioneer community was hard, and his schooling was frequently interrupted. However, he was of a studious nature and was an avid reader, supplementing his formal schooling at the University by home study. In 1855 he went on a mission to England, pushing a hand cart from Utah to the Missouri River.

Returning to Utah, he pursued his studies in the University of Deseret as opportunity afforded. These were interrupted from time to time, as the necessity of supporting himself and wife prevented constant attendance at school. One of the very first of Utah's native sons to study medicine, Seymour B. entered the college of Physicians and Surgeons of New York City in 1872. There he graduated in 1874, finishing third in a class of 208, receiving a bronze medal for excellence in surgery, and for general scholastic ability. His diploma was signed by a number of noted physicians of that day, among whom was John William Draper, who wrote the "Intellectual Development of Europe."

Returning to Utah, he engaged in private practice for a few years. About 1878, he purchased a piece of ground in the vicinity of what is now the College of St. Mary-of-the-Wasatch, and established there an asylum for the insane. In the construction of the building and laying out of the grounds, he showed an insight into methods of caring for the insane and feeble minded which was far in advance of his day.

Insanity was usually regarded as due to disturbances of the bile, heat in the dog days, and causes such as exaggerated self-esteem, jealousy, envy, sloth and similar fanciful reasons, were also offered to account for the disturbances of the mind. It was less than a quarter of a century before this, that even the most advanced psychiatrists suggested treatment of the insane without mechanical restraints.

At his institution, Dr. Young laid out the grounds in flowers and shrubs. Many acres of ground were brought under cultivation, much of the work being done by the less seriously disturbed patients. The "house" had many gables and porches. Locust trees, green lawns and flowers surrounded the main building. Wheat, garden vegetables and fruit were grown; milk and butter were secured from a fine herd of cows and hogs and chickens were raised.

While it was necessary to confine some of the patients in rooms which were locked and barred, a considerable percentage of the patients enjoyed liberal privileges, playing in a large shady court in the rear of the main building. As their condition warranted, many of the patients were transferred to the city home of Dr. and Mrs. Young, where they received treatment at frequent intervals during the day and night. After this course of treatment,

they were often returned to their friends and relatives. A reasonable percentage of them were cured and many enjoyed long periods of relief from their mental disturbances.

While the institution was operated on what might well be considered an "advanced" plan of treatment, the physical plant, by present-day standards, was rather old-fashioned. It had no worth-while heating system. Large heating stoves were used in the winter. There was no street car, no auto, no railroad. Coal had to be hauled from the nearest yard, eight miles away, as railroads had come only a short time before to Salt Lake City. There was no lighting plant. There was no water supply. Water had to be hauled from springs a half a mile away.

One wonders where Dr. Young got the ideas he employed. They were certainly far in advance of his day. Occupational therapy was not confined to the men, many fine quilts having been made by women patients.

No history relating to the activities of this institution would be complete without some reference to the work of Mrs. Seymour B. Young (Elizabeth Riter). She was truly a pioneer woman and mother. As indicated, she supplemented the family budget enabling Dr. Young to pursue his college and medical studies. Later, she gave much attention to the minutiae of operating the "home". She was the purchasing agent. She made all the clothing for the women and supervised the culinary department, not only for the patients, but the employees of the institution, as well as for the visitors. It was a day's travel to go out to the hospital, see a relative, and return home. Despite the active career at the "home", she managed to maintain her own home in the city, finding time to bear twelve children, sending all their sons on missions to foreign lands, and those of them who wished, to college.

Dr. Young was one of the promoters of the Utah Medical Association, which included some of the ablest physicians of the seventies and eighties. Among those men were Dr. W. F. Anderson, Dr. Joseph Benedict, Dr. Denton Benedict, Dr. Allen Fowler and others who had come into Utah after the Civil War.

Dr. Young was one of the first physicians in Utah to promote hospitals, and with the inception of the Hospital of the Holy Cross, he was one of the first members of that institution's staff. He has recorded that anaesthesia was brought by the physicians of Johnston's Army to Utah in 1857, and from that time on anaesthesia was brought across the plains by ox teams that hauled freight for the old Godbe Pitts Drug Company.

Like many physicians of the old school, Dr. Young thought little of fees. His great concern was with the cure of disease and the relieving of pain and suffering. There were no automobiles in his day. His was the horse and buggy days, when it took a day to go to Bountiful or Murray and get home for supper after

attending someone who was suffering with a broken leg, or appendicitis, known in those days as "inflammation of the bowels."

He believed in the sanctity of the body as well as of the spirit. As he used to say with a prophet of old: "The body is the tabernacle of the spirit." To keep the body clean was one of his greatest teachings. A clean spirit cannot dwell in an unclean body. Such were his teachings.

He was a great lover of the classics, and few men knew Milton, Shakespeare and the writers of New England as did he. He knew by heart most of Milton's "Paradise Lost", which he loved to quote.

Probably no other native son of Utah has seen the great advances in medicine and surgery in his lifetime that Seymour B. Young viewed. With the exception of possibly anaesthesia, every advance in medicine of the last hundred years occurred between Dr. Seymour B. Young's birth and death.⁸

Dr. Young died at his home in Salt Lake City, December 15, 1924.

Oliver Cromwell Ormsby.—For many years after the settlement of Great Salt Lake Valley, the people in the outlying settlements suffered from the lack of physicians in nearby communities. Most of them received medical attention, when they were able to get it, from physicians living in Salt Lake City. One of the earlier well known physicians to locate away from the Big City was Oliver Cromwell Ormsby. His life reads much like a romance.

His father was a doctor, practicing at Bunker Hill, Pennsylvania. There, Oliver was born July 24, 1843, four years to the day before the entrance of the Pioneers into Zion. His father originally practiced Homeopathic medicine, but finding the Allopathic, or regular school, more popular, he embraced the tenets of that system of medicine.

In 1849, in company with his brother, Major Williams Ormsby, Oliver moved to California, locating at Sacramento, where he practiced medicine.

It is of interest to note that Major Ormsby, returning from Pennsylvania in 1852 to bring some families to California, stopped off in Salt Lake for two weeks. He had left Pennsylvania with one of the finest outfits ever to leave for the West. In his retinue were over 100 fine Kentucky horses and 50 Rock-away carriages. Enroute, traveling at high speed, he is reported to have passed all conveyances seen. The result was that when he reached Salt Lake City, only a single horse remained. Refitting here with mules, he continued to California. There he established a ranch on the Russian River, well equipped with horses, cattle and sheep.

8. See Addenda F, this issue of the Quarterly.

Following a fire in 1852, Dr. Ormsby moved to his brother's ranch. Here young Oliver led an outdoor life. It is said that he was up at break of day, milking 75 to 100 cows daily, then walking three miles to school. In this district school, the foundation for his education was laid. In 1858, Dr. Ormsby moved to Healdsburg, the first town developed on the Russian River. Here he attended the Russian River Academy, a very fine school for those days, studying mathematics, Latin and Greek. In 1862, Dr. Ormsby moved to Marysville, where son Oliver served an apprenticeship under his father, the doctor. However, it appears that at this time he was not particularly interested in the study of medicine.

Oliver joined the Nevada "Silver Rush," locating at Virginia City, where he acquired considerable wealth. However, he was soon swindled out of his new-found riches, by a "cute Yankee" from Massachusetts. He then located in Carson City for a short time. Hearing of new-found gold in Montana, he started for there, but never reached his destination. In company with a friend from St. Louis, he started out with a stock of medicines. Winter coming on, he located in Manti, Utah. While there, he was called upon to see the wife of Judge John Peacock. At first, he declined because he had no intention of practicing. Being importuned further, he consented. His treatment was successful, Mrs. Peacock being cured of severe "hemorrhage."

Later he opened a store, selling general merchandise and medicines. He courted Sarah Peacock, daughter of the judge, and proposed marriage. Her father refused his consent, because Ormsby was a Gentile. Ormsby refused to be baptized, because, he said, he was not a hypocrite. Finally, after much persuasion by the young lovers, the father agreed to give his consent if Brigham would decide favorably. On presentation of the situation to President Young, he decided in the lovers' favor. They were married in Salt Lake City, December 17, 1865. Dr. Ormsby located in Manti, where he practiced for a year. Apparently, he also carried on his business. Later he moved to Springville, Utah. While living here, Mrs. Ormsby died. Ormsby was grief-stricken, and like many others under the same circumstance, he sought solace in religion. Investigating the tenets of the Mormon Church, he joined. Moving to Salt Lake City, he took up his residence with Dr. Peter Clinton, a pioneer physican.

He spent the winter of 1866-67 in Salt Lake City. In 1867, he moved to Brigham City, where he located, and opened the first drug store there. He also practiced medicine in Brigham, building up an extensive practice.

On October 11, 1869, he married Maretta Smith. Three months after the marriage, he left for Chicago, where he entered Rush Medical College. He completed the course in Medicine and

Surgery in one winter term, because of his practical knowledge and experience.

During his absence, his wife carried on the business of the drug store. Returning to Brigham City, he practiced there until 1872, when, at the urgent solicitation of Hon. W. B. Preston and Moses Thatcher, he moved to Logan, where he opened the Pioneer Drugstore of Logan. He became associated in business with B. F. Riter. He also took a prominent part in civic affairs, being a member of the Logan City Council in 1884. He died October 25, 1916.

Edward Palmer Le Compte.—Among the early physicians of Utah, who, in connection with military service, rendered medical service to the Indians, was Dr. Edward Palmer LeCompte, who was born at Cambridge, Maryland, November 2, 1846. His father was a graduate of Yale University, practicing law in Baltimore, Maryland, before moving to Kansas, where he later became a member of the Supreme Court. The town of LeCompte, Kansas, is named after him. Dr. LeCompte grew up on the Kansas frontier. He graduated from Missouri Medical College, in 1873.

In 1875, he entered the army as an assistant surgeon, with the rank of first lieutenant, serving first at Fort Riley, Kansas. From there he was sent to the Black Hills, S. D., where he served with the troops in active campaign. He was on the Little Big Horn River, near the scene of Custer's Last Stand, arriving at the scene of the massacre, on the night of its occurrence. During 1879-1880, he was stationed at Fort Douglas, Utah. On May 1, 1880, he married Lydia Wells. The same year, he was transferred to Fort Meeker, Colorado, on the White River, where he served as post surgeon and post trader. Stationed here, he was on duty with the 14th U. S. Infantry.

Returning to Utah in 1884, he located at Park City, where he practiced forty years, dying July 27, 1924, age 77. He was interested in and had extensive mining interests. He was a gentleman of the old school, enjoying alike the esteem of his professional conferees and the love of his patients. Two children, Hannah Snyder and Edward Dexter LeCompte, a well known eye, ear, nose and throat specialist of Salt Lake City, survive him.

WOMEN DOCTORS⁹

Though this was a man's century, and woman's place was believed to be in the home, particularly in Utah, rumblings of the oncoming emancipation of the "weaker sex," produced at least a few repercussions in Utah, for women born only a short time before and after the settlement of Great Salt Lake Valley, were destined to play an important role in the care of the sick in the West.

9. See Addenda G, this issue of the Quarterly.

Brigham Young, traveling over the vast expanses of his newly founded empire could not but be impressed with the trials and tribulations of womankind generally, particularly when they must go down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death to bring forth the new citizens who were so badly needed to develop the land of Zion. His conversations and discourses show how deeply he felt on the subject of proper care for prospective mothers. He felt that there was a definite field for women physicians. Many stories are related of his tabernacle talks on this subject. Some of his discourses are said to have fired his feminine listeners with an unquenchable zeal to follow medicine.

Romania Bunnell Pratt Penrose—Among these was Dr. Romania Bunnell Pratt. She was born near Washington, Wayne County, Indiana, August 8, 1839. At the age of 7, her parents moved to Nauvoo, Ill. She attended the Western Agricultural School, the Quaker Institute of Ohio, and the Female Seminary at Crawfordsville, Indiana. Her father, seeking material wealth went in the gold rush to California, where he died and was buried in the volcanic diggings. Her mother then returned to the home of Romania's father, where by planning and saving she secured the "wherewithal" for the long journey to Utah, "the Promised Land." It was the irony of fate that her father who had gone to California to secure the necessary money for their migration to Zion, died after gaining it, and that his family did not receive the benefit of his quickly found wealth.

Romania and her mother came to Utah, June 15, 1855, in an independent company of 50 wagons, advancing under the direction of Captain John Hendley. They arrived at a time of famine and hardship. The grasshoppers had recently devoured everything. Flour was \$25 a barrel. Though they had known hardship in the East, her mother was a woman who appreciated the finer things of life. She had brought with her across the deserts, a fine piano. Though often hard pushed for the necessities of life, she would not part with this cherished possession. It is interesting to note that this piano, which it became necessary to "cache" during the time of invasion by Johnston's Army, was later found intact and unharmed.

On February 23, 1859, Romania married Parley P. Pratt. Several children were born to her by this marriage. While the youngest was a nursing infant, it was decided that Romania should go to study medicine in the East. There were at that time no medical schools on the Pacific Coast. Romania left her children in the care of her mother, and went to New York City, where she studied for a year. She returned home. Financial worries interfered with the continuation of her studies. Assisted by Brigham Young she went east again, studying at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, where she graduated in 1877, with the

degree of Doctor of Medicine. She had spent the vacation between winter terms in a hospital for women and children in Boston.

Romania returned to Salt Lake City, September 18, 1877, where she commenced the practice of medicine, and while not the first woman to practice in Utah, she was the first native daughter, if that term may be applied to one not actually born in Utah, to gain the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

After two years of general practice, feeling the need of further training, she went to New York City, where she took courses in diseases of the eye and ear under Dr. Henry B. Noyes and other eminent physicans.

Returning to Utah, Romania resumed practice. She probably performed the first operation for cataract in the state of Utah. Despite her skill in diseases of the eye, she did much other work. She gained a high reputation in obstetrics, both as a teacher and as a practitioner. At the request of Zina D. H. Young, she took up teaching, and had many pupils.

In 1887, she accepted the position of resident physican of the Deseret Hospital. She was one of the original board of directors, and served continuously on that board until the hospital closed in November, 1893, because of lack of funds.

At this time she returned to private practice and continued until after her marriage to Apostle Charles W. Penrose, whom she later accompanied to Europe, where he served as president of the British and European Missions.

Romania had a wide outlook on life, and her interests were not confined to the practice of medicine. She was an ardent advocate of woman's suffrage, at a time when it was not so popular as it became a half century later. She was president of the Retrenchment Society of the L. D. S. Church, the forerunner of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association. She was a very ardent Latter-day Saint, almost to the point of fanaticism, as indicated by the letters she wrote home to Utah from the points she visited in Europe, often referring to what she regarded as the mummeries and mockeries of religion in European countries.

Her last days were saddened by blindness, but the consolation of a strong religious faith tempered the force of this blow. She died November 9, 1932, at the age of 93.

Ellen B. Ferguson.—Probably the first woman physician in Utah, though little is heard of her today, was Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson, who was born in Cambridge, England, April 10, 1844. She was a convert of Orson F. Whitney, one of the outstanding followers of the church, and announced herself as a specialist in diseases of women. In addition to the practice of medicine, Dr. Ferguson taught, among other subjects, drawing, elocution and music. She was the first woman deputy sheriff in the United States; an enthusiastic suffragist and took a prominent part in the feminist

movement of the middle third of the century. She died March 17, 1920, in her 76th year.

Martha Hughes Paul Cannon. — Dr. Martha (Mattie) Hughes Paul, born July 1, 1857, is another of the early women physicians, whose record adds luster to the early days of the Territory. Fired with a desire to study medicine, the fulfillment of this wish seemed almost impossible because of the economic status of her family. Born Martha Hughes, her father died a few days after he and his family arrived in Utah. Later, her mother married James P. Paul, who encouraged her in her ambition to study medicine. President Brigham Young gave her a position and facilitated her securing a preliminary education. Surmounting many difficulties, she pursued her course in medicine at the University of Michigan, graduating with the degree of Doctor of Medicine on her 23rd birthday, July 1, 1880.

In the autumn, she entered the University of Pennsylvania, and the National School of Oratory, both in Philadelphia.

Returning to Utah, she opened an office in a new wing of her old home, built by her step-father. After practicing about a year, she was drafted as the second resident physician of the struggling Deseret Hospital. While serving here, she met Angus Munn Cannon, President of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion. Falling in love with him, they were married in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, on October 6, 1884. Because of the agitation regarding polygamy, the marriage was performed secretly, not even her parents knowing of it at the time. Later, taking her small daughter Elizabeth, she went into voluntary exile in England, where her stay was saddened by the fact that her mother's brother would not receive her, because the status of plural wives was neither understood nor accepted in that country. However, her exile enabled her to visit many hospitals and clinics in England and on the Continent. From time to time she returned to Salt Lake City, where she organized and taught classes in nursing.

On the occasion of one of her visits to Salt Lake, eager to see a State Board of Health organized, and to see improved working conditions for women insured by legislation, she permitted her name to be put on the Democratic ticket as candidate for state senator. By the irony of fate, she defeated her own husband, running for the same office on the Republican ticket. It is said that he never forgave her for her boldness in running against him—and defeating him. With this election, she was the first woman in the United States to be elected a state senator. The victory caused a rift between husband and wife which, though she subsequently bore him a child, was never entirely healed. She died July 10, 1932, age 75.

Ellis R. Shipp.—Utah's Grand Old Lady, Ellis R. Shipp, was born at a logging camp in Davis County, Iowa, January 20, 1847. In 1852, she was taken to Salt Lake City by her grandfather, who was captain of a Mormon company traveling to Utah. Graduating in Medicine at Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, at the age of 31, she commenced practice in Salt Lake City. Aside from the practice of medicine, she took an active interest in all civic affairs, being a member of the General Board of the Relief Society, the Women's Press Club, and on a later occasion a delegate to the National Council of Women, at Washington, D. C.

She will ever be remembered for the courses in nursing and obstetrics which she organized and conducted for so many years. Hundreds of women went out from her classes to take to all corners of Utah, and some of the adjoining states, instructions in the basic principles of obstetrics and home nursing. Only a bold mathematician would attempt to compute the number of infants' lives which were saved, and mothers who were kept from the infections at that time so commonly associated with childbirth.

She was a prolific writer, discussing almost all subjects current in the medical world of her day. Some of her articles related to the evils of alcohol, tobacco and narcotics. She regarded tobacco as a chronic poison. She advocated legislation prohibiting its sale to minors.

As a cure for alcoholism she suggested a mixture of a half ounce of ground quassia steeped in a pint of vinegar. The prescription was a teaspoonful every time the desire for liquor was experienced. She claimed that it satisfied the craving for the thirst of alcoholic beverages, and produced a feeling of stimulation and strength.

She wrote voluminously in current issues of the Utah Sanitarian. In the issue of May 18, 1888, she propounded a rather unique theory. It was her contention that there would be less headache and "heart" ache if people would not bend forward when the stomach is empty, and in the early morning hours, when the heart has less support from the organs below the diaphragm.

Some of the subjects on which she wrote were: New methods of treating boils. Conditions conducive to longevity. Simple Constipation. Warts (recommended three grains of Epsom Salts, magnesium sulphate, morning and evening). For acne, she recommended a drachm and a half of magnesia daily.

In the same journal, May, 1888, she discussed the subject of nursing and lamented the number of incompetent nurses. She mentioned some of the desirable qualifications of those practicing this calling: They should be pleasant; look clean, particularly the finger nails; should be good cooks, and serve food artfully; see that there is sunlight and air; bathe patient; not be too talkative in

the sick room; should not communicate a sick person's thoughts and actions to others.

She offered a novel method for administering castor oil to children, suggesting that the oil be poured into a pan which was heating over the fire; an egg broken into it and stirred; oil then put in jelly, or salt added. She was one of the first to question the necessity for children contracting contagious diseases, believing this was not necessary. She was a strong advocate of vaccination.

Some other topics discussed by her in various issues of the *Utah Sanitarian* were: Typhoid fever from sewer gas; Nutmeg poisoning; danger in soaps; use and abuse of quinine; typhoid fever in childhood; cure of typhoid patients; posture and rectal disorders. Dr. Shipp died January 31, 1939, revered alike by her family and public, at the age of 92.

PIONEER DENTISTRY

The development of dentistry as a special branch of the healing art is a product of the 19th century. The regular doctors of the early days in Utah probably had a relatively complete knowledge of the field of dentistry as then understood, although there was one who came as a specialist in this line.

Alexander Neibaur, the first dentist in Utah, was born near Coblenz, Prussia, January 8, 1808, son of a Hebrew physician and surgeon. Alexander was to have entered the Jewish ministry, but instead studied dentistry in the University of Berlin, beginning practice in Preston, England. While there he married Ellen Breakel, and was the first Jew to be converted to the Mormon faith; he was baptized April 9, 1838.¹⁰

Young Dr. Neibaur emigrated to Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1841, where he became active in the Church, and prominent in Freemasonry, while setting himself up in the practice of dentistry. He advertised as follows in the (Mormon) "Times and Seasons," Nauvoo, August 2, 1841: ALEXANDER NEIBAUR, SURGEON DENTIST, From Berlin, in Prussia, late of Liverpool and Preston, England. "Most respectfully announces to the ladies and gentlemen and the citizens of Nauvoo as also of Hancock county, in general, that he has permanently established himself in the city of Nauvoo, as a dentist, where he may be consulted daily, in all branches connected with his profession. Teeth cleaned, plugged, filed, and Scurva effectually cured, children's teeth regulated, natural or artificial teeth from a single tooth to a whole set inserted on the most approved principle. Mr. N. having had an extensive practice both on the continent of Europe, as also in England, for the last 15 years he hopes to give general satisfaction to all those who will honor him with their patronage.

¹⁰ *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*, April, 1914, also p. 51, this issue of the *Quarterly*.

"Mr. B. Young having known Mr. N. (in England) has kindly consented to offer me his house to meet those ladies and gentlemen who wish to consult me. Hours of attendance from 10 o'clock in the morning to 6 at evening.

"My own residence is opposite Mr. Tidwell, the cooper, near the water. Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own residence, if requested. Charges strictly moderate."

Alexander Neibaur spoke and wrote fluently in the Hebrew, French and German languages, read Latin and Greek, and spoke some Spanish. He tutored Joseph Smith in German and Hebrew, becoming greatly attached to the Mormon Prophet. Suffering with the Saints at the Martyrdom, he emigrated to Iowa with them in 1846, and to Utah later, arriving at Salt Lake City with his family September 20, 1848. He erected his own house, on which he hung out his professional shingle as Utah's First Dentist.

The first number of the Deseret News, published in Salt Lake City, June 15, 1850, carried the following: "A. NEIBAUR, Surgeon Dentist, 3d street east, 2d south of the Council House, will attend to all branches of his profession. The scurvy effectually cured."

Alexander Neibaur's daughter, Mrs. Sarah Ellen Neibaur O'Driscoll, 93, Kamas, Utah, recently said: "In addition to countless extractions, my father had about one hundred and fifty patients in Utah, including Brigham Young and family and the families of other Church leaders. He also filled the teeth of Elisa, daughter of Bishop Hunter; and those of the daughter of Governor Frank Fuller.

"He usually used a dental turnkey, an implement with a hinged claw on a gimlet-shaped handle, for extracting teeth by twisting; but he later obtained forceps. These instruments were subsequently turned over to Dr. Washington F. Anderson.¹¹ Cavities in decaying teeth were cleaned with suitable picks and filled with alum and borax and then sealed over with beeswax; the only anaesthetic was laudanum. He was seldom paid in money; but accepted beet molasses, corn meal and pig-weed greens. Much of his work was donated to widows and to others who could not pay."

Dr. Neibaur wrote poetry, some of which was used in earlier L. D. S. Hymnals. Oddly enough he manufactured the first matches in Utah, when matches were luxuries only the well-to-do could afford. He died, strong in the faith, December 15, 1883, in his 76th year.

11. See this issue of the Quarterly, p. 20,

DR. CALVIN CRANE PENDLETON

By MARK A. PENDLETON*

Dr. Calvin Crane Pendleton was born at Hope, Maine, August 25, 1811; and died at Parowan, Utah, April 21, 1873. He was well educated for his time, and was an expert penman. On his father's farm he learned to till the soil, and acquired the arts of woodcraft. He was a skilled mechanic both in wood and iron and as a result became a proficient gunsmith. About the age of 25 he became interested in medicine and traveled to the faraway but distinguished new reform medical institution, the Eclectic Medical College at Worthington, Ohio.¹

The Eclectic School of Medicine condemned the use of calomel and the abuse of the lancet, placed emphasis on proper diet, and advocated temperance in eating and drinking. It called attention anew to the fact that there is a healing principle in nature; that it was the province of medicine to "place the system in such condition that it can resist disease, remove such material as may endanger the integrity of its structure, and repair such lesions (morbid changes) of structure as may be produced." Such was the character of the medical education Dr. Pendleton received.

Calvin C. Pendleton was brought up in the Free Baptist Church, his father's brother being a minister in that denomination. But he (Calvin C.) seems to have been a doubter. In Ohio he heard a new faith proclaimed, became an enthusiastic convert and was baptized in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, June 10th, 1838, dedicating his time, means and talents to "establish the Church and Kingdom of God on the earth," thereby redeeming America, the Land of Zion, according to the new faith.

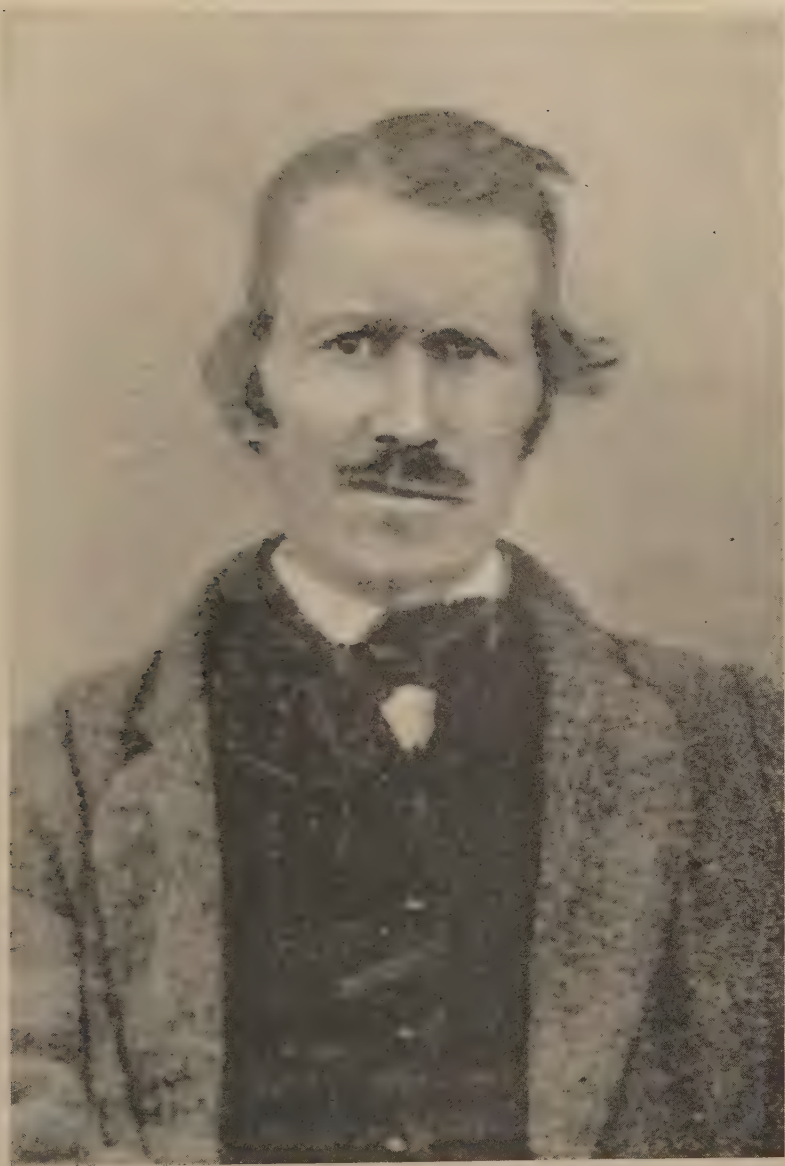
At Nauvoo, Ill., Dr. Pendleton was set apart to care for the sick. Receiving but little income from his medical services he earned a livelihood in his shop as a mechanic, and by his pen. His was one of the busy shops in Nauvoo when the Saints were preparing to abandon that city and "go West."

At Winter Quarters (Nebraska) and at Kanesville (Iowa) he was busy at his forge, anvil and lathe making fire-arms, repairing wagons, etc., teaching night school and caring for the sick. He and his Maine friend, Willard McMullin, built the first log cabin at Winter Quarters, and probably helped construct the "Log Tabernacle" at Miller Hollow, later called Kanesville.

September 9th, 1852, he arrived in Parowan, Iron County, locating there at the request of George A. Smith, where for twenty years he labored faithfully as farmer, gardener, mechanic, teacher, religion leader and physician to "build up Zion." For many years he was city recorder, served his county as recorder and commis-

* For note on Mr. Pendleton, see *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 7, No. 4, October, 1939, p. 141.

1. See *Annals of Medical History*, Vol. VI, No. 2, June, 1925; also Addenda E, this issue of the *Quarterly*.



DR. CALVIN CRANE PENDLETON
Aug. 25, 1811 - April 21, 1873

sioner, and by appointment of the legislature was probate judge. He represented Iron County one term in the Territorial Legislature, and in 1856 was appointed by Governor Brigham Young a director of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society. As a physician he had the rank of captain in the Nauvoo Legion.

Dr. Pendleton also served his Church as physician, missionary, clerk of the High Council at Nauvoo, Illinois; president of the High Priests' Quorum at Parowan, and as first counselor in the Parowan Stake Presidency. To the British and Danish converts, who in their new and strange environment were often discouraged, he was consoler and friend. Publicly and privately he advocated temperance in eating and drinking, stressing the observance of the Word of Wisdom,² and urged right thinking. He preached the Gospel to the Indians, healed their diseases and repaired their guns. His Indian name "Timpoorits," meaning gunmaker, indicates in what capacity they esteemed him most.

He was a contemporary of Dr. Priddy Meeks, and disagreed with him in regard to medical theory and practice.³

Dr. Pendleton made remedies from roots and herbs that he gathered and compounded into pills. His purchased drugs included remedies from both the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. That he performed numerous minor surgical operations is indicated by the following: Two years ago in Parowan a group of men from seventy to eighty years of age gathered about the writer relating their recollections of Dr. Pendleton. Several of the older men showed scars on their arms and heads,—the result of operations Dr. Pendleton had performed. That he used poultices in his practice is shown by this record by his oldest son Daniel S.: "I remember one, Gabe Daney, who had been bitten by a rattler. His wound was swollen and black when they brought him to father. He put on a poultice of eggs and salt, and in a short time the patient was resting easy; he fully recovered."

Dr. Pendleton was also skillful at setting broken bones. He made no regular charges for his medical services. Payments were usually made in produce; for example a patient at Cedar City sent him a horse, and it was a good horse. He did not receive enough actual cash to replenish his stock of drugs.

It has been shown that he was a builder of men; he was also a builder of the soil. For him, to store manure where it would be leached by rain and snow was a sin, as he felt everything that would add to the fertility of the soil must be saved. He introduced new plants, fruit-bearing bushes and trees, raising the first peaches at Parowan, and was active in the interests of Iron County fairs.

2. The "Word of Wisdom" was a revelation given through the founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Joseph Smith, Jr., at Kirtland, Ohio, February 27, 1833, against the use of tobacco, and against the use of hot drinks and strong drinks.

3. See Addenda B, and p. 204, this issue of the Quarterly.

His gardens were noted for neat planting, thorough cultivation and large crops.

He accepted seriously the first Biblical command to "multiply and replenish the earth," and was the father of fifteen children, nine of whom survived him and attained maturity. At this writing, (1942), two daughters and two sons are living. Dr. Pendleton made history, doing his "bit" to build America. Of him it can be truly said: In his children, and in the lives of men, women, boys and girls he influenced to live a better and fuller life, he attained immortality in his lifetime.⁴

EARLY UTAH DENTIST

Clipping from the *Deseret News*, August 24, 1850.

Salt Lake City, Utah

DR. J. C. KELLY

DENTAL SURGEON

Having located in G. S. L. would respectfully say to the citizens and its vicinity that he is now prepared to perform all operations pertaining to Dentistry. Teeth inserted on gold plate from one to a full sett; pivot teeth adjusted with neatness and permanence, so natural as to escape observation by the most accurate observer; also decayed teeth filled with pure gold foils, thereby rendering them sound for life. He is also prepared to construct and apply artificial palates on the latest and most improved plan, thereby restoring speech and articulation to its natural condition. Teeth extracted, or cleaned of any accumulation of tartar, etc. All diseases of the gums, mouth and teeth speedily cured. All operations will be warranted, and any work not giving satisfaction, (after a fair trial), the money will be refunded.—Ladies waited on at their residences, if requested. Office at the residence of Robert Pierce, south of the Council House.

August 24, 1850.

4. General John C. Fremont and party arrived in Parowan, Utah, February 8, 1854, and remained until February 21st to recuperate after a most wretched experience with cold weather, starvation, sickness, and death in the party. Fremont's entire remaining party needed the services of physicians and nurses, and this assistance they must have received in Parowan.

The Artist, S. N. Carvalho, who alone leaves a record of the trip, writes: "My physician advised me not to accompany the expedition," toward California. But who this physician was Carvalho does not say. Was it Dr. Pendleton, or Dr. Morse (Addenda A), or another? There was, of course, no physician in the Fremont party.

ADDENDAS

By J. CECIL ALTER

ADDENDA (A)—The Council of Health—Domiciled as were the Utah Pioneers of 1848-49 in crowded adobe houses, and in tents and wagon boxes set on the ground, the 5000-8000 population of Salt Lake City suffered a great deal of sickness. Indeed the Utah death rate for the year ending June 30, 1850, according to the U. S. Census quoted by Benjamin G. Ferris, Secretary of the Territory and author of "Utah and the Mormons," was one death in every 48 persons, the highest of all the states and Territories, save Louisiana.

In an effort to combat this condition through the orderly dissemination of acceptable doctrines and rules of health the Council of Health had been formed early in 1849. Priddy Meeks, in his Journal published in this Quarterly says the Council was organized at his suggestion; and that he became its first president. (See page 178). The L. D. S. Journal History, February 21, 1849, says: "Willard Richards had a medical conference in his wagon in the afternoon; similar meetings had been held during the past three or four weeks." A month later the same exhaustive history source, maintained by the L. D. S. Church Historian, quoted the "History of Brigham Young": "President Willard Richards informed me by letter that the Council of Health had selected me and President Heber C. Kimball, members thereof, and Presidents ex-officio: and also stated that Dr. William A. Morse was delegated to confer with us on the expediency of * * * visiting the large island in the Great Salt Lake * * * for the purpose of * * * securing for medical purposes, such saline plants and roots as were much needed."

Dr. Sprague, both Doctors Richards, Dr. Priddy Meeks, Prof. Carrington, and other Mormon leaders, participating regularly in the Council of Health meetings, made a very serious endeavor to reduce the causes and to increase the cures of disease. Dr. William A. Morse announced in the first number of the Deseret News (founded—June 15, 1850, by the church, Willard Richards, editor) that the meetings of the Council of Health were being held every two weeks at the house of Dr. W. Richards. * * * "Though we may fail to convince some of the superiority of the botanic practice, we feel confident that our exertions, under this head, will shake the faith of many in the propriety of swallowing, as they have long done with implicit confidence, the most deleterious drugs. * * * We intend to lay before the Council, from time to time, such medicinal plants as shall come to our knowledge, for their approval or refusal, as we shall find in this vicinity; believing in the goodness of the Creator that He has placed in most lands medicinal plants for the cure of

all diseases incident to that climate, and especially so in relation to that in which we live."

According to the *Deseret News* of September 4, 1852, the Council of Health was held in the Tabernacle on August 31, 1852, addressed by Prof. A. Carrington. He spoke on the relations between husband and wife, in the interests of a healthier posterity. There are other references to the Council, one in much detail being given by Mrs. B. G. Ferris in "The Mormons at Home," p. 199. While Mrs. Ferris was obviously quite as interested in discrediting the Mormons as in displaying her own superiority, her report, stripped of its sarcasm, may be of interest.

"I attended a meeting of the Council of Health yesterday. This is a sort of female society something like our Dorcas Societies, whose members have meetings to talk over their occasional aches and pains, and the mode of cure. There are a few who call themselves physicians, and they are privileged to a seat in this important assemblage. The meeting was in one of the Ward school houses. There were from forty to fifty present, old and young. The meeting was called to order by Dr. Richards, hoary headed, whose looks were sufficiently sanctified to remind you of some of our good deacons at home. A Dr. Sprague, then rose and made a few commonplace remarks about health. As soon as Dr. Sprague sat down, Sister Newman said that Mormon women ought not to be subject to pain, but that disease and death must be banished from among them. She was succeeded by Sister Susanna Lippincott. She advocated pouring down lobelia until the devils were driven out of the body. Sister Gibbs got up, fully possessed, to overflowing, with the notion of healing, even to the mending of broken limbs, by faith and the laying on of hands. By some unlucky mishap, her arm had been dislocated, and she roundly asserted that it had been instantaneously put into its place by this divine process."

Mrs. Ferris closes by quoting Sister Sessions,¹ who related a dream in which she witnessed a remarkable fight between the Lord and the Devil—the Devil almost won the fight—the moral or conclusion of which was "the Lord advised her to use lobelia² in curing disease, as that would drive the Devil away."

Singularly enough a strikingly similar tale is narrated by Austin N. Ward, p. 216. "The Husband In Utah" (1857). Ward was a guest of Mr. Hinckley at the Social Hall, where at least sixty-five women were present. Dr. High spoke attributing disease to the violation of physical laws. Dr. Speight dissented in many particulars, believing that sickness was often sent by Divine providence. Sister Newman also opposed some of Dr. High's theories and was sure God sent many afflictions. Sister Lippincott recommended catnip tea; but Sister Gibbs is alleged

1. See Patty Sessions "Mormon Midwives," this issue of the Quarterly, p. 84.

2. See this issue of the Quarterly, pp. 44, 45, 175, 199, 215, 216.

to have declared catnip tea was good for nothing; said enough lobelia would drive all the devils out. Mr. Ward, obviously relishing the experience, says Mrs. Gibbs in a frenzy, spoke in tongues, and afterward fell asleep. Sister Sanders expressed her firm belief that all diseases could be cured by faith and the laying on of hands; and Sister Petit told of a dream in which the Devil fought God.—Ward's narrative is so similar to Mrs. Ferris's narrative one wonders which is hearsay and if either is history!

Raw Meat Poultices.—Parenthetically Dr. Morse, mentioned previously, may have settled in Parowan soon afterward, and improved his methods. Wm. R. Palmer³ relates the following incident, told to him by David Bulloch as a personal experience. Mr. Bulloch, then a young man residing with his parents in Cedar City, had been desperately ill for a week with abdominal cramps and a severe pain in the right side—doubtless appendicitis.

Home remedies had failed to give relief and the anxious parents sent post haste for Dr. Morse—Mr. Palmer thought the doctor's given name was "Riley." Galloping the twenty miles on relay mounts Dr. Morse arrived in the nick of time—dispersing a flock of chickens as he dashed into the Bulloch doorway.

"Dave," said the doctor, gravely, after a thorough examination, "if its inflammation of the bowels, I think I can cure you; but if its mortification, all the doctors in hades can't save you!" Ordering a live chicken caught, the resourceful doctor split it wide open and pressed the bloody bird, still squirming and squawking against the patient's bare abdomen. This was continued, with relays of chickens, as fast as they cooled, all through the night. The pain subsided by morning, and in a few days, young David was going about his work, completely healed. "Thank the Lord it was only inflammation and not mortification," observed David, through the memory of years; "But I was a bloody mess, and the bed and the room looked like a slaughter house after a busy day!"

Reminds me, my own mother has "cured" more than one sore throat with a piece of raw, fat pork wrapped around my neck, sewed to the bandage, probably sprinkled with pepper to give it potency.

ADDENDA (B)—Meeks-Pendleton's Divergent Views.—In *Desert Saints* (pp. 356-357) Nels Anderson quotes from the journal of Joseph Fish for March 11, 1860, an account of a dispute between Priddy Meeks and Calvin C. Pendleton over the proper treatment of a confinement. "My wife, Mary, gave birth to a daughter, about 10 p. m. (Sunday). The infant was rather small, but well; weighed six and one-half pounds. Everything did not work right with my wife. The nurse gave her an emetic which threw her into spasms. These spells lasted about 36 hours,

3. Author of "Pahute Indian Medicine" and 'Conclusion' of "Isom Journal," this issue of the Quarterly.

having one every hour. She was insensible all the time. They put hot rocks on her to steam her and burnt her feet and legs so bad that quite large pieces came out. The whole ball of one of her big toes came off from the burn. Dr. Meeks was called in; afterwards Dr. Pendleton. They did not agree in their methods of treatment. Pendleton finally had her bled in the ankle to bring the blood from the head. Meeks got mad at this and left." * * *

ADDENDA (C)—Health Laws.—Doctor Willard Richards, a member of the Utah Territorial Legislative Assembly 1851-2, was president of the Council when the first act was passed (approved March 6, 1852), punishing "offenses against Public Health" in Utah. (Adopted from the Laws of Deseret, passed January 17, 1851.)

After penalizing the fraudulent adulteration of foods and drinks "without making the same fully known to the buyer" the act similarly inflicted a penalty on adulterating or lessening the effect of "any drug or medicine," and required the word "Poison" placed conspicuously on packages containing, "arsenic, corrosive sublimate, prussic acid or any poisonous liquid."

The existence of druggists and medical men was implied by the further stipulation of the act that "if any doctor, physician, apothecary or any person" give or cause to give "any deadly poison * * * such as quicksilver, arsenic, antimony * * * or cicuta, deadly nightshade, henbane, opium * * * or chloroform, ether, exhilarating gas or any other poisonous minerals or vegetables * * * to any citizen of Utah * * * without first explaining fully, definitely, critically, simply and unequivocally to the patient and surrounding friends and relatives * * * in plain, simple English language * * * and procuring the unequivocal approval, approbation and consent, * * * shall be punishable in any sum not less than one thousand dollars * * * and imprisoned for any time not less than one year; and if the death of the patient * * * shall follow the taking of the same, without being made acquainted with the nature thereof, * * * the doctor * * * shall be adjudged guilty of manslaughter or murder * * * Provided that the administration of poisons * * * and the penalties thereof shall not attach to doctors * * * accompanying and administering to companies and individuals traveling through the Territory, the same not being citizens of the Territory."

ADDENDA (D)—Prejudice Against Doctors and Spiritual Healing.—There may have been a prejudice against both "poisonous" medicines and medical practitioners and the prejudice was probably not without foundation. In the Deseret News of August 21, 1852, an itinerant Dr. Richardson, "physician and surgeon," advertised his "celebrated physical vegetable bitters and pills, adapted to the cure of all diseases which arise from an impure

state of the blood and stomach, which imparts lasting strength and vigor to the whole system."

Leaving Salt Lake City in July, 1853, Mrs. B. G. Ferris ("The Mormons at Home") tells of being accompanied by a medical Doctor named Coward, and a dentist vaguely known as Dr. H———. Both were leaving Utah because of dissatisfaction of different kinds. She thought Dr. Coward's trouble was drink, and said Dr. H——— was leaving because of poor collections on his bills for dental work. Mrs. Ferris naively admits Dr. H——— had previously and similarly failed to establish himself in the States.

Anti-Medico public utterances were sufficient to suggest the quality and character of practitioners who sought to establish themselves on the Mormon people—if not to indicate the peoples' attitude toward them. The Deseret News of September 18, 1852, announced editorially that "Two physicians have removed to one of our more distant settlements and gone to farming; three more have taken to traveling and exploring the country; three have gone to California to dig gold, or for some other purpose; and one has gone to distilling; and we are beginning to get some alcohol, which is desirable for gentlemen's shoe-blackening, hatter's waterproofing, chemical analysis, washing the bodies of the well to prevent sickness and the sick that they may be made well, when such there be. Those physicians who remained have very little practice and will soon have less (we hope)."

Ten years later, January 22, 1863, George A. Smith wrote to Elder George Q. Cannon, Editor, Millennial Star, Liverpool, England, saying Elder Wilford Woodruff had been made "chairman of the Board of Examination of Physicians, which, although not occupying so great an amount of his time, is a matter of no small interest, as we have been imposed upon in this country by the pretensions of all species of quacks—Allopathic, Homeopathic, Old School, New School, Electro-Biological, Astrological, Hydro-pathic, Thomsonian, semi-Thomsonian and simmered down Botanic."

"The interest which Elder Woodruff has taken in endeavoring to sift out the excessive poison and to modify the other extremes of heat and cold, have, doubtless, been beneficial to the community. Drs. Anderson and Taite are the principal surgeons; Dr. Dunyon has an extensive practice; Dr. Hovey is extreme Thomsonian, and thoroughly cooks his patients; Dr. Levi Richards practices very little, being feeble in health. There has been an immense sight of whooping cough and a hoarse cough very much resembling it without the whoop, which has caused many deaths, but principally among children."

Spiritual Healing—The Church, while advocating no particular material system of healing, did teach and practice, with undoubted success, spiritual or divine healing by the laying on of

hands; and there are scores of unquestioned cases of miraculous healing through faith and prayer in the records of the early Mormons.

"I am here to testify," said Brigham Young in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, July 24, 1853, "to hundreds of instances of men, women and children being healed by the power of God through the laying on of hands; and many I have seen raised from the gates of death and brought back from the verge of eternity; and some whose spirits had actually left their bodies, returned again." Touching on the *modus operandi*, nearly twenty years later, President Young said, "when I lay hands on the sick I expect the healing power and influence of God to pass through me to the patient and the disease to give way." (Journal of Discourses, Volume 14, p. 72). Rather than express a weakness in the faith and be too free to run to a physician, Brigham told his audience (Salt Lake Tabernacle, August 31, 1875), "It is God's mind and will that they (every father and mother) should know just what to do for them (their children) when they are sick. Instead of calling for a doctor you should administer to them by the laying on of hands and anointing with oil, and give them mild food, and herbs, and medicine that you understand."

Brigham may have had a latent feeling however, that diets and doctoring had a place in the Divine economy, for under the shade of the old Bowery in Salt Lake City, August 17, 1856, he had related an incident wherein Old Father Baker in Nauvoo had been called in to lay hands on a very sick sister in the Church. "It was a very sickly time, and there was scarcely a person to attend upon the sick, for nearly all were afflicted. Father Baker was one of those tenacious, ignorant, self-willed, over-righteous Elders, and when he went into the house he inquired what the woman wanted. She told him that she wished him to lay hands upon her. Father Baker saw a tea-pot on the coals, and supposed that there was tea in it, and immediately turned upon his heels, saying "God don't want me to lay hands upon those who do not keep the Word of Wisdom" ⁴ and he went out. He did not know whether the pot contained catnip, penny-royal, or some other mild herb, and he did not wait for anyone to tell him. That class of people are ignorant and over-righteous, and they are not in the true line by any means.

"If we are sick and ask the Lord to heal us, and to do all for us that is necessary to be done, according to my understanding of the Gospel and salvation I might as well ask the Lord to cause my wheat and corn to grow without my plowing the ground and casting in the seed. It appears consistent to me to apply every remedy that comes within the range of my knowledge, and to ask my Father in Heaven, in the name of Jesus Christ, to sanctify that application to the healing of my body. * * * It is my duty to do,

4. See this issue of the Quarterly, p. 35.

when I have it in my power. Many people are unwilling to do one thing for themselves in case of sickness, but ask God to do it all."

Again, in the Tabernacle—November 14, 1869, the Mormon leader admonished Mormon parents to make their religion practical. "Learn to take proper care of your children," he preached. "If any of them are sick, the cry now, instead of 'Go and fetch the Elders to lay hands on my child,' is, 'Run for a doctor.' * * * you should go to work to study and see what you can do for the recovery of your children. If a child is taken sick with fever give it something to stay that fever or relieve the stomach and bowels, so that mortification may not set in. Treat the child with prudence and care, with faith and patience, and be careful in not overcharging it with medicine. If you take too much medicine into the system, it is worse than too much food. * * * It is the privilege of a mother to have faith and to administer to her child; this she can do herself."

(Deseret News, January 20, 1858): Pres. Joseph Young, Brigham's elder brother, speaking in the Tabernacle, January 3, 1858, said:

"Paul says, 'the law of life in Christ Jesus has made me free from the law of sin and death.' Life and liberty are connected together. I sometimes visit the sick. Says I, 'What is the matter with you?'

"'O, I am sick.' 'What is the cause?' 'I do not know.' 'Are your stomach and bowels regular?' 'No.' 'Have you taken any medicine or used any measures to remove this disease?' 'No; I thought I would send for the Elders for I do not believe in the doctors; I would rather call upon the Lord.'"

"Let us look at this thing. There is a class of people here that do not believe in sustaining professional doctors. I am one of them. There is a certain class of people, again, in this community, when they are sick, the very first motion they make is to call upon a doctor as quick as possible. Which of these two classes are right? Neither of them. I will not say that I would not send for a doctor in some instances, for example, to perform some difficult surgical operation, if I knew he was a good surgeon; then there are instances of sickness in which I would not send for a doctor, because I understand the nature of the disease and know how to treat it, as well and better, perhaps, than any doctor, and, aided by the blessing of the Lord, I can check it, and that is my duty. But, if I have the Spirit of God dwelling in me, my tabernacle is not very apt to be diseased.

"'But,' says one, 'I am diseased all the time.' "You may have brought your disease into the world with you, or from the country from which you have immigrated, and coming into a healthy climate, as this is, you feel the disease moving about in your system and it sometimes appears in a form which you call the erysipelas."

ADDENDA (E)—Samuel Thomson, Herb Doctor or Botanical Physician—Numerous Mormon converts brought with them into the Church a belief, if not an experience in the botanic practice of healing. Even the Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, is said to have advocated it. In setting apart Mrs. Ann Carling as a midwife, Joseph told her she would be successful if she used herbs exclusively in her work—(Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Women of Deseret, December, 1940). The Eclectics, Physio—Botanics, and Herb Doctors alike, drew some recruits from the Mormons, who had organized their church in New York in 1830, and flourished in Ohio from 1831 to 1838.

Samuel Thomson the original Botanic Physician, was born February 9, 1769, at Alstead, New Hampshire. Though entirely self-taught, according to his own narrative, his biographer, a "regular" physician, declares Thomson was a remarkable man with an extraordinary career. (Annals of Medical History, June 1925, in Utah Historical Society Library).

The summer he was four and a half years of age, Thomson says he herded geese and hunted cows. Emulating these natural foragers one day young Thomson ate a generous helping of lobelia pods. The plant is a natural emetic, and the result "was so remarkable I never forgot it!" He later perpetrated jokes on his playmates, inducing them to eat lobelia pods, and experience the effects. With a natural leaning toward the healing profession, Thomson, through years of observation and study, gleaned all the information available on the healing properties of plants, and gathered from the older men and women many useful facts for the treatment of illness. While yet a youth he gained quite a reputation for healing disease; and his own special curative system was developed and perfected by practice in his own family circle and neighborhood.

Lobelia the "Emetic Herb" never failed him, he says, and became the cornerstone of his healing system, plus enemas, plus cayenne pepper (heat) and plus hot sweat baths. All these agents were obviously unusual yet very needful in those long inactive New Hampshire winters. From his ministrations, hosts of patients came to regard him as a gifted genius. Health Circles and Botanic Societies took the place of neighborhood quilting bees and young Thomson regularly rode the circuit of sick homes in New England.

Presented in an age and to a people unacquainted with the commoner causes and consequences of discomfort, distress and disease, Thomson's cayenne pepper stimulated the system while his emetic and purge produced a cleanliness akin to godliness; also the enema made many fast friends, while the innovation of the steam or sweat bath allayed the people's fevers, quieted their nerves, and made for peaceful sickrooms, and often stayed the hand of Death.

Thomson missed being fitted into the substructure of the Medical Profession by ungenerously securing a patent on his discovery of the actions of Lobelia, if he did not in fact impugn far too much intelligence and power to his babyhood emetic. Then he made things worse by trying to explain what he did not understand. His idea was that heat is a manifestation of life and that cold is the cause of disease. "All disorders arise directly from obstructed perspiration, which is always caused by cold, or want of heat," he explained. Boiled down, the Thomsonian System was: 1. Cleanse the body with lobelia (emetic) and enemas; 2. Restore the lost heat by cayenne pepper inside; hot pads and especially steam or vapor cabinet baths externally; 3. Finally, carry away the residue of "canker" by doses of bayberry, sumac, red raspberry and so forth.

But, for his self-acquired erudition he was given the "raspberry", by most other practioners, including many of his own student healers. They objected to his claims of proprietorship and to his copyrighted explanation. Once in 1809, he was indicted for murder for a case that did not yield; and the finger of ridicule was pointed at him by those who did not sympathize and believe with him. Thus while he opened his first office in Beverly, Massachusetts, he shortly moved to Boston—where he maintained headquarters through the rest of his career.

Thomson's first patent was issued by the U. S. Government on March 3, 1813, after a great deal of vexatious delay. Armed with this significant document, with a religious faith in his curative system, and with a vindictive hate for the regular Medical profession, he went forth to slay the demon disease, in all its forms. Through newspaper advertisements, and hand-bills he told the world of his invincible system, and by the powers of oratory derided the prevalent Medical methods of bleeding their patients twice a day through ten-day courses, for fevers, and for loading already clogged human bodies with mercury and opium. The Captains in his crusading army were accorded the right to use the system and to sell the right to others, which right in all cases was to cost \$20, and to be granted only by the hand of Thomson—who doubtless in this way split commissions on the resales. The lieutenants in Thomson's army had only the right to heal, Thomsonian method, for their \$20; but the privates were the public at large, and all had a right to be healed.

The fad swept the country like wildfire; and the organized opposition of the "regular" Medicos only helped to spread the new doctrine, like whipping a fire among the leaves, as he said. Each edition of the instruction leaflet was larger than its predecessor—until in 1822 it appeared in book form, truly a compendium of Health! Then a difficulty with his printer led to another schism, and with it plagiarizing pirates published the essence of his work and offered it for three bits apiece. The fire in the leaves had

become a forest fire. Against this a back-fire was kindled by a new Government patent, issued January 23, 1823, covering "the use of steam to produce perspiration." To make matters worse, Thomson's army was not organized, were widely scattered, and weren't working at it all the time. In short, they lacked tangible, effective leadership, and left Thomson fighting the windmills of the country, almost single-handed. From 1826 to 1836 he had "been six times in and through the State of Ohio" whence the Thomsonian System had spread faster than the older schools of healing.

Botanic Societies, Health Circles, Eclectic and Botanic Physicians were springing up throughout the East, which knew not Thomson! Dr. Wooster Beach in 1827 founded an Infirmary in New York, out of which grew the Reformed Medical College—the inception of the Eclectic System—opposed to the blood-letting M.D.'s—and to the monopolistic unethical Thomsonians alike—yet it adopted many of the medicines and principles of the former, and adhered to the cardinal teachings of Thomson. The Reformed Medical College established a branch school at Worthington, Ohio, in 1832, which threatened to steal Thomson's thunder down to a whisper.

Independently of all medical factions, came Constantine S. Rafinesque with "The Medical Flora of the United States" published in Philadelphia in 1828. Rafinesque had traveled extensively over the Mississippi Valley, then populated partly with the Native Indians, from whom he obtained much useful information. His unique work thus became another text book for the Botanics and the Eclectics alike.

Parenthetically, Thomson may have had some enterprising Indian neighbors in his formative days—Josiah Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 1831-39, published 1844, Vol. 2, pp. 296-7, says the Indians of the Prairies had "become acquainted with the medical virtues of many of their indigenous plants, which are often used in connection with the vapor sweat, and cold bath: wherefore we may consider them as the primitive Thomsonians."

Dr. Alva Curtis, loyal Thomsonian, opened a "Physico—Medical College of Ohio" in Cincinnati in 1836. As an advocate of a new system, Dr. Curtis was a "host" in himself, but as a torch-carrying school teacher, he flickered out in a few years. Thereupon the Worthington, Ohio, Reformed Medical College moved to Cincinnati in 1845 and became the Eclectic Medical Institute. Thus, says Dr. J. M. Ball, *Medical Historian*, "The Botanic, Eclectic and Physio—Medical sects * * can be traced to Thomson."

The strictly botanical schools gradually petered out; they changed their names and modified their methods. The botanic courses persisted, however, especially in the Ohio hotbed of Thomsonianism, for a great many years; and the Thomsonian principles

were handed down traditionally even to the present generation. There are still plenty of reputable physicians recommending colonics and cabinet baths; and the aroma of sassafras tea in the city restaurants and the country homes of the land today as a tonic and blood tuner-up is a fragrance tracing all the way back to Doctor Thomson, a full century ago!

That "steam doctor" Thomson was a benefactor among the Mormons, as among other groups, there is no doubt. "Glory enough for one man," it was said of him! He "saved more millions of human beings from a miserable life and a premature grave than the whole United States contained in the days of Washington, by a system which spread more rapidly than any other system ever did upon its own merits!"

Dr. Thomson died October 4, 1843, in Boston, aged 75 years—a remarkable span for a man in those days!

John Thomson, a son, carried on actively for many years, but contributed nothing to his father's well developed three-leg healing system—of purging, healing, and sweating; except his own picture replaced the father's, on the diplomas! Son John still (in 1852) sold for \$6.00 the twenty dollar "copyright of preparing and using the system of Medical Practice secured to Samuel Thomson by letters patent, and (the purchaser) is thus constituted a member of the Thomsonian Friendly Botanic Society and is entitled to participate in its privileges"—whatever those privileges were!

Miss Blanche E. Rose in her thesis, "The History of Medicine in Utah"—gives a typewritten copy of the Thomsonian Certificate issued to Dr. Willard Richards as a sub-agent, at Richmond, Massachusetts, by Joseph Skimm, "agent" for S. Thomson, October 3, 1833. Richards was then 29 years of age. Realizing he had only a diploma and no training, he moved to Boston and entered the Thomsonian Infirmary. He practiced for some time under Dr. Samuel Thomson himself. In 1835 he moved to Holliston, Massachusetts and continued the practice of his profession. There he turned to Mormonism, through his cousin Brigham Young.

But the Thomsonian diploma authorized and empowered Richards to "administer, use and sell the medicine secured to Samuel Thomson by letters patent," and "also to sell Family Rights (signed by Skimm) with a copy of Thomson's 'New Guide to Health, and a narrative of his life,' " for twenty dollars.

Miss Rose also gives the following supplement, to the Thomsonian certificate: entitled "Extra and Confidential to Agents" (To be given at discretion to the purchaser of rights). To prepare Conserve of Hollyhock: 1 lb. fresh blossoms, bruise in mortar, add 4 lbs. white sugar, pound into a paste 2 oz. poplar bark, 2 oz. bayberry, 2 oz. golden seal, 2 oz. cloves, 2 oz. cinnamon,

2 oz. nerve powder, 1 oz. cayenne, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bitter roots. Mix and knead with pestle in mortar until it becomes a thick dough. Add 1 tip penny-royal. Pound well together and roll in a loaf or make pills.

"For all diseases caused by colds and other diseases without regard to names:

"The above powder, with the same weight of sugar, will make good spice-bitters for wine. Put 2 oz. of the compound into one quart.

"Powders may be eaten dry, or taken in hot water with more sugar. No spirit is recommended in the medicine.

"Notice to Agent:

"Do justice to yourself and proprietor and public. Sell no rights to doctors or those who have studied their authors for a rule of practice, as they will most assuredly corrupt the system, as some have already done.

"Keep no poisonous drugs in your shop, as no one should sell to others what he would not use himself; or suffer any human blood to be shed, with the lancet or otherwise, by your consent."

ADDENDA (F)—Brigham Young's Death—Doctor Seymour B. Young was Brigham Young's family physician at the time of Brigham's death, and in direct charge of President Young's case. Miss Blanche E. Rose, in her thesis "The History of Medicine in Utah," says he was assisted by Doctors Joseph and Denton Benedict. "President Young's fatal illness was at that time regarded as an inflammation of the bowels; but it is now believed by most physicians, as well as later by the attending physicians to have been a ruptured appendix."

The cause of Brigham Young's death as given at the time, was cholera morbus and inflammation of the bowels. E. W. Tullidge, "History of Salt Lake City," p. 624, writes: "On Thursday evening, August 23 (1877) President Young was attacked with cholera morbus, which was very severe, and continued throughout the whole of the night and the following day until the afternoon. The pain was intense, and quickly prostrated the patient (born June 1, 1801, J.C.A.). On Friday afternoon, however, he was somewhat relieved and was considered by his physician to be convalescing. This favorable condition continued until Saturday afternoon, when his symptoms suddenly became worse, and the disease assumed an alarming aspect. The pain in his bowels returned; his bowels began to be distended, and his sufferings were greatly aggravated. These symptoms yielded to the use of morphine; but on Sunday morning a condition of semi-stupor came on, continuing throughout the day and night. On Monday there was little change, the patient remaining about in the same condition as on Sunday, until Tuesday when his coma deepened. Still he could be

roused, and occasionally spoke to those about him. Suddenly on Tuesday morning there was extreme difficulty in breathing, owing to the distention of the bowels. Artificial respiration was resorted to for about nine hours, with the result of enabling him to breathe without assistance. His condition from that time until his death admitted no doubt as to the result of the case. Death ended his work at 4 p. m. on Wednesday (Aug. 29, 1877). The technical name of the fatal disease of which he died is *entero colitis*—commonly called inflammation of the bowels; which of course was brought on by cholera morbus."

ADDENDA (G)—Men vs. Women Doctors—The natural aversion of the average young woman to being assisted at childbirth by a man physician was as widespread and as deepseated among the early Mormons as if the sentiment had been cultivated to genuine prejudice. Though it was of course, only the manifestation of a sincere modesty or diffidence, it was shared most defiantly by the average husband in Utah. More than one prospective father has expressed himself as strenuously opposed to such an obvious and humiliating defilement of the privacy—if not the chastity of his home. He considered it to be, as many have openly said, quite as offensive as for the strange man to visit the young woman's bedchamber when she was well!

Thus the midwife system prevailed almost exclusively in Utah for a great many years. In rare cases, of impending disaster, a skillful physician has been spirited into the home by a sensible midwife, thereby averting a tragedy, if not a double one. Dr. J. K. W. Bracken, Rio Grande Western physician in the eighties, at Price, Utah, told the present writer he had on more than one occasion officiated at a difficult childbirth, without seeing the face of the new mother, or revealing his own identity or presence by footfall or sound of voice. Some of these near tragedies resulted from the secrecy enforced by the vigilance of the federal authorities in search for violations of the anti-polygamy laws. But young polygamous wives were even more reticent, than first wives, if that were possible, in submitting themselves to strange men doctors, even though under the use of anaesthetics and the threat of serious complications.

Thus it has been, the women of Utah were among the first to study and practice modern obstetrics, and medicine in general. Utah's first hospital was sponsored by the L. D. S. (Women's) Relief Society, and opened as the Deseret Hospital on July 17, 1882, chiefly for women. The staff of ten contained the names of only two men, both elderly Mormon pioneers, as given in Miss Rose's thesis. They were: President, Eliza R. Snow; Vice president, Zina D. H. Young; Secretary Emmeline B. Wells; Treasurer, Matilda M. Barrett; resident physician, Dr. Ellen R. Ferguson; Visiting staff, Dr. Washington F. Anderson; Dr. Seymour

B. Young; Dr. Romania Pratt; Dr. Ellis R. Shipp; and Dr. Elvira S. Barney.

Incidentally, the L.D.S. General Hospital, was founded, not by a physician, nor a midwife, but by Dr. W. H. Groves—a pioneer dentist.

ADDENDA (H)—Early Physician's and Druggist's Register—Regular medical doctors were scarce in Utah through the eighteen fifties. Though the advertising columns of the *Deseret News* indicate a half dozen sought to establish themselves, circumstances disclose only a very few remained; and they were of the Mormon faith, using drugs sparingly, and doing a little surgery.

But by the time the railroad came, in 1869, doctors and druggists were becoming pillars of Utah Society. The 1869 Directory lists Dr. W. F. Anderson, physician and surgeon, and a "Mr. Baker, physician"—residing at the same address. J. N. Cunningham was an "M.D." as was John Crockwell, who was also a physician. M. L. Davis, physician, officed in Godbe's Exchange Building, over "Godbe and Company, wholesale and retail dealers in Drugs, and medicines, including the celebrated Graefenberg Family Medicines, also Ayers and other patent medicines." Allen Fowler, M.D., and O. D. Hovey, M. R. Hyler, Robert H. Kenner, Ezekiel Lee, and S. E. Newton were "physicians"; while J. F. P. Pascoe was a "practical chemist and lime burner!" S. L. Sprague was a "physician", William Tait, was an "M.D., M.R.C.S.L., Surgeon and Physician," and Seymour B. Young was a surgical student "rear of Society Hall."

Under the classification of "Physicians and Surgeons" were all those already given, and J. Bernhisel, John Gerber, and J. S. Ormsby. The Dentists were J. M. Barlow, W. H. Groves, and William H. Sharp. Other Druggists were J. Bauman and Company, and Jeter Clinton. Dr. Tait officed conveniently at "Bauman Bros. Drug Store" while M. L. Davis was similarly in with Godbe and Company. He took a full page to merely indicate his success in treating disease. Dr. Cunningham in his advertising was even more certain of his ability.

At Ogden, W. L. McIntyre, P. Wheeler and Dr. Williams prescribed drugs from "White and Brown," druggists!

Five years later, the 1874 Directory listed thirteen "Physicians" and twenty "Physicians and Surgeons". The Physicians included the old names of O. D. Hovey, R. H. Kenner, Ezekiel Lee, S. E. Newton and S. L. Sprague. Two "homeopathists" were listed and one "eye and cancer", woman specialist, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Grundy. Mrs. H. K. Painter, M. D., was also making a try.

Among the 1874 "Physicians and Surgeons" was "Miss Mary H. Barker", also "John E. Wesley, herbal physician" and old names as follows: W. F. Anderson, John M. Bernhisel, J. D. M. Crockwell, M. L. Davis, Allen Fowler and Seymour B. Young.

The Dentists of 1874 were eight in number, including J. M. Barlow, A. W. Calder, J. R. Crawford, A. B. Dunford, Dr. W. H. Groves, Alex Neibaur and Wm. H. H. Sharp. Six drug-stores were listed, among them Godbe and Company and the Church Store, Z.C.M.I.

As early as December 21, 1859, "W. S. Godbe, Chemist and Druggist" advertised "Prescriptions promptly and carefully filled," and in the News of April 30, 1856, The Deseret Drugstore, advertised—"Wm. S. Godbe keeps constantly on hand a complete stock of Botanical and other Drugs and Medicines," also—for variety—"The celebrated *Soda Fountain* (the only one in the Territory) in full operation! Also delicious ice drinks for the warm weather."

The Deseret News of April 29, 1857, carried the following: "Medical Notice." "J. L. Dunyan, Physician and Surgeon: residence northwest corner 14th Ward, G. S. L. City. Dr. Dunyan will attend to the practice of his profession in this city and county, at all hours of the day or night. His practical experience as a physician, and reputation as such among the people in former days is well known and understood. His treatment embraces every principle that his experience has proved safe and effectual. He anticipates by strict attention to business to receive the patronage and confidence of his brethren.

"On the receipt of letters (post paid) containing a full description of disease, age and sex, Dr. D. will send advice and prescriptions. Persons afflicted with ulcers, cancers, fever sores, scrofula, salt rheum, tetter, fits, palsy, rheumatism, infections of the kidneys and liver, gravel, tic doleraux, Saint Vitus' dance, consumption, dyspepsia, general female debility and sterility and derangement would do better to board in the city for a short time, where they can be treated with electricity and such other means as would be necessary to effect a cure.

"All kinds of produce, orders and Tithing office and labor on Public Works, received for fees. References: Edward Hunter, Wilford Woodruff, Jos. Young, Anthony Ivins, W. S. Godbe, John Young, Jesse W. Fox, John Nebeker, Wm. Clayton, Philemon Merrill."

ADDENDA (I)—Baptiste Indian Medicine—Mrs. Kane in her book "Twelve Mormon Homes," p. 38, repeats a story that came to her of the "medicine" of an Indian Baptiste—"a noted Indian Arraphene (sic)⁵ was taken alarmingly ill. Baptiste entered the sick man's lodge alone; but several persons, and among them my informant, peeped in through the opening between the (tent) skins; and, after Baptiste's attention was absorbed in his patient, they stole inside the lodge. Arraphene lay on the ground in a stupor, seeming to take no notice of the conjuror.

5. See "Utah, the Storied Domain"—J. Cecil Alter—Index.

"Baptiste now took from his 'bag of needments' sundry non-descript articles, which he hung solemnly upon a pole and kindled a fire of sticks in the center of the lodge, on which from time to time, he threw a powder from his pouch, which made a noisome smell. He then began walking round and round his patient, as the mesmerists are said to do, always keeping his old witch's face toward him. But, as if finding them of no avail, he threw himself suddenly upon Arraphene, clasped him round the body, and rolled him from side to side. At this exercise he persevered until the spectators grew tired of watching him.

"At intervals he would jump up, chanting a tuneless, windy song, and snatch at one end of the magic rags he had hung to the lodge-pole, appearing not to notice that he stepped through the burning fire to reach it. After this he stroked his hands now down his own sides, and now down Arraphene's. Once more he threw himself on the body, this time as if he wanted to squeeze the life out. Then he swallowed a bit of thick, red flannel, and after each few minutes spat it up, examined it as it lay in his palm, swallowed it again, after shaking his head, and resumed the rolling. Presently he divested himself of all his clothing, both the sick man and himself being bathed in perspiration, and the invalid showing other signs that life was coming back to him in force. Again and again he swallowed and threw up the bit of red flannel, and muttered over it, and again and again rolled on the sick man, still singing his queer song, and jumping up at intervals to fumble with "medicine" rags.

"At last it was over; a final diagnosis of the red flannel, changed to a repulsive, slimy mass, satisfied him. He turned, angrily, kicked aside the ashes of the fire, scraped a hole in the ground underneath, and there buried the flannel, into which the evil spirit of the disease had passed. All that remained was for him to rake the ashes over the spot again, shake himself, and resume his clothing. The tent flap was thrown open, the fresh air let in. The sick man thereupon rose, and left the lodge with Baptiste, perfectly restored to health.

"I asked my informant if he was satisfied of the genuineness of the cure. He insisted that there could be no doubt of it. 'The Indians,' he said 'are very superstitious, and help the efforts of their medicine—made by implicit faith in his power. But they have still more faith for our *real* miracles. Even those who have not embraced the faith, think *our* medicine, as they call 'the gifts' is more powerful than theirs.'"

ADDENDA (J)—Indian Medicine Bag—Among our own Indian souvenirs is an amulet of no ordinary beauty and interest, which came from Mr. Wm. R. Palmer seven years ago. A loop of buckskin string would secure the talisman to one's neck; and in spite of the instructions which came with it, the spangle could

appropriately be suspended outside an Indian woman's dress quite as decoratively as many objects bought for that purpose by white women.

Maybe we lacked faith in the poetry of the charm, but certainly there was no want of potency in the odor of the medicine in the bag, and in order to retain our established place on the premises, the odor was sequestered for the duration! Even so the authority of the trinket is still as potent as ever, and its Indian atmosphere is as tangy and as tell-tale as an Indian summer day.

But intriguing as is this tiny buckskin bag, with its orderly, artistic decorations in brilliant beads and glossy quills, Mr. Palmer's letter of explanation is by far the more important, and because of its historic value in this connection the letter is reproduced herewith in full.

December 31, 1935.

J. Cecil Alter,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Mr. Alter:

With the Season's greetings I am sending you a Pahute's most prized possession—a medicine bag. It comes a little late for Christmas but all charms are effective as of January 1st, anyway, and they will continue as long as your faith holds out. The Squaws have been so busy with their Christmas begging that I could not get the work done earlier.

This medicine is guaranteed, if worn in faith, nothing doubting, to bring you fifty-seven varieties of good luck, and to ward off another fifty-seven varieties of evil. The only evil in fact, that the medicine is not potent against is the sting of the white man. Since 1492 their dreamers and soothsayers have sought for this one missing charm. Old Jake Wiggits and Tom Parashont, two of our wisest medicine men, are concentrating on the problem and if they discover the ingredient I shall send you some of it to add to your bag.

Every good Indian carries his medicine secured somewhere on his person, and I have some of the most remarkable testimonies of the potency of its magic. You just cannot doubt when some wrinkled old warrior over whose venerable head eighty or ninety snows have drifted, tells you that he has worn his medicine since youth and in all that time he has never been killed, drowned or starved to death, and has never been bitten by snake, horse or wife.

Everything that pertains to a medicine bag has significance. The four arrow heads pointing together means friendship. Crossed arrows signify a truce but since we have not been at war that emblem would not have been appropriate. The fellow with the feathers in his hair is Mouseman. Mouseman is a legendary character

we frequently find etched on the rocks. He is the symbol of mirth, trickery, playfulness and good cheer. He was once a great personage—one of these playful, tricky, cheerful chaps whom everybody loved and invited to their parties. But having a good appetite, he developed a thieving (sticky fingered, I believe is the scientific cognomen for it) propensity toward the picnic, and he was so quick and sly in the matter that the other guests often went home hungry from a picnic. Now, nothing is so aggravating, especially to a man, as going home hungry from a picnic. They laughed it off for awhile, but in time something had to be done. A great pleading went up to the god Tobats to reduce the culprit. Prayers have always been answered, even of Pahutes, and so the great Mouseman is now simple mouse, but he is still the same cheerful, tricky, thieving fellow as before. Because of the good things he eats, he is himself good to eat. If you don't believe it fry him and try him.

The quills fairly bristle with warnings to the evils that would embrace you. You are Indian enough, by absorption at least, to know that quills do bristle and that should strengthen your faith. These bags are worn tied either around the neck or around the waist. Worn in the first position, they produced the original "pain in the neck" that you read about in the Scriptures; while tied around the waist they become the proverbial "thorn in the side." Being educationally minded, I thought you should be in possession of this important bit of knowledge.

If worn under the clothing, the warmth of the body renders the medicine more potent and the odors more pungent. As thy faith so be it unto thee. The fringe is a charm against ticklishness. After one has worn his medicine for several years he can then put on flannel underwear. Suit yourself how you wear yours, but if worn under the clothing I suggest that you remove the quills. In this age when we have so much scientific skill to resort to in case of trouble, we might sacrifice that much of the charm in the interest of bodily comfort.

This bag was made by Yantana (flowering cactus), whose grandfather was an eminent medicine man and the medicine was compounded by Yoko Jake so I know it is correct as to formula in every detail. If it does not do all that I have promised, it will be because of your faithlessness.

With all good wishes for a Happy Yuletide and believing implicitly that the medicine will take care of your future, I am,

Sincerely,

(Signed) Wm. R. Palmer.

P. S. All blessings of the medicine are hereby extended to you and yours. "Noonie tucuben, tucuben noonie, i-oo-ie i-oo-ie."

Translation—If you and yours are friends, I am a friend; and my friends are welcome to all these good blessings.



ALICE PARKER ISOM
In later life

ALICE PARKER ISOM
Age 20



MEMOIRS OF ALICE PARKER ISOM*

My great grandparents were Richard and Alice Easton Parker. They were parents of six children, my grandfather John Parker, their second son, married Ellen Hesking. They were the parents of ten children: Isabelle, Robert, Richard, Roger, Nancy, John, William, Ellen, Alice and Mary. They were all born in Lancashire, England. My father was the fourth son, John Parker Jr. He with his parents, one brother and three sisters were among the first to embrace the Gospel in a foreign land and were baptized by Heber C. Kimball in 1838. Grandfather and grandmother came to America in the first ship that was chartered for L.D.S. emigrants. They settled in Nauvoo. None of their children came with them. All but their youngest daughter were married. She followed the next year and later married Samuel W. Richards. My father married Alice Widaker. They had six children, three of whom were born dead. She was buried with the last one, leaving my father a widower with William age seven, Elizabeth, five and a-half, and Mary Ann, four and a-half years old. He crossed the ocean with his little ones and went to Nauvoo to his parents. Grandmother died the next year and grandfather was very feeble. Father had the fever and ague, chilling every day for thirteen months.

My mother also joined the Church in 1838. Heber C. Kimball baptized her and her husband and two oldest sons. She was the only one of her kindred that accepted the Gospel. Mother's name was Ellen Briggs. She married George Douglas, by whom she had eight children; Ralph, Richard, William, Isabelle, Mary, George, and Vilate Ellen. William died when he was eleven years old. The rest of the family emigrated to Nauvoo in March, 1842. On the twelfth of July, just twelve weeks after their arrival, George Douglas died, leaving my mother a widow with seven children, the eldest sixteen. They were strangers in a strange land. It had taken all their earthly possessions to emigrate, but they felt that they were with the Saints. Mother was in Nauvoo over two years before father came. She suffered with the fever and ague the second year. She knew the Prophet, had heard his sermons and had seen both him and his brother when dead. Father didn't reach Nauvoo until after the Martyrdom.

Father and mother were married in 1846 in Nauvoo by Samuel W. Richards and received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple. At that time they had six children under ten years of age; each parent had three. Grandfather was very feeble. Father was just getting over the chills when the people were being driven from their homes in Nauvoo. My parents took refuge in St. Louis. Every child that was large enough to do anything got work.

*Prepared for publication by Wm. R. Palmer, Mrs. Isom's son-in-law, pp. 1, 39, 52-54, 81, this issue of the Quarterly.

Mother went out house-cleaning and washing for "six bits" a day. Father got a job at a Root Beer factory. Because he was so weak he only got seventy-five cents a day. Provisions were very cheap. Their health improved. They soon made a living.

I was born in St. Louis on the eighth day of January, 1848. My brother John was born November the first, 1851. My parents remained in St. Louis six years. During that time they went into the soda water and root beer business in that city and made a small fortune, sufficient to buy eleven wagons with two yokes of oxen each, a threshing machine, one of, if not the first, to be brought to Utah. Also one large spring carriage, drawn by a span of big horses, in which we rode. Some of the cattle were cows and furnished milk and butter for the company all across the Plains. The milk was put in a kit and churned during the day by the jolt of the wagon. My Brother Ralph Douglas had been with the Mormon Battalion. He came into Salt Lake Valley with the Pioneers of 1847. He went back to Council Bluffs for his wife and returned to Utah in 1850. During our stay in St. Louis my brother Richard married Elizabeth Wadsworth. Sister Ann married Edmond Robbins and Isabelle, John Pincock. They were all members of the Church. They emigrated in father's company. My aunts, Ellen and Alice Corbridge, had also come from England and father emigrated them also. In speaking of the trip across the Plains it was always referred to as a pleasure trip. I do not remember many incidents on the Plains. One place we passed there had been many emigrants die with cholera and had been buried not far from the road, their beds, bedding and clothing left by the roadside. Some of the company killed a buffalo.

We landed in Salt Lake City on the 28th of August 1852. Father bought a lot on Second South between East and West Temple and built an adobe house, forty by twenty feet. The sons and sons-in-law set up the threshing machine. They threshed thirteen thousand bushels of grain that year.

My little brother John died on the fourth of October, 1852. He was buried on our lot. Several years later the body was exhumed and taken to the city cemetery.

The Saints have always danced. The early settlers would take everything out of their cabins to make room for the dancers. We did not do this. Our rooms were large enough without. Brother William played the violin. We used to have a dance nearly every week at our place and often one at the neighbors. I was very fond of dancing. I cannot remember when I could not waltz or dance anything that my sisters did. I was very fond of music and was a singer, but did not have an opportunity to make a musician of myself. Very few had instruments in my young days.

Schools were very primitive. I used to go to an old lady that always sat and knitted while we read our lessons. There was scarcely two books alike in the rooms; I took any kind of a book that had been used in the family and had survived the wear of moving. I had a blue backed spelling book at first; it had the alphabet in it. Then a McGuffey's second reader. That I used until I knew most of it by heart. At last I had a Third Reader of some kind. An atlas, descriptive geography, Ray's third-part arithmetic, slate, pencil, copy-book, pen and ink were all that was needed. The teacher set the copies in our writing books. Three months of the year was the most we ever went to school. One three months after I was fourteen was all I went to school. Father paid three dollars a quarter for us.

When I was twelve years old I learned to spin wool. Father had sheep. Before shearing them they would take them into the Jordan river to wash the sand out of the wool. Mother would have a wool picking and invite the neighbors. The wool was then greased and sent to be carded into rolls. I had a spinning wheel and soon became an expert spinner. We reeled the yarn on a reel made for the purpose. It was two yards around; forty rounds made one knot, and ten knots made one skein. Four skeins was considered a day's work for a woman. Before I was fifteen I spun five skeins a day for weeks together. Father and mother had a loom and both could and did weave, father only in winter time when he could not do anything else. I learned to weave and could do everything connected with it, but was never so proficient at it as mother was.

My married brothers and sisters settled in Ogden where they made permanent homes. There was no fruit but wild berries in the canyons. Father took us to gather some. We camped out and gathered several bushels of service berries. We dried them to make sauce. We also dried squash. My father was an industrious, thrifty man. My mother was also very industrious and capable. She could turn her hand to do all kinds of needle work. She was a systematic housewife and had excellent family government. Father left the governing of the children to her, but she would see to it that they did what he wanted them to do. Love and harmony characterized our home. We were soon well established in our home in Salt Lake Valley.

In those early days there was no fruit, no good molasses, honey or sugar only what was hauled a thousand miles by ox teams. People made molasses out of squash, beets, cornstalks, or any other thing that would yield a little sweet juice which they boiled down. It was poor stuff, but we ate it. I know I was very fond of the squash butter that mother made. There was no soda to be had when we first came to Utah. My father took a team and went back to some alkali beds and gathered a wagon load of

saleratus, which was used in cooking. He also went to Salt Lake and gathered a wagon load of salt from the shore. For the fine salt we ground this in the coffee mill. We had a cone shaped box stand at the end of the house. In this box we emptied all the ashes. It was what was called a leach. When mother was ready to make soap she would pour water on the ashes and let it drip slowly through. This drew the lye slowly out of them. The soap made then was soft. People of those days had soap kegs or barrels. Our lights were tallow candles. Mother was an expert at making soap and candles. Sometimes she made boxes of them for butchers and received tallow in payment.

Father baptized me in the canal at the farm. I was nearly nine years old. I did not know the date, so I have adopted the plan to have all my children baptized the day they were eight years old whether the day was cold or warm.

In July 1857 all the Saints were invited to spend the "24th" at Silver Lake up Cottonwood Canyon. All our family that lived in Salt Lake, and most of them from Ogden, went. It was a beautiful place, now called Brighton, a pleasure resort. We camped there two or three days. All the leading men of the Church were there. There was also bands of music and everybody was out for a good time, which they had, although word came that Johnston's Army was on the Plains, coming to destroy the Mormons. A meeting was called by the beating of the drum. The dispatches were read, then Brigham Young arose and said, "When we came into these Valleys ten years ago I said, 'If our enemies will let us alone ten years, I will ask no odds of them,' and I do not."

In the fall every preparation was made to hinder the army from coming into the valley. During the winter, father and several of my brothers were out in Echo Canyon. You can read Whitney's account of the Echo Canyon War.

My sister Mary married James Curry, and Mary Ann married Samuel W. Richards in 1857. On the eighth of January, 1858, my grandfather died. He had been an invalid many years, so that he spent his time indoors. He and I were dear companions. He would join me when I played house as if he were my own age. He was such a dear old man. This winter my sister Elizabeth married John B. Winder and Ellen Vilate married George Romney.

In the spring of 1858 the Saints all moved south. They had covenanted that if their enemies came into the Valley they would burn up everything and leave the country as bare as they found it. A few men were left to guard the city. The following lines will convey an idea of how the people felt at that time:

"If Uncle Sam's determined on his very foolish plan,
The Lord will fight our battles and we'll help him all we can
If what they now propose to do should ever come to pass,

We'll burn up every inch of wood and every blade of grass.
We'll throw down all our houses, every soul shall emigrate
And we'll organize ourselves into a roving mountain state.
Every move will make our vigor, like a ball of snow increase
And we'll never sue to them, but they to us for peace."

Our farm being ten miles south of the city, we stayed there awhile and our relatives from Ogden and north of the city joined us there, until the order came to go beyond the point of the mountain. Then we camped beyond the Jordan not far from where Camp Floyd was located after. The same happy band that had crossed the Plains together were again on the move and camping, enjoying each other's company. We were only there three weeks when we received word that we could go home. The government had treated for peace and the army had been allowed to come into the city. There never was a more miraculous deliverance than that.

During the time we were camped on the Jordan I came near being drowned. I went fishing on Sunday when my mother had told me not to go. I fell into the river. My brother Richard Douglas saved me. I had no extra clothing, so I had to go to bed while my clothes dried. Those were days when clothing was scarce. Mother would ravel a piece of cloth and twist the thread to patch with. I know just how I was dressed that day. I had a black tight-fitting waist made of an alpaca coat of father's. My skirt was made of one of mother's, the lining and outside padded and quilted so that it would wear longer.

My father had also married a widow who had lost her husband and two little boys, while crossing the Plains in the Handcart company. She had three girls, Lovina, fourteen; Mary Ellen, twelve; and Hannah, ten. She had two children by father, Richard and Maria, of whom I was always very fond.

In October, 1862, father was called to come to Dixie to raise cotton. All the family had married but me. It was decided that father, mother and I should go first and make a home before he brought Aunt Maria and her children. It was a sad thing for me to leave my brothers, sisters, and friends and it seemed a dreadful place after we had got there. It was years before I was contented. Father and mother felt that they were called to come and I never heard either of them complain a word.

We reached Virgin on the twelfth of December, 1862 in the only disagreeable storm that we had that winter. We were three weeks making the trip from Salt Lake City. Now I make it in about sixteen or eighteen hours. Quite a difference. Most of the winter of 1862 and '63 we lived out-of-doors and slept in our wagon box. The weather was so mild that I had no use for my cape the whole winter. I must tell you of our traveling outfit. Father

drove a big span of horses on a wagon. The box had projection boards something like a sheep wagon. I drove a little mule on a carriage without a top. The back seat was taken off and the back loaded with soap keg, tub, plow, some chairs, and sundry other things. To spare me the embarrassment, father would change teams with me when we drove through towns. The mule had a habit of wanting to stop at every pair of bars or gate. That was very humiliating to me, so father spared me all he could. When we came through Kanarra it was very cold. I hated to get out on the ice, so told father that I would stay and drive through. There were not many houses there, but meeting was just out and all the young people of the town were sliding on the ice. I couldn't keep the mule from drawing up to every place that we passed, to the great amusement of the crowd. Some of them laugh at me yet when they see me.

That winter father fixed up an old dug-out that had been abandoned and the roof fallen in. It was located just at the top of the street. He bought a lot east of it. Brother Thomas Cottam had come to Dixie at the same time that we did and had worked a yoke of father's cows as a team. Thus we were provided with milk and butter. Father had taken up land, put in a crop and set out an orchard.

During our first year in Dixie I learned to card and spin cotton. I made the thread and crocheted a nice stand cover for all my sisters. Besides this I spun yarn that mother wove into factory for our underwear. Mother did some carding but never spun any. I have gone to as grand balls as there were in Salt Lake City in the 60's with every article I had on but my shoes I had spun and made at home. I felt just as well dressed as I have ever done in my life. We took pains to make our clothes fine and nice and have our dresses fit us good.

The coloring of our yarn took both time and skill. Dyeing was a technical operation if one was to get good fast clear colors. It was not always easy to procure the dyeing ingredients wanted. Blue took ten days or more. The yarn had to be wrung out of the indigo dye every day and aired and put back until the blue yarn scalded up in it. Red was colored with madder and sour bran-water set with lye made of ashes. For brown the madder was set with copperas; for black we used log-wood and copperas or vitriol to set the color. After we came to Dixie we raised the madder and dug the roots to dye with. We also used dock-root.

Brother Owen Isom, his son William and wife and son George came to Virgin about the same time that we did in December '62. They farmed on North Creek and moved up there in the summer. I didn't see much of them, but father farmed on the creek nearer town. Brother Isom had a new wagon and let it go to the Missouri to emigrate the Saints with four other outfits.

five teams, two yoke of oxen to the wagon, a teamster and supplies. This was our portion from a Ward of about fifty families to be gone from March to November and receive labor tithing credit for their trip. Father had Brother Isom use his wagon while the new one was gone.

In August we went back, reaching Salt Lake City on the twenty-eighth. In October father returned to Dixie taking Aunt Maria and her family. Mother and I remained at our home in the city for fifteen months. During our stay Mother had the house raised and finished and we left for Dixie again, had it rented for a hundred dollars a month. Before returning to Dixie this time Brother Kimball came to see us and asked me to go and have my endowments¹; although I was not quite seventeen, I went. It was between Christmas and New Years when we returned to Virgin the second time after a journey of nearly three weeks.

Father became very much attached to George Isom and in after years when he began to pay his addresses to me it was satisfactory all around. George's mother and the rest of the family came down in the fall of 1863 after we had gone back. George and I became acquainted with each other through singing in the choir and playing in the theatre together. We took the leading parts and in theatres and rehearsals which threw us much together during the winter of '64 and '65; but not until the winter of '65 and '66 did he make special visits to see and take me out.

In the winter of '66 the Indians were very troublesome. They drove off horses and cattle and killed some people. There were several Indian expeditions called out. In August a company was sent out to find where the Indians had crossed the Green and Grand rivers. George Isom was one of the number. They were mustered into service the day he was twenty years old, the seventeenth of August, 1866. On their way out they saw no signs of Indians. Contrary to special orders (that they must not divide the company) the captain sent back six of the men with give-out horses. They hadn't gone many miles, when going through a pass where they were obliged to dismount and lead their horses, and drive the loose ones single file between, they were attacked and shot at by Indians in ambush. Elijah Averett was in lead. He was killed. George Isom, who came next in line, was shot with an arrow in the left shoulder as his horse broke its bridle and jerked away from him. The timbers were so thick that they couldn't ever tell how many Indians were there. The men got separated and lost their horses. The company and the men had traveled in opposite directions several hours. It was almost night when the company overtook the men. George had walked with the arrow in his shoulder all day. It was removed with difficulty as the wound had become very much swollen and inflamed. The captain and a

1. Mormon Temple work.

number of his men went and overtook the horses. The Indians made their escape. The men buried Averett just as he was and where he fell. They could only find the tracks of two Indians, but their position was such that they could have killed every man as he came up the trail.

In June of 1867 father, mother and I returned to Salt Lake City and spent five months. George Isom and I started to correspond, but something in my second letter grated unpleasantly upon his sensitive feelings: this, with the talk of busy-bodies, "That I had gone to be married and didn't intend to return." We each wrote one more letter and quit. Then he started to take out another girl, one that I thought a great deal of. I never would have had a husband if I had had to win him by correspondence. Two of my letters were all that any of my beaux could stand. While I learned to talk love to the one that won my heart I never could write. When I left in June I did not know that I was in love. When I returned I knew that he was more to me than anyone had been. It was November when we returned to Dixie. George and I met as friends. He often called. He took the other girl home from meeting and to the dances. We were all friends together. We were both too proud to betray our feelings to each other. I was satisfied that he cared for me. He was not very good at hiding his feelings and I always treated him very kind. On St. Valentine's Eve in 1868 we had a leap-year party. I took his brother Sam. Just as I started from the house his sister Sarah handed me a letter. I put it in my dress front. I did not have time to read it until after the dance because I was floor manager. After the party was out I read my letter, which he requested me to burn after reading. And I am sorry and have been ever since that I did. It was my valentine, the very best one I ever had and meant so much to us both.

On May 30, 1868 my father was chosen the first bishop of the Virgin Ward, and George Isom as Ward Clerk. Mother was appointed president of the Relief Society and I as secretary and treasurer.

In the spring of '69 I taught a class in domestic arts, tatting, knitting, knotting, crocheting and fancy needle work, all of which my mother had taught me. I took molasses for pay. In this way I earned a twenty gallon barrel of molasses. This and a hundred and twenty-five pounds of dried peaches which George had was all we had to raise cash to start with. Father gave us the first lot he had bought in Virgin. He had an orchard growing on it and George had put up a good rock room with a cellar under it. He had also sent to California for a charter oak cook stove, which had cost him a hundred and twenty-five dollars in cotton. Cotton was the article of exchange in those days.

My trousseau consisted of towels and tablecloths I had spun and mother wove with a diamond pattern in them. They were bleached white. Cotton sheets and pillow slips, wool blankets and rag carpet were all made with our own hands. I had two pair of bleached muslin pillow slips, one pair trimmed with Mexican drawn-work and the other with lace also of my own making. I had three quilts, a good feather bed and pillows, also a good shuck bed. I had plenty of good clothes. I had as pretty dresses as I have ever had. I had one lovely silk and mohair, one nice cashmere, some lawn dresses, five good home-spun dresses, and nice underwear trimmed with my own work.

George and I left home the latter part of June, my father and mother making the trip with us. We went through San Pete County peddling molasses and dried fruit. My barrel of molasses brought us forty dollars and George's peaches about thirty. I had had chills every day for two months before we left home. I did not gain very much on the trip, but got the chills broke.

On the 12th of July, 1869 George Isom and I were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City by Joseph F. Smith. Wilford Woodruff and Daniel H. Wells were our witnesses. Father and mother were also there. We had a nice visit with our relatives and friends for two weeks in Salt Lake and Ogden where we saw the railroad for the first time, it having reached there in the spring.

When we came home after our marriage we brought the first load of merchandise for the Co-op store. One thousand dollars worth of goods. Father said that he couldn't see where a hundred dollars could be found to buy them. They sold a hundred dollars the first day the store was opened. We assisted in buying the goods for the store and got the benefit of the wholesale price on the things we needed, besides making something on the freight. Father boarded up their back porch and had the store in there the first year. I should have mentioned that father built mother a three roomed house in 1866, so we had been very comfortable. The business increased and they had to enlarge the house, building three rooms on the east and enlarging what had been our kitchen for the store.

George had taken a load of quaking aspens to St. George and father Cottam made us three nice rush bottomed chairs and a rocker for it. He had traded at Parowan for a turned-post bedstead that we used with a cord instead of slats. It was very comfortable. What few books we both had we brought to our home, for George was especially fond of books. There wasn't anyone more cozy or comfortable than we were. We did not have many luxuries in the way of food, but we were happy and thankful together for what we did have. We avoided debt and determined to be strict in paying our tithing and try the Lord as He advises

us to do. And I can testify that the Lord fulfilled His promises so that many years at harvest time we had not room to contain the crops.

On July 17, 1870 our first child was born, a sweet little girl. We named her Ellen Elizabeth, after both of our mothers. They were both with us when she was born. About this time we noticed that one side of my face seemed a little swollen. On January 4, 1872 another dear little girl came to us. We named her Alice Isabell. We could see now that the swelling was in the right eye, but was so slight that when in Salt Lake when Alice was six months old some of the people noticed it and others did not. October 28, 1873 our Mary Amelia came to us. She was just as dear as the others. My eye had grown and began to be inflamed. After this it grew very fast. In March President Brigham Young, who had been spending the winter in this country, advised us to go at once to Salt Lake City and have it taken out. Some thought the eye could be saved. We left the two little girls with mother and made the trip by team. There was no railroad or autos at this time. We had to travel through snow and mud, having left home on the 24th of March. At that time we had only a weekly mail at Virgin, but it came twice a week to Toquerville. Father and mother were so anxious about me that they sent a man to Toquerville to get the mail that they might hear oftener. George never missed writing. On the 2d of May, 1875, my right eye was taken out. There was a large fibrous tumor behind it, the nerve of the eye going right through the center. There was no show to save the eye. I nearly lost my life but through fasting and prayer and the faith and care of dear ones I was spared and greatly blessed. My loss has not disabled me at all, but of course it was a disfigurement. Before I was able to leave the room George came down with inflammatory rheumatism and was weeks before he was able to be around very much. But we started home in two weeks after my operation. It really was the biggest sorrow in his life me losing my eye, although after it was gone he never said much about it. But when the doctors said that they couldn't save it we were in the City three weeks before he consented to have it taken out. Only when he could see that it was going to cost me my life did he consent.

Just before we left home President Young came to Virgin and organized a branch of the United Order, with father as president and my husband as vice president and secretary. We worked in the Order two years, then it was dissolved. We were not prepared to live it, or for some reason we went back to the old way. To us it seemed better. My husband worked with the men all for the same wages, then spent half the night with the books and received no credit for that.

December 4, 1875 our boy was born. We named him George Howard.

In 1876 we decided to build a large enough house so that we wouldn't have to build again for our increasing family. We had added a kitchen to our first room when Alice was a baby. We took stock of our resources and after George had completed two large rock buildings for our neighbors we decided, with what we had on hand, that we could get the walls up and the roof on. My husband did the mason's work and saved one tender's wages by breaking rock before and after the men tending quit work. He also did the shingling and one side of the house had the same shingles on after forty years. I got cloth from our factory at Washington in some kind of a trade and made a suit of clothes to pay on the shingles. The shingles were shaved out of trees from the ranch we now own, called Pine Valley. I also made lots of hats much like the canvas hats of today. Then they called them Enoch hats. Everything we could earn went into the building and we had it completed in February 1878, and all we owed was twenty dollars for one load of lumber.

January the 23, 1878 Kate Vilate was born.

One of my sisters, Mary A. Richards had come to stay awhile in Dixie and lived in part of our house. Her husband had lost their home through a mortgage. He had another family, so father told her that he would be glad to take care of her and her family until her husband got on his feet again. She was a lovely woman, one of the best that the world has ever produced. She had a lovely refined family. One of the girls taught school, her stepson assisting. One clerked in the store. The elder boys helped to get wood and cut it and earned something. My sister took great care of father and mother. They were quite old and father was an invalid. She stayed in Virgin about seven years. Her baby died the summer after she came. Four of the family married while she lived there. Her husband came and took her home. They had no idea that the separation would be so long. They were happy to be together again.

February 18, 1880 Annie May was born.

My father wanted us to take the store. My husband had always been the secretary, now they wanted him for manager. He built a store near our house so that I could see to my family and do most of the clerking. We took it on percentage, we to get six per cent of the sales and we furnish the buildings.

February 1, 1882 Evadna was born. And December 8, 1883 Josephine came to us.

My husband was a very thrifty hard working man, a good farmer, mason and bookkeeper, so that he always had a good job. We were all provided for and had a very comfortable home. We always avoided debt. He had been chosen first counselor to my

father in the bishopric. He was very active in church work, was a wise counselor, and his advice was much sought. He was a natural leader among men.

May 1, 1885, he went to St. George as a delegate to a convention of non-polygamists to petition our government not to disfranchise them. They talked of disfranchising all Mormons. They were just beginning the bitter persecutions that sent so many of our brethern to the penitentiary. They camped out and my husband took cold. He was very hoarse when he returned home and had a cough. I feared pneumonia but it proved to be bronchitis. He never got over it, though he would be weeks at a time and not cough, but he lost his voice. He was a good public speaker and reader. He had to give up both. About October, I think, it developed into quick consumption. He was not confined to his bed, but grew thinner and weaker all the time.

On October 17, 1885 we lost our dear little Josephine. It was my first great sorrow and my husband felt it so keenly. I had to comfort him and he did all he could to comfort me.

But oh, how soon I had a greater sorrow to bear alone. On December 6, 1885 my husband died. I cannot describe my feelings. None could realize but those left as I was. I felt that life was a blank for me. We were always lovers. Our honeymoon never had set.

George Isom was born on the 17th of August, 1846 in Birmingham, England. He was only thirty-nine years, four and one-half months old when he died. I lacked a month of being thirty-eight when I was left a widow. He had everything prepared as good as if he had known that he was going to leave us. Not one cent of debt, three years of bread-stuff on hand was paid for. He had bought a new wagon and we had over three hundred dollars credit in the store. A ton of white beans, a ton of dried grapes and five hundred gallons of molasses in the cellar, and everything needful in and around the home, but he was gone and we felt poor as beggars.

My brother Richard took charge of everything necessary to the laying away and the funeral of my husband and saved me all the anxiety that he could.

December 21, just two weeks after we were left, another baby girl was born. We named her Sarah Laverna. I have always felt that she was one of the greatest blessings, coming when she did. I had to take care of her.

Mother Isom stayed with me after George's death, waited on me in my confinement, and nursed me for a week. She was a brave good woman. She had lost her husband and two sons in less than two years. Father Isom died the 7th of April, 1884; William Isom, the eldest son, died January 17, 1885; and George

her second son died December 6, 1885. But she bore up bravely and did all she could to help and comfort us.

Ellen was only fifteen, but she was a child changed into a woman in a day when her father died. She tried to do everything that he had done around the home. She was a good clerk in the store. She tended the horses, cows, and pigs, took her father's place at the table and did everything that she could to lighten my burdens. Alice was my main housekeeper. She, too was a good clerk. Mary took care of the children. All filled their places and never left me alone at all for years. God blessed us and we stayed together.

After my husband's death I was appointed manager of the store and Ianthus Richards the secretary. I had done most of the buying from the first and understood the business quite well. I did well with it both for myself and the stockholders.

March 24 my father died. He was seventy-four years old. He had suffered with asthma for many years and was unable to work for about ten years. He was the most patient sufferer, and in thinking of his life as I knew him I cannot think of one selfish thing he ever did. He always thought of others first, he lived until tired of fighting for breath and was glad to go peacefully to rest. Now I felt alone indeed. While I had father to counsel me there seemed someone who understood my needs, but he too was gone. Mother was very feeble. She was nearly five years older than father but always wanted to live to wait upon him to the last. She lived a year and eleven months after he, and died February 24, 1888. She never took any pleasure after she was left. She longed to join them on the other side.

I want to say here that I have never found more faithful friends than my brother Richard Parker and cousin Ianthus Richards. They watched with me by the death-bed of my father and mother, helped me to lay them away, visited me often to lighten my burdens and gave me counsel. They stood faithfully by me through my hardest trials. Ianthus left Dixie and moved to Ogden the year after mother died. That was a sad year for me.

The Christmas of 1887 my children all had the measles, eight of them. Not one of them could give another a drink. I took care of them alone, for everybody in town had all they could do at home. There were over seventy cases in town. We didn't have doctors in those days. Mine got along so well that they were all able to be at the table on New Year's Day.

On January the fifth, 1888 Ellen E. was married to Lorenzo J. Spendlove in the St. George temple. They moved to a home of their own in Virgin. On the twenty-third of October George I. Spendlove was born. He was my first grandchild.

During the summer of 1889 Mary, Alice and I had a fever that confined us to our beds most of the summer and left us

quite weak. We all lost our hair. After the girls had recovered they both went to St. George to school. It was Alice's second year of high school. She was so anxious to get all she could out of it that she studied at night so that she couldn't sleep. When school closed she had a nervous break-down. She had acute St. Vitus, the worst I ever saw or heard of. She had no control of any muscle in her body and it was next to impossible to feed her. She did not sleep more than ten minutes in twenty-four hours, for twelve days. It was impossible for us to handle her. She was engaged to be married to William W. Spendlove, but no time had been set. He saw that we would have to have some man to help us, so asked that they might be married, so that he might help take care of her. They were married on the 20th of May a few days after she was taken sick. After weeks of this we got some medicine that quieted her, but it must have been too strong for it affected her mind. I did not know what to do. I advised with the brethren in regard to taking her to the temple. They told me that I could bring her if I felt that it would do her any good. I took her much against her will. We had many friends in St. George and they were willing to help us in any way they could. Friends persuaded her to go to the temple. She was baptized for her health and received her endowments there and was greatly blessed. She began to get better. She then went for the dead. Will went home in a week. She was so much improved that she was willing to go to the temple and they were sealed on the 16th of July. Will and I then went home leaving her still in St. George. In another week we brought her home. She seemed herself only that she had no love for us. She felt bad about it. Will went on a trip to Salt Lake City and was gone a month. Alice went to Kolob with her Uncle Richard and was gone three weeks. She got fat and well and was glad to meet her husband when he returned. Her sickness was the greatest trial of my life. According to the doctors no one could live afflicted as she was, but she was healed by the power of God in His Holy House. All glory be to His name. Their first child was born July 21, 1891 and in 1892 they with some other Virgin people moved to Tropic and became pioneers of that town. They lived there thirteen years and had six children born there. They buried one. Alice came and stayed nineteen months with us while Will was on a mission to Arkansas.

In the fall of '94 some of the stockholders of the store became jealous, thought I was doing too well. They forgot that they were doing well when I was. Some wanted my job and talked of putting up a new store building. I told them that the store had no capital to invest in that way, that it would ruin the business to do it; also that my capital could not be used in that way. A few stayed with me, about half the capital. All of the Isoms

drew out. I was very much grieved. It was the only way that I could see to provide for my family. My boy was a good steady man but at the age of sixteen a trouble developed in his hands and arms so that he could not do any kind of hard work. But they took their stock and built a store that never paid a dividend and the store died seventeen hundred dollars in debt.

In 1895 I decided to take my family to school to Provo, so that my son might prepare to earn a living without hard work.

Mary was married to Louis E. Campbell July 16, 1895 in the St. George temple. George and Kate had their endowments that same day. Mary had been through the temple many times.

We decided that Mary and her husband should live in our house, take care of the store, dispose of what goods there was on hand and collect and settle accounts that might be due, until we came back from Provo. We intended to spend our vacation at home and have three years of school, so I gave the other store all the chance. My mother-in-law said, "We shall see which is right, you or us, for right will prosper." I was feeling bad at the time. What seemed a great affliction then proved a blessing in disguise. If they hadn't taken the store I would not have thought of leaving it with anyone, but we went. We accomplished our purpose. I took boarders to pay our expenses and at the end of three years returned to our home out of debt. I had had five children receive the benefit of one of the best schools in the country and my health restored. I had never been well after the death of my husband until after we went to Provo. The entire change worked a miracle in my behalf. While in Provo we spent the Christmas holidays with my brother and sisters in Salt Lake City. Take it all around we had a very good time.

Mary and her husband had moved to Tropic to make a home when we returned. We came home that way to visit Alice and her.

The store at Virgin was so depleted that the people urged me to build up my business. I did not have much to start on, but my credit was good and I soon had a nice business again. George had taken a business course, but there was no way to use it and he did not want to teach school. Kate and Annie both taught and both were quite successful. Evadna graduated from the eighth grade in Provo, but school was so hard on her that I never dared to send her to high school. She was very bright in school, but could not stand close application. I sent her to Cedar to study music, but that proved just as hard on her. She and George were afflicted with St. Vitus about the same time that Alice had it through sympathy with her, but didn't have it so bad nor did it last so long. Her health was good out of school. George took to raising cattle for a living, tended land for two years then we

rented it. He was quite successful with the cattle. I paid him every third calf to look after what cattle I had.

He married Annie Crawford November 28, 1901. Kate married William R. Palmer of Cedar City, a young man who had boarded with us in Provo. They were married May 7, 1901. Annie was married to George J. Webb May 15, 1902. I began to feel that my family was all broken up. All were married in the St. George temple. Laverna was at the Normal School in Cedar. She graduated from there and the next year I took Evadna and her to Salt Lake City. Laverna completed her Normal Course and graduated June 3, 1903 at the age of eighteen, from the University of Utah. She had attended school thirteen years and had never had an absent mark. In schooling my children I have spent five school seasons away from home to be with them and five seasons I have sent them without me. They all did their best and I have always been satisfied with their work and mine in that direction. The winter of 1893 I spent with George, Kate, and Annie in St. George at school. I studied obstetrics and spent some time in the temple, kept house and took care of them while they attended school. Laverna taught school in Cedar City the first and the next year at Moccasin, Arizona. She had always thought more of school than of boys and when she wrote and told us what she thought of a certain Fred Heaton, it seemed quite a change. She proved a successful school teacher and took the school there the next year. At Christmas time she was married in the temple at St. George and went on with her school.

In 1906 I bought a school section. I paid a dollar and a half an acre. It was located in what was known as Pine Valley. We could easily see that we could not run cattle without land. There was considerable timber on the land.

In 1907 we had a big oil excitement at Virgin. Hundreds of men came in and nineteen oil rigs were installed. I had always taken the travelers, but never had put up a sign. I was the only one prepared in any way to entertain strangers. Hundreds put up with me during the summer and winter of 1907 and '08, some for a meal and some for weeks and months. I had the only store and had a good stock and was taking my discounts right along. In the summer of 1908 I bought a sawmill. There was such a demand for lumber, but the people I leased the mill to were such a hard lot. I had to furnish them with supplies which they never paid for. I had to pay in full for the ranch before we cut the timber. If the mill leasers had done as they agreed I would have done well with it. I had stocked heavy for the winter and fall of 1908. There was over five hundred men depending upon me for supplies. I had paid highest prices for hay and grain and had carloads of merchandise.

When the panic of 1908 struck the country there was not fifty men left in two weeks. A lot of my stock was not what our home people used. I was in debt over five thousand dollars. If the panic had held off two months I would have had a fortune and been out of debt. The men that leased the mill got hay, grain and all kinds of supplies to live on and left owing me over seven hundred dollars. I gave a law firm nearly five hundred dollars to collect, and I never received a cent, although I knew of some that they got. There is money owing to me by people here. I have given them chances to pay in any kind of work, their debts amounting to hundreds of dollars. I have settled all I owe but four hundred dollars to Z. C. M. I. and if my life is spared I hope to settle that before I go hence. They have been very good to me, have never charged a cent of interest. For years I took all the molasses and dried fruits of the people of this section, shipping it by the car-load lots, giving the people that wish to and who were in the position to, the opportunity to haul the stuff to the railroad and haul their flour back. We handled the molasses then in twenty-five gallon barrels.

Evadna was married on December the 28th, 1908 to John D. Hopkins of Glendale, Kane County, in the St. George temple. This was my last. She was twenty-seven years old the first of February. We had always been together and she went to live farther from me than any of the others.

Alice and Mary had come back to Dixie to live.

Then Hurricane was just beginning to build up. And all my family who lived in Dixie (excepting Annie who lived in St. George) were going to live there. Conditions were such that they felt that they could not leave me to live alone in Virgin, so I decided to build me a home in Hurricane. All the boys offered me a building spot. I accepted one of George. I had but one son so built on his lot a neat little house, large enough for me and to entertain my children when they came to see me.

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING THE OLD HOME

Yes, I am leaving the old home. What memories come at the thought, the joys and sorrows I have seen within these dear sacred walls, made more sacred by the hands that built them! The loved ones have come and gone from us. Every tie that has made life worth living had been formed and enjoyed in this dear old home.

I think of the time when as a happy girl with my lover, how we planned the first little room that was to be our home, how I watched its growth and construction, full of joy and hope; how I came to it as a happy bride; how neat and cozy it was and how proud and happy we were of our home and each other. We would not have envied the richest on earth. Then in a year a sweet little

girl came to bless our home, in another year and a-half another little girl came. Now we felt that we must enlarge our home next, so we added another large room. Then another large room was built. Two more children came, a girl and a boy. Then we built the home as it now stands. We enjoyed peace and prosperity. Our family increased until we had eight healthy beautiful children, all girls but one, full of love and music.

Our home was the gathering place, not only for the young people of the town, but for miles around. We worked hard to make it, but the joy and satisfaction we had with our loved ones there made it the happiest spot on the earth for all that dwelt within its walls.

Then came sorrow, death took our baby. Her father was sick all summer and in a few weeks followed her to the spirit world. Oh, how dark those days were. But we grew closer together in the old home and thanked God more than ever for it. One more little girl came to bless the home, but she never knew a father's love, so never missed him like the older children and I have.

Here a new life for me began. We had more sickness than we had ever known before. I had to take up the responsibilities of providing for my family. God blessed me with wisdom according to my day. My children were good and time rolls the darkest clouds away, joy and sun again rung through the house and love abounded. Prosperity crowned our efforts. We had plenty of the necessities of life.

Then came lovers and soon one by one the loved ones began to leave the old home to make homes for themselves. Yes, one by one they have gone from me. Nothing left now but the house and furniture and me. Is it home with only one voice to sound in the rooms where once so many happy voices rung in song and words of love greeting? No one left to give a good night kiss and say, "God bless you, Ma." All are gone; only the memory of those happy days remains.

I can't live in the old home alone, so I too must leave it, with the sacred ties that makes it dear to me. May God preserve it from the hand of the destroyer, that it may stand as a monument to the hands that reared it, for years to come.

Ellen has a family of thirteen but lost one. Alice had a family of seven and has lost one. Mary has a family of nine and lost two. George has a family of nine and lost two. Those live here. Kate had a family of four and lost three. They live in Cedar City. Annie had a family of five and lives in St. George. Evadna has four and lost one. They live in Glendale. Laverna has five and lives at Moccasin. This makes me a total of sixty-two grandchildren, living and dead. I have three living and two dead great-grandchildren.

I am seventy years old, the allotted time of man. In looking back I see lots of mistakes, not wilful sins, but where with wisdom that I have now, I could have done much better. I am thankful that I have not made more than I have. I can also see many places where I have done a little good, nothing great but a little here and there where I saw I could and it was needed. This is a satisfaction to my declining years. I never turned anyone from my door hungry. I never refused to share with the weak, to assist the sick and do what I could for the dead and I hope that when my balance sheet is made up that there will be credit enough to balance the account. I might have done more temple work and hope to do more. I assisted father and mother with their record of all that they knew before they died and finished up after, as far as we knew. Then I got a hundred and twenty names from a brother Butts. My sister Mary Ann and I did the work for these. I have also gone down and done charity work two or three weeks every year. Evadna and I spent the winter with Laverna when she was in Salt Lake the winter she graduated from the University. We made it a point to go one day a week. I expect to get a pension; that will help me some. But I do not think that I will lack for anything needful, if I fail. I have practiced thirty years as a midwife.

January 8, my birthday. My children that live here ate supper with me. January 11, Irie Demills died here. I with others made his temple clothes and assisted to dress him. January 15, I attended Relief Society. January 16, I attended Red Cross meeting and from there went and laid out Mrs. Shamo. January 17, I washed and ironed her clothes, went and assisted putting them on her and from there went to see about Hattie Wood being laid out and to get the material for her burying clothes. January 18, I made her clothes, with others to assist me. January 21, I had Mrs. Wylie come to my home. She was with Annie and I four days. I would have been glad to have kept her longer, but her son, Mr. Shamo, needed her at his home to assist him with his children. She was considerably improved. January 24, Jennie Wood died. I went to see that the work was being done on her clothes, but did not do any sewing. I helped dress her. January 25, I attended the birth of a boy at Alma Wright's. I was there all day on the 26th. January 27, Anthony Jepson's three year old girl died. I went to see what was needed and after attending Carrie Wright and her baby, made the dress for the little girl. On the 28th and 30th I attended Red Cross and visited the sick. February 2, I went to Cedar City to the Roundup.

February 10, Florence Reeve died. I went to assist in laying her out. On the 11th we made her clothes. We worked all day, then packed her in ice. On the 12th, in the evening we dressed and repacked her. On the 13th, in the morning, I saw to her being

put in the coffin and I attended the funeral. My brother Richard Parker and wife (she being Sister Reeve's sister) had come to attend the funeral. I spent all the time I could with them. They left for their home on the evening of the 14th. February 17, Jennie Wright died. We worked until nine p.m. making her clothes. On the 18th I helped dress her and attended the funeral. Then I took two girls and two boys and we cleaned up the house while they were gone to the grave-yard. During this time I knit one sweater and three pairs of socks for the soldiers. The October before two of my grandsons and one grandson-in-law had gone to the army and were in training in Camp Lewis. They afterwards went to France. One was in four battles, the other two would have been fighting in twenty-four hours if the Armistice hadn't been signed. They went over the battlefields and were in German occupation. They were nineteen months in the army. I also had one grandson-in-law in training in Camp Kearney. He never went over the seas. While he was in training his mother died. This was after the Armistice was signed. He was released to come home to the funeral.

When they were organizing the Relief Society in Hurricane they organized a burial committee. I was put in as chairman of that committee, so whenever I have been at home I have seen to preparing to lay the dead away. Although there was quite a number of deaths in the early part of the year 1917 there was no contagion.

November 19, 1922. It is now nearly five years since I wrote the foregoing, when I passed the seventieth milestone. I thought it might be of interest to my children if I wrote a little sketch of my life, so I wrote that intending to keep a diary of important events, but can now only tell from memory of the last five years as I told the other.

Our stock in the Cedar Sheep Association had always paid us a good dividend. The company decided to sell the sheep and land. I gave William Palmer the power of attorney to look after our interest. He sold it and paid me eight dollars for one. This made it so that I had means to buy Liberty Bonds and do other things I needed to help myself and family.

Ellen had never been to Salt Lake City since she was two years old. I had always wanted to take her when she could go without taking a baby. All the family had been but her. She being the oldest had had to stay and take care of the family when I went. I invited her to take the trip with me in the summer of 1918. We went in June. We had a lovely visit in Salt Lake and Ogden and on our return were met by Ellen's husband and my brother Richard at Oasis. They took us to Hinckley where we spent a week visiting dear friends and relations. I have never spent money

that gave me more pleasure than that trip. I saw my sister Isabelle for the last time. She died fifteen days after I was there, leaving me the only one of father's and mother's that they brought to Utah in 1852. I made a trip to Salt Lake City alone in 1919, visiting the same places and enjoying myself very much for two months. Although my brothers and sisters are all gone they left families that have a hearty welcome for "Aunt Alice."

This year the boys came home from the war and I received my pension. I had over three hundred dollars back pension. I paid my tithing and sent \$250 and three Liberty Bonds, \$50.00 each, to Z.C.M.I. to settle up all that I was in debt to them or anyone else. So I am free. I do not owe a cent to anyone.

In the early spring of 1920 Annie Spilsberry, my niece moved from Toquerville to Salt Lake City. She came to see me before leaving. During our visit she said, "Aunt Alice, why do you not come this summer and get the family all together and organize to get our genealogy?" It was like striking a match to powder. She no sooner suggested the idea than I decided to do it. I wrote to different members of the family asking them to meet me. They answered for me to go ahead, set a time and they would be there if possible. I set the 13th of June, 1920 at Annie Spilsberry's home by her invitation. Something over forty were present. We had a good time and effected an organization. Richard Parker was chosen president; William C. Winder, first vice-president; Joseph Corbridge, second vice-president (he did not act); Ianthus P. Richards, third vice-president; Annie Spilsberry, secretary and treasurer; and Stella Brown, assistant secretary. We decided to employ Miss Annie Lynch to do our research work. I had all the records that there were in the family and was appointed to go and make the arrangements with Miss Lynch. I now feel that it was a great privilege, for I certainly had a revelation in regard to the work of gathering genealogy.

There were thousands of our names right there. She had a thousand ready for us before Christmas. My cousin Mary Amelia Streeper was at the meeting. She was over a year younger than me. She looked lovely that day. It was the last time I ever saw her. She was killed by an auto a few weeks after I came home. I felt this trip to be a very profitable one. We had got the work started and I felt that I had done more real good than ever before. But I could not see what good gathering genealogy would be if we did not take hold and do the work for them, so I decided that I would rent a room and move to St. George for the season and work in the temple.

I got a small room at five dollars a month with a light and some furniture in a good place near the temple. I moved down and went to work. I was endowed for a hundred and seven during the season. One of my granddaughters, Annie Isom, lived

with me and went to school. I had to leave St. George on account of the death of one of my grandsons and the sickness of his mother.

Morris Hopkins died on the 13th of March, 1920. He was eleven and a half years old. I went to the funeral and stayed a week with them, then went back to St. George for a week when my son-in-law, John Hopkins, came and took me home with him where I remained four weeks. During this time Evadna's baby Ann was born. Altogether during the winter I lost eight weeks time in the temple with the coming home at holidays and staying at home one week when George was sick.

In June, 1921, I had one of the greatest pleasures of my life. Ellen and Lorenzo, Will and Alice Spendlove, George and Annie Isom, Kate and William Palmer all came to the temple for two days. Mary had been with me the week before and was still there. George and Annie Webb also went one day that week. This made six of my own children with their husbands and wives there with me. Oh, it was perfect joy! It was joy unspeakable! My friends in the temple told me how greatly blessed I was.

November 5, Brother Albert Stratton died. We had been friends for sixty years. I took charge and helped make his clothes and spoke at his funeral by request of his family. I was prepared to go to the temple when brother Stratton took sick, but did not go down until the 9th.

I did not go to Salt Lake City that year. I decided to visit Laverna at Moccasin, so went and spent two weeks there. An opportunity came to visit John and Evadna at the sheep ranch. Laverna had not seen her for many years. She could not go to them when Morris died, so we went and spent a week in the mountains. It is a very lovely place. We had a nice visit in spite of the rain. We were sheltered and loved ones together. In the fall I went back to St. George to renew my work in the temple, was blessed in getting considerable help. I had a hundred men endowed and I went through for ninety-nine women and had many more done for.² My health was not as good as it was the year before. I had the same place and the kindest of friends and neighbors. I enjoyed the work at the temple very much.

July 13, 1922, George and Annie's eleventh child was born, a boy. I had waited on her with them all, been doctor, nurse, and housemaid until her own girls were big enough to be housemaids. This is my seventieth grandchild. There are eleven dead.

In August I again went to Salt Lake City for my summer's visit. My brother Richard Parker had become afflicted and could not attend to the business so it was thought best to reorganize. We called a meeting again at Annie Spilsberry's and I was chosen president; William C. Winder, first vice-president; Ianthus P. Richards, second vice-president; and Frank Parker, third vice-

2. Mormon Temple Ordinances performed by proxy, in behalf of the dead.

president; with Annie Spilsberry and Stella Brown as secretaries. It was decided to have Edith Harmon take the research work and Miss Linch said that she would gladly explain anything she did not understand, that where there was large records it was the advice of the authorities of the Church that some member of the organization do the record work. We also arranged to pay one dollar a year membership fee to carry on the work and more if needed. The Winder family were none of them present, but William C., so I called another meeting at Ella Mackey's. Her husband had died the last year, had got his finger scratched, not enough to bleed and had died in nine days from blood poisoning. Three of her sisters met me there (including their husbands) and William Bradford, a brother-in-law, whose wife Alice Winder Bradford was struck by the hearse at a funeral and died from the injuries. He took me over and joined the association. I went and settled with Miss Linch. She had got two thousand names of adults, sixteen hundred of children, and had twelve hundred children baptized and had done the record of all we had done for fifty cents per hour. Her total bill was about sixty dollars. I had near five hundred endowed in the St. George Temple and a hundred and seventy in Salt Lake Temple and forty in Logan Temple. This was the report given at our meeting in August, 1922.

The work is going on, although I am not doing much now. I have only been seven days this season. William and Alice Spendlove are doing good work. They are living in St. George this winter. They have two daughters going to school there and are working in the Temple. They would take care of me if I was well enough to live with them and could go, but I am not. We planned a family excursion for Thanksgiving day, but the weather was so bad that it failed. January 3, 1923, John and Evadna came and took me to St. George temple; John to be endowed for Morris. Evadna, Will, Alice and I went through. Will had been over a week not able to stand, having had milk-leg. He had it four years ago. They came home with me for a short visit.

January 8, 1923, my birthday, seventy-five years old. My children, all that live here, came and brought refreshments. I tried to organize my family for temple work, but they did not all come at one time. They kept coming in which broke into and made so much confusion, that it was a disappointment, although they are all ready and willing to do all they can to further the work. We have run out of the names for the women.³ William Spendlove has gone through this winter for forty-six, forty-two on the Parker record. The temple workers have also done a lot of work for the Parker men. Alice went through about sixty days, so I

3. Mrs. Isom had worked in the Mormon Temple for all the kindred women that her genealogical researchers had discovered.—W. R. P.

feel glad that I have someone there while my health had been too poor to go.

One of my girlhood friends, William Spendlove, died on the 27th of January. I was able to look after and help make his clothes and see to them being put on. I also attended and spoke at his funeral. Our bishop Samuel Isom, a nephew, was very sick at the time. He died February 2. I superintended the making of his clothes, also. That I was able to do this I was very thankful. I have never realized that I was getting old, until I was seventy-five.

On May 11, I went with Mary to St. George. She had been very sick for some time. We went through the temple and she was prayed for there. On the fifteenth she was operated on at the hospital. She was in two weak a condition to stand a major operation which was really needed. I remained in St. George with her three weeks and went through the temple for nine. I was so poorly that I had to return home. Mary was there a month. She is not much, if any, better for having her operation. We went to the same place that I had rented when I lived at St. George before. We were treated with every kindness.

A few years ago Fred and Laverna bought a home here but never come to live in it until last fall. Laverna and the children came then. Fred's business and affairs was such that he could not be with them much, which made it unpleasant for them all. The family returned at the close of the school and do not expect to come back this winter.

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We have had births, deaths, and weddings in the last five years. Annie has had two children; Kate one; Evadna two births and one death; George two births; and Laverna, one; making seventy grandchildren, counting eleven that are dead. Seven of Ellen's twelve are married. She had thirteen grandchildren. Alice has two married and two grandchildren. Mary has two married, has four living and two dead grandchildren. This makes a total of nineteen living and two dead great grandchildren. I expect the next five years to more than treble the number of my great grandchildren.

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I have not much property to leave and I hope what little I have will not be a bone of contention. I want to do what is right by you all. I want you to do right by one another. You have never been selfish with one another. I hope you never will. On the back of the deed you will find what I consider belongs to each, of the mountain ranch. I had made the estimate from the account that I had of the work done, wire bought and the freighting of it, also ninety dollars that George paid when we bought the land.

This always will have to be an undivided interest, unless it could all be sold to one person. I do not want any of you to sell your interest to the detriment of the others. If any want to dispose of their share, let those that need it have it at a reasonable price, but do not sell out of the family. I bought it for the good of my family and I want them to have the benefit of it when I am gone. To those that live here it has been a blessing and I would advise them to buy the others out if they want to sell.

I sold the mill but never got but fifty dollars of the pay. I set the price at five hundred dollars. The boiler alone was worth three hundred.

I sold the place at Virgin for one thousand dollars and paid five hundred of it to George for cattle. George has helped me pay for the land on the Ridge and has the account. I told him whatever it cost an acre he should have the land in proportion. We haven't made the final payments yet. George's wife is a good woman. She is patient and good to him. His condition makes it harder for her than it would be if he were an able-bodied man. I have built on his land and I want Annie C. Isom to have the house to do what she likes with when I die. It will be a help to her if George could not look after their affairs. I earned the house and have a right to do as I wish with it. My own children understand this and have all sanctioned it and I do not consider it the business of grandchildren or sons-in-law.

I want my girls to have everything that is in the house and divide it to suit yourselves as near even in value as you can. I have tried to do the best I could for all of you, but know that Ellen had the hardest time at home and marrying young she had the least opportunity. The four youngest had it much easier and the most opportunities. The conditions were different. When Ellen was at home I had the little ones to raise and care for. When those little ones grew up no more had come to our home. I do not think you know of any home that was happier than ours. You were always blessed with everything needful. The cattle can be divided and everything else that is left when I go. I hope you will do it without any ill feelings.

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Just before going to Salt Lake City in 1920 Sister Wylie came to see me. She was in trouble. Her son, Mr. Shamo, had married again and things were not pleasant for his mother. She had no home. I told her she could stay in my home while I was gone. The family had joined the church after the death of Mrs. Shamo, for whose health they had come to southern Utah. The week before I went Mrs. Wylie and I had many Gospel talks. She was sincere and very anxious to learn the Gospel. When I returned I found her very sick and the neighbors doing all they could for her. I did not think she knew me the first day, but she did the

next and said she knew I had come the day before. She died the next day. I saw to the making of her clothes and dressing her. Her son was away. We had to pack her in ice. She had been to the temple three days and was intending to go and work there most of the winter if her life had been spared. Dear Sister Wylie found a home as soon as I returned and I believe she will give me credit on the other side for what I did for her there.

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September 29, 1923, Sister Susan Ballard, wife of James Ballard, one of the Pioneers of Dixie that came in 1861, died and was buried on Sunday, September 30. They had lived at Grafton before moving to Hurricane. They have been very dear friends of mine ever since we came to this country.

One by one they are going. There is very few left of that faithful band that bore the hardships of settling this country and making it what it is today. There is only Brother and Sister Hinton, and Sister Mary Spendlove, wife of John Spendlove left here that were grown in 1862 when we came to Virgin. They had one baby each, but have since raised large families that are a credit and honor to them and to the country where they live.

We were members of the Virgin Choir, at first led by George Gardner and later by Brother Hinton who held that position for many years. We had no musical instruments, but he was a good music reader. He would "do, ra, me, fa, so," the notes and teach us our parts, then strike his tuning fork and give us the key note. He had a refined taste and always chose pieces appropriate for the occasion. The Virgin Choir was considered one of the best in southern Utah. Both Brothers Hinton and Spendlove were splendid tenor singers.

At the time of the Virgin Home-Coming after fifty years, the surviving members of the first choir took part and sang, "Oh My Father". There was two Sister Lambs, Brother and Sister Spendlove, Sister Emily Stratton, Brother and Sister Hinton, and I. The sisters Lambs sang a duet, "Oh Would I Were A Girl Again." They were beautiful singers, although up in the seventies. I sang, "Go and Ask My Mother", it being called for. I also danced a step-dance. The time was one of happy reunion of friends that will never meet again. I had all my family together the only time since they have been married. They got the dinner and I had all of the oldest members of the Ward that had come from other towns where they had moved, have dinner with us. There were a few that had near relations living there whom I did not ask.

The affair took place September 16, 1908 during the "Oil Boom." There was a great many transients in Virgin at the time. They were invited to join us. Quite a number attended every gathering in the mornings, afternoons, and dances in the evening

which was interspersed with song and fancy step dancing. The spirit of love and good fellowship was so great that the strangers partook of it and remarked that they never saw such a happy lot of people; if Mormonism made people feel and act like that they would like to be a Mormon. There was a melon and fruit display that was served free to all after the second meeting.

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CONCLUSION

By WILLIAM R. PALMER

From the time that I became an accepted member in Mother Isom's family I drew happiness and a wealth of information from the hours I spent with her. She was a charming conversationalist. Her life had been full of adventure and pioneer achievement and the stories she told of those days of struggle were like chapters from a great novel. Her mind was keen, her memory clear and the deductions she drew from her experience good and bad, were rich in the wisdom of a balanced and analytical mind.

Mother Isom never grew old. Her spirit was buoyant and her conversation sparkling up to her last days on earth. She was chum as much as mother to every one of her children and her girls discussed their love affairs and their problems as intimately with her as they ever could with companions of their own age.

Her home was the rallying place for the youth of the town. The house had a pretentious old-fashioned parlor furnished in quiet good taste and carpeted with a fine "State's Carpet" such as was found in the best homes in Salt Lake City. And there was music.

Crowds of boys and girls came every week to the home and the parlor was never closed against them. Mother Isom—Aunt Alice to all the young people who knew her—joined in the fun and tactfully guided their games and singing into good mannered sociability. She never preached or laid down dogmatic rules of conduct but instinctively it was understood there could be no vulgarity, boisterousness or scandal indulged in in her home, and there could be no drinking around the place. She was a cultured woman and by example she bred culture and good manners into the young people who swarmed around her fireside.

Father Isom's picture, almost life size, rested on an easel beside the bay window in the parlor. It was the finest picture Mother Isom could get of him, and, though he was many years dead, his spirit and influence still dominated that home. The children grew up with the idea that nothing must be done in the family or by any of its members that father would not approve. Some day they would meet him again and he would ask for an account of their lives from the time he went away.

Insofar as he had expressed during his life, the hopes and aims he had for the future of the family, those hopes and aims became Mother Isom's fixed objectives after he was gone. She set her course by the chart and compass. She locked up her store for three years and took her family to Provo to the B. Y. University because he had said he wanted the children when they grew up to have better school advantages than the little home town afforded.

Mother Isom was a little slip of a woman, thoroughly feminine in manner and speech, but she tackled anything in a business way that would help her to rear her family decently or that would create markets or employment for the community. She shipped their sorgum and dried fruits to Salt Lake City and brought carloads of flour back for them. Milford was her railroad point and the round trip for loaded teams took eight or nine days. As far as possible she let the producers freight their own products to the railroad and bring their flour back. The freight credit thus acquired went a long way toward supplying many a poor family with their breadstuff.

President Anthony W. Ivins once said of her, "Alice Isom was the best County Agent I ever knew. If there were ten men on the river with the energy and vision that she had, those little upriver towns would become the best part of Dixie." Much of the supplies that were needed in building the Hurricane Canal came through her little store.

She reared a family of eight children, all girls but one. Most of the River girls who went out to work found employment at Silver Reef⁴ which, in the early years of her widowhood and time of greatest need, was a booming mining camp. Her older girls wanted to help too, by finding a job. Mother Isom put a firm foot down on that. She said, "We will pray a little harder and think a little harder and we will make work for ourselves at home."

She opened her house and took in the travel, they run their store, and they dried fruit, and she took a course in obstetrics and went all up and down the River caring for the sick. In this work she was very successful.

Her fee for a maternity case was two dollars and fifty cents, but to many a poor home she took more clothing and supplies than her fee would buy. I said to her once, "Grandma, I'll bet you don't collect your fee in half of your cases, and you give them more than their fee would buy if they did pay." With a humorous little laugh that was characteristic of her she answered, "Well, no matter what I give them, I always make the man pay the fee because I want him to have more interest in the baby than just a squatter's right."

4. See Utah Historical Quarterly, Vol. 3, No. 4, October, 1930, "Memories of Silver Reef," by Mark Pendleton.

Further illustrating her sense of humor she used to say that all her sons-in-law called her "say" until the first baby was born and after that they called her "grandma."

When moon-eyed lovers began to make their regular calls at her home she good naturedly told them that her girls went to bed when she did. She said she was growing older and could not stay up as late as she used to and ten o'clock was bed time in her home. When ten o'clock came she called the girls in for family prayers and of course the young man must come too. If the fellow did not take the hint and bow himself out, about the third such call she would ask him to lead in prayers. That was the test supreme of how badly he wanted the girl. It was the stock joke among her sons-in-law that all of us learned to pray in Grandma's home.

Mother Isom closed her eyes peacefully on this world on August 6, 1924, at the age of seventy-six. The last time I saw her alive, my wife and I arose early one Sunday morning and drove to Hurricane to see her and the brothers and sisters who lived there. We went to Grandma's home first and she said, "I want you to spend this day with me. Let the others come here to see you."

During the day we talked about her Memoirs which she had written and which we had read with keen delight. I told her how well she had done the job and what a priceless treasure it would be to her family. She said to me, "Will, when I am gone I would like you to write the conclusion to my Memoirs and add it to the copies I have given to all my children. Will you do it?" I gave her my promise that I would try.

When we left to come home that evening, Grandma walked with us to the gate. We got in the car and drove away. A block up the street we looked back and Grandma was still at the gate looking after us. She waved her hand again and then we passed on out of sight. Wednesday morning a telephone call told us she was dead.

And so, dear Mother Isom, I am keeping my promise to you. Your mortal eyes will never read what I have written, but the girl you gave me forty years ago sits by my side tonight and approves what I have said. Your Memoirs reveal the incessant energy of your active mind. Selfishness had no part in your make-up. You truly lived for others and for the good that you could do. Your life has been a blessing to many hundreds of people who through love or necessity came in contact with it. You had the love and respect of your children without stint, and all of them praise and bless your sainted name.

MORMON MIDWIVES

By Claire Noall*

There is a legend that nine babies were born on the banks of the Mississippi River among the hundred exiles who left Nauvoo the first night of the Mormon Exodus from that city, February 4th, 1846.¹ No such legend is needed to exalt the annals of that memorable crossing. Snow lay "shoe-deep"² on the ground. The swirling current of the river was filled with blocks of slush, fast turning to ice in the rapidly falling temperature. Sub-zero weather prevailed during the succeeding crossings until at last the river was completely frozen over. Tents and covered wagons were the only shelter the ever-increasing emigrants knew.

The first births recorded in the L. D. S. Church Journal History, the manuscript account as kept by Thomas Bullock at the time, is that of a child born to Jackson Redden, February 25th, 1846. And in the journal of Patty Sessions, we read: "February 25, 1846, Wednesday. Lie very cold this morning. Put Jackson Redden's (Redden's) wife to bed with a son. Thursday 26. So cold I could hardly stir."

Time and again, the record of births in the Journal History coincides with Mrs. Sessions' account. It was indeed rightly that Patty was called "Mother Sessions", for it was she who might truly be considered the great Mother of Mormon Midwifery. Beginning thus early, this entire story covers a period of nearly one hundred years, for the midwife is in demand in some of the outlying settlements even today. For example, Mrs. Mina Hinman of Hurricane, Utah, serves her village and those of her vicinity near the mouth of Zion Canyon; and mother's helpers are available in every other outlying community, as well as in the larger cities.

Patty Sessions—Patty Bartlett Sessions was born in Bethel, Maine, February 4, 1795. She was married to David Sessions at the age of seventeen. At this time she commenced her practice of midwifery. Twenty-two years later, she joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, (Mormon Church). In 1836, she and her husband, who had also been baptized a Mormon, left their home in Maine to join the gathering of the Church in Ohio. From there they moved to Missouri where they lost \$1200.00 in land and \$400 in livestock and corn when the Saints were driven from the State in 1838. Leaving the Missouri farm in the depths of winter, they stayed at one place on the road for fourteen days with nothing to eat but parched corn. Reaching Quincy, Illinois they continued to Nauvoo where they made a comfortable home,

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1. Edward W. Tullidge, *Women of Mormondom*, pp. 302, 307.

2. Eliza R. Snow's Manuscript Journal, February 28, 1896. Possession Mr. LeRoi C. Snow.



PATTY SESSIONS
Mother of Mormon Midwifery
Feb. 4, 1795 - Dec. 14, 1893

and their three living children, Perrigrine, David and Sylvia, also established themselves.

The first of the Patty Sessions journals, now deposited in the archives of the L. D. S. Church Historian's Office at Salt Lake City, Utah, begins a few days before she crossed the Mississippi. Through her own words we see her at work among the mothers of Nauvoo, even as we see her serving in the rolling encampments of the Plains, and later in Utah. The small notebook is written in excellent penmanship and is inscribed as follows: "A Day Book, given to me, Patty Sessions, by Sylvia³ . . . this 10th day of February, 1846. Patty Sessions, her book. I am now fifty-one years, six days old. February 10, 1846, City of Joseph, Hancock County, Illinois."

Patty's day by day account commences: "February 10, 1846. My things are now packed ready for the West. Have been and put Richard's wife to bed with a daughter. In the afternoon put Sister Harriet Young to bed with a son. 11th. Made me a cap and in the evening went to the Hall to see the scenery of the massacre of Joseph and Hyrum Smith."

On the twelfth she crossed the river, remaining on the west bank while Mr. Sessions⁴ returned to Nauvoo for some forgotten things. "Knit almost a mitten for him before he came back," she records. "Gave breakfast to some people whose wagon had not caught up with them." Patty, who was sometimes regarded as being close in a deal, was indeed generous when she felt inclined to give. She and Mr. Sessions moved on to Sugar Creek February 14th, "3 o'clock . . . Just done storming," she wrote. "Ground covered with snow and water, is very bad underfoot. Attended prayers, Father John Smith's tent. Visited many of the sisters. It was very cold. The wind blows. We can hardly get to the fire for smoke, and we have no tent but our wagon . . . 19. No tent yet, but wagon comfortable. Wrote letters to children in Nauvoo. Mr. Sessions sent a dollar yesterday for cloth to make the ends. (Of the tent.) It has come, but no twine to sew it with. David has come back. It storms fast. He takes dinner with us again and starts for home. 20. Friday. It does not storm but the wind blows and it is very cold. 23. Monday. We got canvas for a tent. Sewed some on it. 24. Tuesday. Stormed all day. Finished sewing it together. Mr. Sessions went home to get tent poles and other things. 25. Wednesday. Lie very cold this morning. Put Jackson Redding's (Redden's) wife to bed with a son." (This is the notation already quoted concerning the Redden child.)

On Thursday, the 26th, she wrote, "So cold I could hardly stir . . . Mr. Sessions and I went over to Nauvoo to get the stove and cow. Saturday 28, came back. Put our stove in the tent. We

3. Her daughter.

4. Patty's husband, David Sessions.

put John Scott's wife to bed. Miscarry. Are comfortable. Sunday, have a meeting and start along. Travel 5 miles; March the first. Pitch our tents. Monday 2, travel on twelve miles. One of our horses has the thumps. I go afoot up and down the hills. Pitch our tents . . . "

On Friday, March 6, 1846, when she was on the prairies of Iowa, she wrote: "I go back ten miles this morning to see Sarah Ann. She is sick. Sent for me. I rode horseback. She was better when I got there. And I drove her carriage into the camp in the afternoon with her and her mother. The camp did not start today. I was sick last night." She remained behind when the camp rolled on, expecting the team to go back for her. On March 7, she wrote that she stayed alone "last night." And then she says, "I have the ague. Sunday 8, Susanna sends back nine miles for me. She has a son, born before I got there, calls it David Kimball Smith, born in the Valley of David."

At Richardson's Point, Mr. Sessions' mare was exchanged for a yoke of oxen. Patty was not feeling well. Her belongings were scattered in nine different directions because of the heavy load. She wrote that they were "sixty miles from Nauvoo." Monday, 9. (March, 1846). "Brother Ezra Benson came after me nine o'clock in the evening. I put his wife to bed with a daughter at ten o'clock in the tent. Came back and found Mr. Sessions in bed without his supper; no one to get it for him."

A period of discouragement followed because she and Mr. Sessions did not have enough oxen to draw their load. Patty expected the "brethren" to go forward, leaving herself and Mr. Sessions behind. "My feelings I cannot express," she wrote, "but my desire is that they may not leave me. After breakfast I went to Brother Kimball's tent. He was praying. After he had done he says, 'Mother Sessions, what is the matter? You don't feel right, I know.' I told him we could not go along. He said, 'I shall not go today, and I will plan for you,' and said many other things that comforted me and it began to rain and I hurried back to the tent. Brother Charles Rich brings our cow along to us, we are glad to see her. Brother Brigham came in to see us; told me we should not be left behind, for he wanted me along and I should go . . . I feel now as if we can go along."

On Wednesday the 11th, it was still raining. Patty was called to Sister Rockwood . . . "she miscarries. Thursday, 12. It rains . . . Sunday, 15. Visited Brother Chase. He is sick. Monday, 16. Visited Zina with Eliza Snow. It has been a fine day. Tuesday, 17. Rosanna's child died. Wednesday, 18. Edwin Little died this morning. I have baked some pies. Thursday, 19. Camp starts. We move twelve miles. Friday, 20, it has been very cold today. I have been very cold until now." Patty writes of her anxiety about getting through the mud. She continues writing

while waiting for the men to go back for the teams. By March 21, however, the company had reached the Chariton River. To cross the stream, the wagons had to be let down the bluff with ropes and drawn up on the opposite side in the same manner. Patty continues, "Zina (who later became the wife of Brigham Young, but was then married to Henry Jacobs) had a son at the river. Comfortable. Traveled four miles. Doubled teams up and camped. It rains tonight. 23, Brother Clark kills a turkey. David Davis got lost hunting, was gone all day. It rains all night. Tuesday, 24, rain and snow. Very cold and muddy. Stay in the wagon. 25, snows, cold, nothing for our teams to eat yesterday nor this morning."

On Friday, the 27th, Patty sent a letter by Brother John Young to her daughter Sylvia, in Nauvoo. She also notes: "Brother Holman brought letters from my children in Nauvoo. I read them with joy and gratitude to God for the privilege of hearing from them. Have read Perrigrine's letter to Brigham. He says they will all get away soon. Tuesday, 31, warm and pleasant. Walked five miles to camp." Now all of the Sessions belongings were brought together in one load. Patty was happy over this, but she was worn out as a result of her work with the loading and unloading, and with the cooking. Mr. Sessions was lame and had to ride in the wagon a great deal of the time. She walked many miles each day; she was tired, but she felt well.

On Sunday, April 5, she wrote: "The sun shines with splendor, which gladdens our hearts. Our wagon cover is froze hard. There is much mud. Wore overshoes to the tent. Brother Taylor and family came within three miles of the camp and stayed all night without fire. The ground is so wet that many could not lie down without lying in the water. Mr. Sessions is better today. We are now 135 miles from Nauvoo. We are in Missouri on a branch of Cow's Creek. Wrote a line to PG by Corvalhas (?). Nothing but browse for our teams to eat.

"Monday, April 6, 1846, the Church is sixteen years old today. It rains hard. Brother Rockwood came to our wagon, told us the word was to get out of this mud as soon as possible. We move before breakfast, go three miles, cross the creek on new bridges that our men had made; had to double-team all the way. Brother Brigham came up with his company driving his teams in the rain and mud to his knees, was happy as a king. Here we camped. The men went, some to browsing the cattle, some to cutting the wood and burning coal. We got supper and went to bed. It soon began to thunder and lightning and the rain came faster than ever. About six o'clock in the morning I was called for to go back two miles. It then snowed. I rode behind the man through mud and water, some of the way belly deep to the horse. I found the sister that I was called to see in an old log cabin. Her child was born before I got there. She rode thir-

teen miles after she was in travail, and crossed the creek on a log after dark. Her husband carried over such things as was necessary. He left his wagon and teams on the other side, as the water had carried off the bridges. On Tuesday the 7th, the ground was froze some. I got on to the horse on a man's saddle, rode home to our wagon. The creek is high. Creek rose six feet. Had to continue on foot. Got home safe." Patty does not say what became of the horse.

She notes that it was time for washing, on the eighth. The men were making bridges. It started to rain, and she could not get her clothes dry. Now the men wore boots. Hail fell. "Brother Smith said it took seven men to hold his tent down," wrote Patty. She said the camp was scattered. And then: "Sunday, 12. It is two months today since I left my home. I have been in the cold and in the snow and rain without a tent. But now we are blockaded with mud. There is no food for our teams but browse. I never have felt so bad as now, but I am not discouraged yet.

"The Council have met to devise means and ways for our salvation. Many have met in the tents for meetings. In the wagon alone. I have prayed and wept before the Lord in behalf of this people and my children, praying God to spare our lives until we all shall meet again. My health is poor, my mind weighed down, but my heart is in God."

At this time she and Mr. Sessions were called upon to divide their goods. Brigham said that he thought some people had stored goods. Patty said they had but little, but they would divide with those who had less. "Would even divide clothing," she wrote, and that sixteen dollars in money was all they had. She named the former places where she and Mr. Sessions had divided with others.

On April 13, Brigham and wife came in to see Patty. Brigham was sick. She made him some tea, and he said that he felt better. On Tuesday, the 14th, she wrote: "Brother Canada came in; said Brother Thomas was sick, and had been for some time. I inquired the cause. He said that he wanted nursing; he wished me to go and see him. I went, found him on the ground in the tent with the wind blowing under the tent onto him. I fixed the bed clothes around him, went back, got some porridge, carried it to him, and ordered some other things for him, and to wash him. I went home. Someone said, 'Mother Sessions, you are always doing good.' I said, 'I wished I could do good.' Sister Rockwood said, 'Come here. I will comfort you.' I went. She said I had done her good, as the medicine I gave her yesterday was good. She was very sick then, but is quite well today noon."

A letter, which came to Patty by messenger from Nauvoo, told her that David would be unable to overtake the Camp of Israel. She was pained and sick at heart, but she said, "I will go to God and pray to Him that my heart may be comforted." And then she

wrote: "Sarah Lawrence came to the wagon and comforted my heart. Was sent for to go back two miles to a sick woman, Sister Stewart. I asked her no pay."

During the next few days, she notes that she walked much afoot, and that the teams were very weak; they had had but little to eat. "Saturday, April 18, 1846. Pleasant and warm. I feel very tired and feeble; was so tired last night that I could not sleep. I have been this morning and visited Brother Thomas; made him some bitters and put some brandy into it. I have found all the sugar and many other things, and the milk and crackers that he has had. I ordered his feet washed, and left him. The Council met and decided that those who could cross the mountains would go forward. Those who could not would remain and make a farm to serve as a kind of tavern for those who were yet to come⁵ . . . Mr. Sessions feels very bad. We have divided out our provisions when called to, and he hardly knows how to fit ourselves again, but I think we can by selling off some of our things, and I had rather do that than stay behind . . .

"Wednesday, 22, went and put Hosea Stout's wife to bed with a daughter. Finished my letter . . . Camp moved on. Traveled ten miles. I went afoot seven miles, rode two miles with William Young. Saw many snakes."

On the 23rd, her beads broke. She felt very bad over this accident. She had put Hosea Stout's wife to bed with a daughter on April 22, but on Saturday, May 9, she says: "Hosea Stout's child died with fits. I went and laid him out." There we see birth and death in a single family within a very short space of time, and Patty on hand with her ministrations on both occasions.

In the meantime, however, she says: "May 1, 1846. Brother Benson came after me last night again. I went, found Adaline sick. I came home, got some medicine, went back and staid all night. At four o'clock she had a son . . . William Richmond has gone to Grand View to work. We have no one to board now. I am quite sick again today. Saturday, 2. Fair weather this morning. It has rained for six days. My bed has been wet all the time and has not been made. I have got it out to dry today . . . Sunday, 3, Brother Samuel Thomas died last night in Brother Holman's tent next to ours. I feel better today, think I shall go to meeting as it is close to the wagon. . . Tuesday, 5. . . make some ink, wrote a few lines to David . . . Wednesday, 6. Sister Lathrop sent for me, she was very sick, went the second time, she is some better. Come up a thunder storm, wind and rain, many trees blow down, some fell on horses and cattle, none killed. Brother Finatus Dustan came and got my clothes, his wives washed them for me; said I was welcome to what they had done. I was very glad as I was not able to wash myself. At four o'clock I visited Sister Horne. She

5. Garden Grove, Iowa, the first farm planted by the Saints.

was sick and sent for me. I also visited Sister Taylor; she was lame."

On Thursday, May 13, she continues, "I have ironed my clothes, packed our load ready to move along. They have made a big field, got it fenced, and built some houses. Will leave some to take care of it and put in the crop. The rest of us will go on to another place." Now a big rainstorm drenched everybody. Their clothing did not dry until the next camp was reached and fires were made. On Thursday, May 20, Patty was called to see Sister Tibbets, who was sick. "Came home," she wrote, "went to the creek and washed."

At this point, one cannot help noticing that Patty was a very astute woman. If the brethren did illy by her in any sort of transaction she noticed it and wrote the circumstances down. But Mr. Sessions would not permit her to say much about the occurrence. She wept often, and over many things. Brother Kimball told her not to give in to her feelings. Zina and Sister Markham comforted her. People were coming and going at all times. Some of the brethren were returning to Nauvoo on errands for the Church, such as carrying mail. Other people were catching up with the camp and joining it, while others remained at the encampments founded along the way.

At Grand View Mr. Sessions and Patty transferred their belongings from one wagon to another. They had been told that the first belonged to the Church, and they would have to give it up. Mr. Sessions was therefore trying very hard to get another, or to recover their own, lest they be left behind. In such cause for sadness, Patty found it difficult to meet her trials cheerfully, and yet she required herself to do so. At this time, however, a party joined the camp, and on May 28, 1846, she wrote: "Alas, Joseph Young arrived at 4 o'clock. He said Sylvia and David were not coming until next year. I feel as though this was a trick of the Devil. He said Perrigrine was coming, but Sylvia was not. My feelings I cannot describe as I fear they will never come. My heart is full, but I feel so bad I cannot shed tears. . . ."

"Sunday, 31. I was called to P. P. Pratt's⁶ one o'clock this morning. Delivered Mary of a son at five, then went to meeting. It was a conference." Now the tears fell from her eyes "as fast as rain from the skies," for she could at last give way to her feelings. She continues: "Mary Pratt paid me one dollar . . . Have been here ever since the 18th of May. It is a pretty place, the Saints call it Mount Pisgah. Here we leave many good brethren, Sisters Horne, E. Snow, Zina, Emily, and many more. Perrigrine is on the road. We think he will soon overtake us. We travel on four miles. Camp. We crossed a branch of the Grand River, and another small branch. Both were bridged. Wednesday, June 3. Got our teams up to start. Sister Horne sent for me. I went back

6. One of the Twelve Apostles of the L. D. S. (Mormon) Church. They are a governing body, next to the First Presidency in authority.

to Mount Pisgah, put her to bed with a daughter, rode horseback four miles each way, got home to our wagon half past one o'clock."

On June 11, Mr. Sessions was sick; he vomited, and could not sit up in bed. He was better on the 12th. Patty wrote on the 12th, "Our cow calved. We stopped an hour or more, after the rest moved on, then took the calf in our wagon and overtook the camp. Reached Council Bluffs on the 3rd. Plenty of wild strawberries—" But here Patty was not feeling well, and could not go out to pick. "Sister E. Elsworth brought me some strawberry sauce," she wrote. "It did taste good. I thanked the Lord for putting it into her heart to bring me some."

On Sunday, June 14, 1846, Patty camped on the bank of the Missouri River. She wrote that she was ill and so tired that she could not sleep. She had washed and done much other work. Nevertheless on Tuesday the 16th, she ironed. She says also that she "let Jacob Hutchinson have the Pot and Spider to carry on for the use of them. If I want them, will return them again when called for; if not returned, to be paid for."

At this time the whole camp moved back six miles onto the Bluff. Patty wrote, "At one o'clock Sister Caroline Tibbets sent for me. I went, put her to bed with a son . . . Sunday, 21, go to meeting, then visit Sister Taylor. Monday, 22. Called to Sister Martha Reeves, put her to bed with a son. When I came home I find Perrigrine and family and Rosilla⁷ there. We were glad to see each other once more. It has been four months and ten days since I started and left my children."

The Council now decided that one hundred selected men should go forward to the Rocky Mountains. Patty wrote on Sunday, June 28, "Perrigrine is going. I cut some undergarments for him. We almost make them. Tuesday, 30, finished them. Cut two more, helped make them." But at this moment the call to organize the Mormon Battalion sounded through the Camp of Israel. Excitement broke out everywhere. The plans for the expedition to the Rockies were changed. Again, there was much coming and going. Brigham went back to Mount Pisgah to sound the battle cry. Still the babies continued being born. On July 3rd, Patty wrote: "Brother Freeman came after me; I went back three miles where Brother Parley was camped. Put his wife to bed with a daughter, returned to the camp, found Mr. Sessions and Rosilla were gone. We rode after them. Found them camped on the bottoms about ten o'clock, four miles beyond the place where I had left them."

On the Fourth of July, the Mormon encampment was entertained by some Pottawatamie Indians who, dressed in war paint and feathers, performed some dances for the newcomers. On Sunday, the 5th, Patty wrote, "Went down to the settlement. Rosilla

7. David Sessions' plural wife.

sold her tea set for two dollars. Twelve o'clock word came to go to the river; the oxen were gone and we could not find them. Elbrige had let them go while he was in swimming."

Patty, Perrigrine, and Mr. Sessions went in different directions in search of them. At last one of the party found them many miles away; but eventually the group succeeded in crossing the river. Patty wrote that they went to bed at half-past-two o'clock in the morning. It was now so warm that she said, "It does seem as if we should melt." On the west side of the river, Mr. Sessions drove Perrigrine's team, as Perrigrine was at work helping to build a bridge over the Missouri River. Patty was walking at the yoke of hers and Mr. Sessions' oxen. She said the road was lined with willows higher than the wagon. She was holding onto the yoke with one hand and the whip with the other, praying for air. There was no circulation and no wind. She was feeling as if she would faint, and was afraid she would fall down and the wagon wheels would run over her.

On Wednesday, July 15th, Patty wrote: "I cut a pair of pants for Elbrige and help make them. He is going into the Army. (The Mormon Battalion.) On the 17th, she put Eliza, wife of Amasa Lyman to bed, and also another woman, who had a daughter. On the 19th, she said, "PG" (Perrigrine) put a projection onto our wagon; put our bed into it, went and bought a yoke of oxen, gave thirty-five dollars for them. I let him have \$7.37 cash to help pay for them . . . July 22, 1846. Brigham told Mr. Sessions he could not advise us to go over the mountains."⁸ On the 24th the camp traveled nine miles. "I go afoot six miles," she says; and now she travels much afoot.

When the encampment reached Cutler's Park, a place about three miles beyond the west bank of the Missouri River, Patty fell ill. She had drawn upon her strength by exerting herself to the utmost. Though she had gone forward and backward in the emigrant train, to wait upon women in the night, she had never shirked a single duty by day. The work of the camp was also her work. She had cooked over an open fire and had washed her clothes in the creek; and heating her heavy black irons over the coals and wiping them clean while they were smoking hot, she had done her ironing. She had packed and unpacked the load. She had walked at the yoke of the oxen with never a complaint escaping her lips.

But she had brooded over the myriad troubles with which the camp as a whole, as well as she personally, was confronted, until at last she was confined to her bed in the tent at Cutler's Park, for nearly a month. From August 7th to 27th she neither dressed herself nor wrote in her diary. There were times when her very life was despaired of. The brethren blessed her and urged her to

8. "Us" refers to the entire company. Brigham Young realized that the Rocky Mountains could not be reached by the camp that autumn.

exert her faith. What could they do, they must have asked themselves, without Mother Sessions? The doctor told her that she had inflammation of the stomach and it would be a miracle if she got well. She recorded later that she felt calm and composed when he spoke these words. She made arrangements for her grave, asking to have the latitude and longitude taken, and requested that it be made substantial with cedar posts. Patty was unafraid to meet death; but records: "Brigham said that they all must hold onto me as long as I breathed, and fifteen minutes after I had done breathing." She was thankful for his words; otherwise, she wrote, she must have died. When at last she was well enough to go out, she tells us that Sister Young (one of Brigham's wives, possibly Mary Ann Angel Young) took her driving in her buggy over the prairie, and that it was "good."

On September 17th, she put James Cumming's wife to bed. When Perrigrine brought some watermelons and apples to camp, Patty bought fourteen apples, giving one cent apiece for them. "But," she says, "the first vegetables I have tasted this year. They were good." Then: "I have the chills and ague." Hundreds of people had chills and ague in this damp region. Patty was indeed busy, attending the sick, and, as always, putting women to bed, from October 11th to 19th, 1846, officiating at the births of seven babies. But on Tuesday the 29th, she baked some mince pies and cooked a turkey. Then she notes the death of a child.

On November 7th she speaks of a house, saying that she had put down a carpet and made mince pies. This must have been at Winter Quarters. When it was discovered that the Saints could not reach the Rocky Mountains during the autumn of 1846, a town which would serve as an abiding place for the winter and as a last point of supply for the western trek rapidly arose. It proved not only a haven for the people of the first encampments, but for those who came from Nauvoo and other sections of the United States during the next few years. On the site of what is now Florence, Nebraska, a city of 538 log, and 38 sod houses came into being almost over night.

The usual Church organization was established. In this case, there were twenty-two wards, each with its own bishopric and other presiding officers. It was here that Brigham Young was made President of the Church. He and his counselors returned from Utah to this settlement in the autumn of 1847. They went back to Salt Lake City to make their permanent homes in September, 1848.

There was a great deal of sickness in Winter Quarters. The food, though sufficient in some respects, did not include the elements which prevented scurvy, scrofula, and other related diseases. The climate was so damp that cholera and ague were prevalent. The animals were afflicted with black leg despite the fact that good herbage had been found near the river bottoms. A natural

horseradish, found in the woods when spring came, proved a cure for many of the people's diseases; but Patty was exceedingly busy throughout the winter.

On Friday, November 6, 1846, she wrote: "I put Brigham H. Young's wife to bed." On Sunday, November 15, she notes that Sister Shumway died. In the next four days she put five women to bed, and made some canker medicine. And so it went into December; she put one woman after another to bed and visited the sick, getting but little sleep. Still she worked hard through the days. On Wednesday, January 6, Patty records: "I have baked some mince pies. Called to Sister Cynthia . . . Thursday, 7, put her to bed with her twentieth child. I have visited the sick. Friday, 8, put Louisa, Adaline, and Melissa all to bed in six hours and a half. Sunday, 10, visited the sick. Monday, 11, called to Sister Empey, staid all night. She got better. Tuesday, 12, Brigham, Heber and wives were here on a visit. Wednesday, 13, put Sister Hall to bed. Visited many sick. Thursday, 14, put Sister Knight to bed. Yesterday, visited the sick. Today spun some yarn for a comforter. Friday, 15, put Harriet T. Wicksome to bed. Sister Empey sent for me, child born before I got there. Saturday, 16, put Sister Eggleston to bed . . . Sunday, 18, put Sister Patsy to bed. Monday, 19, put Sister Avery to bed. Tuesday, 20, visited the sick."

At this time she and Mr. Sessions were chosen as members of "Brother Heber's" (probably Heber C. Kimball's) company. Then one of the bishops sent her to visit a woman who was having a child out of wedlock. Concerning this visit she wrote: "I went to the Bishop to have a bedstead fixed up for her and to make her comfortable. Although I thought she was a bad woman, yet she was on the ground and about to be confined, and I pitied her; Wednesday, 27, (January, 1846), visited her again." Someone was sent to fix her bedstead. On Thursday, the 28th, Patty put William Wick's wife to bed. When February came, she was still visiting the sick and putting women to bed.

On Thursday, the 4th, she wrote: "Camp of Israel in Winter Quarters. My birthday, fifty-two years old. We had refreshments and drank a toast to each other . . . wishing the blessings of God to be with us all . . . Eliza Snow came after me to go to a little party in the evening. I was glad to see her; told her it was my birthday and she must bless me . . . I then went and put James Bullock's wife to bed, then to the party, had a good time singing and praying . . . I was called away to Sister Morse, then to Sister Whitney then back to Sister Morse; put her to bed 2 o'clock. Friday, 5. This morning I have been to see Sister Whitney, she is better. I then went to Joanna Roundy; she said it was the last time I should see her in this world—that she was going to see my children (those who had passed on) . . . Joanna died this evening.

"Saturday, 6. Made soap, visited the sick, put Sister Whitney to bed; she had a son born 11 o'clock. Saturday, 13. Had the wild hairs pulled out of my eyelids. My eyes are very sore." Then there was another gathering in the evening, which Patty also left to put someone to bed. She had not slept a night through since her birthday, but on the 14th she carded wool, and visited the sick. One Tuesday, the 16th, she visited Mary Pearce, who died. In honor of Patty, Eliza R. Snow composed a poem of praise and comfort, which is included in the diary. Patty also includes the recipes for a number of her cures, some of which were as follows:

Salve for old sores: Bark of indigo weed root, boiled down, beeswax, mutton tallow, a very little rosin.

For jaundice: Take one tablespoonful of castile soap shavings, mixed with sugar, for three mornings; then miss three until it has been taken nine mornings—a sure cure.⁹

For bowel complaint: Take one teaspoonful rhubarb, one-fourth carbonate soda, one tablespoon brandy, one teaspoon peppermint essence, half-teacupful warm water; take tablespoonful once an hour until it operates.

For vomiting: Six drops laudanum, the size of a pea of soda, two teaspoons of peppermint essence, four cups water; take a tablespoonful at a time until it stops it; if the first does, don't repeat it.¹⁰

Heart-burn: Laudanum, carbonate soda, ammonia, sweet oil, camphor. Also for *milk leg inflammation* or *sweating*.

On March 21st, Perrigrine (who had gone back to Nauvoo for his family), her daughter Sylvia, and David also, joined the camp. They had come to say good-bye to their parents before Mr. Sessions and Patty left for the far west. Patty was almost overcome with joy. At that time all of her living children were seated at the table with their father and mother. Even so, Patty was at that very moment called to the sick. She went, of course.

On April 7th, (after having adjourned conference on the 6th), Brigham Young left Winter Quarters to go over the mountains. His advance company had already spread the tents of Zion, where they waited until President Young overtook them. On the sixth of May, in Winter Quarters, Patty put Helen Kimball to bed; the child was stillborn. Then David, Perrigrine and Sylvia returned to Nauvoo to gather up their substance and kin in order to come West for good.¹¹ On the twenty-fifth, Patty boarded a steamboat on the Missouri River to comfort a woman whose husband had fallen overboard and was drowned. Again she records a round of visits to those who owed her for services rendered.

9. Today, the medical profession recognizes that some types of jaundice cannot be cured without surgery, but Patty's recipe was an excellent cure for the type which would respond to medicine.

10. The medicine in this prescription was too small in proportion.

11. They had merely driven through Iowa to bid Patty farewell, before she departed for the Great Basin.

She herself was preparing to leave for the West. There were many whom she did not charge, and others from whom she did not collect. The following accounts covering the trek across the Iowa prairies and the winter spent in Winter Quarters, are written into her book:

A PAGE FROM PATTY'S ACCOUNT BOOK

Due to Patty Sessions for Attendance:

1846

| | | | |
|-----------|--------------------------------------|---------------------|--------|
| Feb. 25, | Jackson Redden | paid | \$2.00 |
| Feb. 28, | John Scott | paid | 2.00 |
| Mar. 4, | John Green | | .50 |
| Mar. 9, | Ezra Benson | | 2.00 |
| | | *1.00/1.50 | |
| Mar. 11, | A. P. Rockwood..... | OX50 | .25 |
| Mar. 7, | Rufus P. Stewart..... | paid | 1.50 |
| Mar. 22 | Hosea Stout | | 1.50 |
| May 1, | Ezra Benson | | 1.50 |
| June 1, | P. P. Pratt..... | paid | 1.50 |
| | Joseph Horne | paid | 1.50 |
| June 10, | Black Jane | paid | 1.00 |
| | | | .50 |
| June 16, | Alvah Tibbets | | 2.50 |
| | | cn. | .50 |
| June 17, | Jacob Hutchinson | | 1.00 |
| July 3, | John Freeman | paid | 2.00 |
| July 14, | Amasa Lyman | paid | 1.00 |
| July 14, | Janwin Dame | paid cn. .00x85 | 1.75 |
| Sept. 14, | James W. Cummings | paid | 2.00 |
| Sept. 17, | Sealy Owens | x \$2.00 paid | |
| Sept. 23, | Wm. Wordsworth | paid | 2.00 |
| Oct. 1, | Erastus Snow | paid | 2.00 |
| Oct. 4, | John Bills | cn. 84; x 1.00 paid | 2.00 |
| Oct. 7, | Bates Nobles, given to the poor..... | paid | 2.00 |
| Oct. 9, | Phineas Cook | cn. 1.00, paid | 2.00 |
| Oct. 12, | Welcome Chatman | cn. 44 | 2.00 |
| Oct. 16, | Edward Hunter | paid | 2.00 |
| Oct. 18, | Samuel Russell..... | cn.x1.00 13x84 | 2.00 |
| Oct. 19, | Daniel Clark | paid | 2.00 |
| Nov. 1, | William Spears | | 2.00 |
| Nov. 3, | James M. Flock..... | paid | 2.00 |
| Nov. 19, | Aviah (?) Brower (?)..... | paid | 2.00 |
| Nov. 19, | Norman Bliss | | 2.00 |
| Nov. 19, | Isaac Hate (Haight)..... | paid | 2.00 |
| Nov. 24, | Ellis Sanders | paid | 2.00 |
| Nov. 27, | Wm. G. Young..... | cn1., 82, | 2.00 |
| Dec. 3, | Lucinda Calihan | paid | 2.00 |

| | | | |
|----------|-------------------------|----------|-------------|
| Dec. 4, | George Grant | Cn, 1.00 | |
| | | Cn, 1.00 | |
| | | paid | 2.00 |
| Dec. 8, | Wilford Woodruff | paid | 2.00 |
| Dec. 16, | Meltoin (?) Hatch | paid | 2.00 |
| Dec. 21, | Sister Van Orton | paid | 2.00 |
| Dec. 23, | Tarlton Lewis | paid | 1.00 |
| Dec. 23, | Lorenzo Brown | paid | 1.00 |
| Dec. 25, | Isaac Busenbark | | 2.00 |
| Dec. 26, | Elijah F. Sheets | paid | 2.00 |
| | | paid cn. | 1.00 |
| Dec. 31, | Joseph Hunt | paid | 2.00 |
| 1847 | | | |
| Jan. 4, | Erastus Snow | cn. 1.00 | paid \$2.00 |
| Jan. 5, | Horace Alexander | | 2.00 |
| Jan. 7, | Cynthia Dykes | paid | 2.00 |
| Jan. 8, | Louisa Beaman | | 2.00 |
| Jan. 8, | Gilbert Belman | cn. 1.35 | 2.00 |
| Jan. 8, | George B. Wallace | paid | 2.00 |
| Jan. 13, | Newton D. Hall | paid | 2.00 |
| Jan. 14, | Sister Ros. Wight | | 2.00 |
| Jan. 15, | Solomon Wichsome | | 2.00 |
| Jan. 16, | Samuel Eggleston | paid | 2.00 |
| Jan. 17, | George Langley | paid | 2.00 |
| Jan. 18, | Charles E. Avery | cn. 1.23 | 2.00 |
| Jan. 18, | Wm. Wick | paid | 2.00 |
| Feb. 4, | James Bullock | paid | 2.00 |
| | | cn. | 1.00 |
| Feb. 5, | Gilbert Morse | | 2.00 |
| Feb. 6, | Newel K. Whitney | paid | 2.00 |
| Feb. 11, | Benjamin R. Lamb | paid | 2.00 |
| Feb. 12, | Simeon A. Dunn | paid | 1.00 |
| Feb. 15, | John Oakley | paid | 2.00 |
| Feb. 26, | Wm. Kimball | paid | 2.00 |
| Feb. 27, | Bates Nobles | paid | 1.50 |
| Mar. 1, | John Thomas | | 1.00 |
| Mar. 8, | Wm. Dykes | | 2.00 |
| | | cn. | .37 |
| Mar. 10, | Wm. Davis | paid | 2.00 |
| | | cn. | 1.02 |
| Mar. 11, | Davenport | paid | 1.50 |
| Mar. 14, | Stillman | paid | 1.50 |
| April 1, | P. P. Pratt | | 2.00 |

And here we see another recipe or two, "Indian hemp root cure for *gravel*, for *dropsy*, and for *fits*." Sure cure for *gravel* Patty says is "wild rose berries boiled long; drink the tea." Her cure for *eye water* is as follows: "Wrap two eggs in a wet cloth and

roast them till quite hard, then grate or grind them fine, then add half ounce white vitriol, mix it well together, then add one pint of warm rain or snow water and keep it warm for three hours, after stirring or shaking it . . . strain it through a fine thick flannel and bottle it up for use."¹²

On June 1st, 1847, there were many gatherings, at which blessings were exchanged, the gift of tongues practiced, and singing and dancing enjoyed. On the 5th Patty writes: "We start for the mountains and leave Winter Quarters. . . . ten years today since we left our home (in Maine) and friends. We now leave many good friends here, and I hope they will soon follow on to us. I drove one four-ox team, go 4 miles to camp. Sunday, 6, go 15 miles, camp on the prairie, 51 wagons. Monday, 7, have a lameness through my chest caused by driving the team. Tuesday, 8, I am better. I wash and iron."

Three days later, she writes: "Friday, 11, 55 wagons more came up. All crossed the river safe. The Patriarch,¹³ John Smith, came. Saturday, 12, it rains. We hull corn. The men have gone fishing with a seine. Have come home; got none. Many of the Brethren have come today. Monday, 14, we wash. Sister Snow and a great many others have come today. We have a good time in Brother Pearce's carriage, where E. R. Snow rides. She came home with me. We had a good time in our tent. Mary and Lucinia¹⁴ both spoke in the gift of tongues, the first time they have ever spoke in the gift. Tuesday, 15, the men are called together to organize. I have made several small cheeses since we started. We have a good meeting today, I presided. We have good times every time we meet. Wednesday, 16, I am happy all the time. Thursday, 17, the brethren keep coming. Friday, 18, they still keep coming. They sent the marshals back after the cannon. Last night we had a meeting at Brother Beache's. Saturday, 19, 12 o'clock noon we start along.

"Leave wagons on the banks and crossing to the Platte River 15 miles; pass a dead body supposed to be killed by the Indians. The wolves had eat him considerably. His buttons were cut off and the legs of his pantaloons. Here we camped. Sunday, 20. Go to meeting; before we went, heard that Jacob Weatherbee was shot by Indians. He was a teamster. Yesterday he started to go back to Winter Quarters with Brother Lamson and Sisters Johnson and Chamberlain. Got near eight miles back and three naked Indians rose out of the grass, walked by the wagon with their guns cocked. Weatherbee and Lamson jumped out of the wagon, clinched two of the Indians and the third one shot Weatherbee through the hip and bowels. He fell. The Indians then ran off.

12. The recipe contained lime and was exceedingly helpful.

13. A man set apart to bless members of the L. D. S. Church.

14. Perrigrine's two wives.

As soon as the scuffle began the oxen were frightened, turned round, and Sister Chamberlain put the whip onto them to run them back.

Sister Johnson stayed with Weatherbee, Lamson ran towards Winter Quarters, met Brothers Lot, Cutler and Whitney with carriages coming to the camp. They took Weatherbee and brought him and all the others back to the Elk Horn, where a number of the brethren were yet camped. He died this morning at 9 o'clock. Calculated to be. Was carried back to Winter Quarters to bury him, but he mortified and smelt so bad they buried him in a buffalo robe near the liberty pole.

"This liberty pole was raised the 14th day of June, 1847, and a white flag put on it, another raised here with white flag the 18th day. They have had a meeting under it today. I went. I then went and had a meeting with a few sisters at Brother Pearce's. Monday, 27. We wash. The cannon and temple bell have come and skiff. We are all ready now to go in the morning. We have been waiting almost two weeks for the cannon. Tuesday, 22. On the banks of the Platte River, ready packed to move on. Start 8 o'clock a. m. We are organized to move five abreast, the two cannons, skiff, and temple bell heading the middle line. Go 15 miles, camp near the river. Wednesday, 23, start 9 o'clock, travel two abreast, cannons heading one line, skiff and the temple bell the other. Travel 15 miles, camp on the prairies 2 miles from the river on a place looking some like our old place in Maine."

And so the days passed. Near the middle of the next month Patty notes: "July 17. Built a little fire on buffalo dung, broiled some meat for my dinner, drank sweetened ginger and water. I have seen many thousands of buffalo today." On Sunday the 18th, she baked mince pies, bread and meat over buffalo dung.

Perrigrine and his family now overtook his parents. Again Patty was overjoyed to see him, his two wives, Mary and Lucinia, and their children. But on the 19th, Perrigrine was not feeling well. Patty gave him some medicine, and he recovered his health.

Just beyond South Pass in Wyoming the company came to the currant country, where they picked bushels of the fruit, drying some of the berries and putting others immediately into pies.

On August 15, 1847, Patty wrote: "The pioneers came in with news from the Twelve, say we are now 458 miles [actually 231½ miles] from Salt Lake. Aug. 23. The cattle ill, had eaten and drunk something that made them sick."

On the twenty-fifth of August, she writes: "Go 15 miles; camp a mile from water. We are in the Pass, very cold, I wanted some mittens to drive with. Thursday, 26, killed an Indian dog. Good feed here; frost. Friday, September 3. Go 25 miles, camp on Little Sandy, drive 'til after dark before we get to feed." On Saturday, September 4, the company in which she was traveling

met the party that was returning from Salt Lake to Winter Quarters (including Brigham Young, who, being dismayed at the sight of so many people without provisions enough to take them through the winter, advised them to take their herds away from Salt Lake City and to commence rationing their own food immediately.) Nevertheless blessings were exchanged, and both parties moved on.

Near Fort Bridger, some traders spent the night in the Mormon camp; Patty gave some sugar and other supplies to a man named Miller. On September 12th, Parley P. Pratt read to the camp the laws of the Valley. On the 13th, the mountains began to get steeper, and the emigrants were soon holding the wagons with poles to keep them from slipping backwards. On the 20th, Patty wrote: "We go twelve miles. Camp on Weaver [Weber] River. We have passed through one canyon; I drove through safe. Red, majestic rocks on the right all the way. P.G. caught two trout. Tuesday, 21, Brother Shelton passed with two yoke of oxen. Stay here till noon to mend Parley's wagon; made a new box. . . start 1 o'clock; go 8 miles; camp on a willow stream; set the wagons anyway.

"John Smith turned his wagon over down hill. Sister Hunter's axeltree broke. We put a pole under, drove into camp; three more were broken. I was called to Dealia Beach in the night. Wednesday, 22, divide the company. Each ten go by themselves. We go ten miles, camp on a fork of Weaver [Weber] River. Our wagons stand in the road. I have taken up some gooseberry bushes. The doctor broke his wagon twice. P.G. shot a duck; saw where a grizzly bear passed. DeWitt saw him. Thursday, Brother Whipple passed us. We lost the bull here. P.G. found him, overtook us. We got almost over the mountains. I drove up and down till he could come. Had to leave one of my oxen; he was lame; go ten miles; camp on Willow Springs.

"Friday, Sept. 24. Go 14 miles. P. G. went back and got the ox, we drove him into the canyon; left him. Got into the valley. It is a beautiful place; my heart flows with gratitude to God that we have got home all safe, lost nothing; have been blessed with life and health; I rejoice all the time. Saturday, 25. P. G. went back to help up the rear of his camp; they have all got here safe; some broken wagons, but no broken bones. I have driven my wagon all the way but part of the two last mountains (walked at the yoke 1030 miles). P. G. drove a little; I broke nothing or turned over; had good luck. I have cleaned my wagon and myself, visited some old friends.

"Sunday, 26, 1847, [two days after her arrival in the valley]. Go to meeting; hear the Epistle read from the Twelve. Went and put Lorenzo Dow Young's wife, Harriet Page, to bed with a son, the first male born in this valley. It was said to me more than five months ago that my hands should be the first to handle the first-

born son in the place of rest for the Saints, even in the City of God. I have come more than one thousand miles to do it since it was spoken."

On Monday, Sept. 27th, Patty continues: "I went to the warm spring¹⁵ and bathed in it; it is a splendid place. Wednesday, 29, I went to the Bowery; saw the Patriarch, John Smith, seal [marry in polygamy], James Lawson to Mercy Fielding. In the evening went to the Fort. Brother Grant has got in with his wife; she was dead; died last Sunday. Brother and Sister Leonard with him. Thursday, 30. She was buried in the afternoon . . . October 1. I have visited the sick. Brother Beach's wives both sick, and Brother Pratt's wife Belinda . . . Saturday, October 2. . . visit . . . with E. R. Snow; she has just come in this week; it has been a good time to me; my heart has been glad in seeing my sister."

Now we see her weighing her seed, which consisted of quantities of wheat, corn, and peas. She must have cherished these stores all along the way, for nothing was more precious than the potential food supplies. With the exception of the sego bulb the soil of the valley yielded no food. Every shoot had to be coaxed from the ground. Since Mr. Sessions was often away with his herds, and on his farm about ten miles north of the Fort, Patty was her own gardener in the city a great deal of the time. The pride and love with which she cultivated her land can be understood only in terms of the priceless value of her crops.

On Monday, November 1, 1847, she wrote: "The wind blew the tent down and tore it to pieces. I was sent for to go to Sister Brown. It snowed. I staid all night. I have been lame for some time. Am very lame this morning. Tuesday, 2. It is cold. We have our stove in Brother Leonard's tent. Wednesday. Had a meeting to Ellen Kimball's.¹⁶ Thursday, 4. Put Sister Brinkerhof to bed with a son, born 8 o'clock a. m. Friday, 5. Had a meeting at Clarissa Young's. Saturday, 6. Put Sister Huffaker to bed with a son born half after 12 a.m. Then put Sister Thomas to bed with a daughter born 1 o'clock p. m. Sunday, 8. Put Sister Brown to bed with a daughter born half past 12 a.m. In the evening went to meeting at Sister Ellen Kimball's with the young ladies. Tuesday, 9. Went to Sister Pearce's. Sisters Brown and Thomas paid me. [She indicates that one gave her money and that the other recompensed her with cloth.] Wednesday, 10. Cut out a coat for a soldier named Spidle (?) Thursday, 11. Sewed on the coat, did the work. Friday, 12. Finished the coat . . . Saturday, 13. The ground is getting brown. It has been covered with snow nearly for ten days. Warm and pleasant yesterday and today. Sunday, 14. Visited Sisters E. R. Snow and Ellen Kimball. Monday, 15. We had a meeting to Sister Whitney's . . . P.G. came down today."

15. See *Utah Historical Quarterly*, July-October, 1941, p. 211.

16. Wife of Heber C. Kimball, who was first counselor to Brigham Young.

Perrigrine, with his two wives, Lucinia and Mary, had left the encampment on the third day after their arrival in the valley to take his herds away from the city.

Ten miles north of the Old Fort in Salt Lake City, they founded the town of Bountiful, (Sessions Settlement). They spent the first winter in a dugout and a wagon. Mr. Sessions also kept his herd and founded a farm in this district.

On Tuesday, November 16, 1847, Patty notes that "Good-year and Brother came here today."¹⁷

On Wednesday the 17th, she writes: "Put Sister Hunt to bed with a daughter. Thursday, 18. We moved into our house.¹⁸ The men start for California. Friday, 19. I also deliver Dorcus A., wife of Joseph C. Kingsbury, of a daughter named Bathsheba. Saturday, 20. Visited her. Sunday, 21. Had a meeting at Sister Whitney's. Went to a prayer meeting at Brother Eldredge's. Monday, 22. Put Sister Smoot to bed with a son born 1 o'clock a. m. In the evening prayed for Heber with Ellen and Mary Ellen. I anointed Ellen according to Heber's request, when he met me on the road. Tuesday, 23. Visited Sister Smoot. She paid me one dollar and fifty cents. Wednesday, 24. Quilted with Lucinia on her petticoat. Thursday, 25. Visited with Sister Love. Friday, 26. I was baptized. Saturday, 27. Put up my curtains. Mary came down. I have been to meeting five times this week, female meetings. Sunday, 28. Went to female meeting. In the evening to public prayer meeting. Monday, 29. Visited at Brother Pearce's. Had meeting in the evening. Tuesday, 30. Visited Sister Ellen Kimball's. Had a meeting in the evening."

On Saturday, December 4th, 1847, Patty visited with Sister Meeks. On December 14th, she notes that Elvira Stewart dies, "the first one that had sickened and died in the valley; I have made her a shroud to lay her out in." By this time she had delivered fourteen babies, all of whom must have been born in the Old Fort. In January she continued putting women to bed, as she did all through the years of her residence in Salt Lake City.

Near the end of the first year, Thomas Bullock, in writing to Levi Richards, Aug. 24, 1848, stated: "... Above all, they report that 'Mother Sessions' has had a harvest of 248 little cherubs since living in the valley. Many cases of twins; in a row of seven houses joining each other, eight births in one week ..."

Although her medical work and her garden kept her busy both day and night throughout the years, Patty had time for many other activities. It is said that at one time she picked up one-hundred bushels of potatoes in a single day. And she found time

17. On October 6, 1847, about 15 miles east of Ash Hollow, Brigham Young and twelve men (who were returning from Salt Lake City to spend the winter of '47-'48 in Winter Quarters), met Andrew Goodyear and party. Andrew was coming west in search of freedom and his brother Miles.

18. This house was built in the Old Fort, Salt Lake City.

to knit, card, spin, and weave the material from which she made her clothes. She gave away many comforters and pairs of wristers. She braided straw and made hats, and huge cakes of soap. She wove carpets, describing each detail of her work at the loom, her webbing, warping, sizing, and weaving.

Nearly always she had someone boarding with her; nor was this new in her life. In the rolling encampments on the plains, she had taken people into her tent or wagon whenever there was need. Now, in the city, she usually had someone with her, either a relative or some person who came to her because they were ill and needed a rest. She kept one such woman until the patient died. Patty saved every little scrap of cloth she ever came upon; quilt after quilt was turned from her hands as the result of her thrift.

But to return to the first year of her residence in Salt Lake City, Patty writes: "June 1st, 1848. Put Olive, wife of Erastus Bringhurst, to bed with a daughter, born 10 a.m. Friday, 2. Visited Sister Richardson. Saturday, 3. Visited Ellen Kimball and altered my silk dress. Sunday, 4. Went to meeting. 5. Put Elizabeth, wife of William Laney, to bed with a son born 11 p.m. Tuesday, 6. Visited at Bishop Hunter's with Sisters Taylor, Snow, and Pearce. It rained. P.G. is watering his wheat. Wednesday, 1. I am making soap. Thursday, I made some canker medicine for Sister Nebeker. Friday, finished my soap. Porter [Rockwell] got home, and many others from California. Saturday, 10. Put Hanna, wife of Axel Lathrop, to bed with a son born 5½ a. m. Bought me an armed chair, paid in soap.

"Sunday, June 11, 1848. Went to meeting. Porter [Rockwell] spoke in his own defense. Monday, 12. Put John Chase's wife to bed with a daughter born 4 a. m. at the saw mill. Tuesday, 13. Put Clarissa, wife of Lewis Babison, to bed with a son born 11½ a. m. Wednesday, 14. Worked in the garden. Thursday, 15. Lucinia came down. I worked in the garden every day, nights and mornings. Friday, 16. Cut and fixed some dresses. Saturday, put Lovina, wife of John Nebeker, to bed with a son . . . Sunday, 18. Went to meeting. Monday, 19. Worked in the garden. Tuesday, 20. Worked in the garden. Wednesday, 21. Put Susan, wife of Job Sidwell, to bed with a son born 1½ a. m. Mr. Sessions came home sick. Friday, 23. He is better. I have worked in the garden until I am almost done out. Sunday, 26. Went to meeting. Monday, worked on my sampler. Tuesday, 24. Worked on it again. Wednesday, 28. Got Carlos¹⁹ into Sister Dilworth's school. Thursday, 29. Run water through our ground."

Then into July, 1848; Patty was working so hard in her life-giving garden that she could not sleep. She weeded until her arms were lame, and watered whenever there was an opportunity. Mr.

19. Perrigrine's son.

Sessions continued coming down from the herd. She says on July 17th, "Mr. Sessions has come home. I have worked hard all the week to take care of the cows, calves, and garden. Sat., 8. I bought a mare of a Spaniard; gave him \$5. cash and 12 lb. flour, 25 cents per pound; also bought a buffalo robe; gave 8 lb. flour and an old tin basin. Called the robe \$2.50. Sunday, I did not go to meeting. Mr. Sessions is going back again. Monday, 10. We washed. Tuesday, 11. Cut and made me some collars, [which she later "flowered"]. Wed., 12. Put Sister Eliza to bed with a son . . then helped to get a bean out of Joseph Scofield's nose . . . Sunday, 23. Did not go to meeting; have to watch the garden. Monday, 24. I worked so hard I could not sleep."

She also notes during this month that Perrigrine had "finished roofing" (her house in the Old Fort) and had gone home.

During the summer of 1848, there were plenty of green corn, cucumbers, and squash in the valley, which was a blessing, as the Mormon crickets had that spring devoured the first crop of wheat. But Patty worked so hard that she fell ill. She had noted on July 17 that Perrigrine and Robert were reaping wheat. Still, the flour problem was extremely serious. Wheat was \$10 a bushel. Perrigrine had 500 bushels to sell. Flour was \$50 per cwt. On July 26th, she wrote: "I have been around to get some flour that we have lent out until I am tired almost out, and to get it sent to the farm. I then put Edward Hunter's wife to bed with a daughter."

On August 1st P.G. began to thrash. On the 3rd, Patty put Eliza Dewiell(?) to bed with a son. "Friday, 4. Put Sister Lucinda Smithson to bed with a daughter. Thursday, 10. Went to the Bowery 9 a.m. Saw the liberty pole raised; heard the cannon fired. Then between 12 and 2 feasted. After, I danced, heard the music, and the prayer and the preaching. Friday, 11 . . . put Louisa, wife of Shumway, to bed with a son. 22. Put Sister Rice to bed with a son. Carried a web to Sister Gustin to weave; then finished my sampler that I commenced when I was young. Friday, 25. Flowered a collar. Saturday, 26. Mary has gone to the farm. Tues, 29. The first wagon came from Winter Quarters. Wed., 30. Some more came in. Thursday, 31. They keep coming. Friday, September 1. Snow on the mountains. The frost did no harm."

Patty attended but five women in childbirth this month. But on September 16, she wrote: "I was sent for to go back over the mountains to a sick woman. I was not well and did not go. She had twins, both growing together."

On September 20th, she notes that Brigham and family came in. And here the reader can somehow catch the spirit of pride with which she wrote on the following day: "Brigham and wife came here with her mother and his daughter and feasted on melons."

On the 24th, she said that she went to meeting. "Brigham

preached. Heber and his company came in. . . Tuesday, 26. Put Sister Tubbs to bed with a daughter. Wed., 27. Carded wool. Thurs., 28. Spun. Fri., 29. I have had company every day this week. Sat., 30. Ellen Sanders' baby is dead and buried. I went and had her come to our house to comfort her. She said she had not felt so composed since it died. October 1, 1848. I went to meeting. Addison Pratt was there. He had returned from the Sandwich Islands; had been gone more than 5 years. Brigham and Heber took supper with us. Monday, 2. I was abed. I am not well. Thursday, 5. Today is a feast day for the soldiers. I have cooked for conference. It rained and the feast was put off. Friday, 6. We met, sung and prayed. Adjourned the conference until Sunday. The soldiers had their feast Saturday."

In December Patty melted snow to do her washing. On December 22nd, Brigham Young took dinner with her.

On January 11th, 1849, she wrote: "I was called to Willard Snow's. Susan was sick. I staid all day and all night. She was a cripple and was deformed so that her child could not be born without instruments. The doctor came Friday morning and delivered her with instruments. The child was alive, but the mother died in a few minutes; the only case of the kind I ever witnessed. Although I have practiced midwifery for 37 years and put thousands to bed, I never saw a woman die in that situation before."

On Sunday, February 11th, 1849, Patty wrote: "Lame with erysipelas in my foot . . . Sunday, 25. Some cut off for loose conduct." And so into the next month. "March 4. Braided straw. Saturday, 7. Sewed a straw hat. Sunday, 8. Went to meeting. Weighed \$65 and \$35 gold dust²⁰ to send to the States for goods. Friday, June 1. I split straw. Sunday, 17. Mr. Sessions and Martha have gone up to P.G.'s with Mary.²¹ I stay alone, my spirits cast down, I feel bad; yet my trust is in God. He is my all, and on His Holy name I call for His spirit to direct me through my life and for wisdom in all things. O Lord give me thy spirit that it may be a light to my path; give me knowledge that I may know Thy will and how to do it; give me wisdom that I judge between truth and error, for I desire to do good and not evil. Make the path of duty plain before me and give me grace to walk therein and give me patience to endure all that I may be called to pass through."

On April 12, 1850, Patty made her husband a straw hat, for which she had braided the straw. But on July 31st of that same summer, she notes that Mr. Sessions came home ill. When he was no better on August 1st, she sent to Bountiful for their children, fearing that he might not live. Nevertheless, she put a

20. Gold dust brought from California by the members of the Mormon Battalion.

21. Perrigrine's wife; all told he married eight women.

woman to bed, for she could not neglect a duty of that kind, and she also went to the female and the medical meetings.

Friday, August 2d, Patty wrote: "He is worse. Sat., 3. Worse. I send (again) for the children. Think he will not live." That night he was better. The children had come. On Sunday, the 4th, "He 'holds' better." P. G. and wife go home; David stays. Monday, 5. The doctor came again. He appears fully as favorable today. We think it is numb palsy that he has, as he has no use of his lower limbs and is almost senseless. Tuesday, 6. Complains of aching in his back. Doctor came again; we think he is better. Wednesday, 7. About the same. No use of his legs. David is here. Thursday, 8. I think he is worse, more senseless. Friday, 9. I know he is worse. David goes for P.G. and Mary; they come down; did not know P.G. when he came, nor Mary nor David. Knew me just before and kissed me. We sent for Brother Magen to come and take his portrait. He is senseless, no better. P.G. and Mary go home. He and Lucinia come down at night. He is worse . . . we have him administered²² to and turn him over; he breathes easier; appears to sleep quiet for the most; has not spoke since Friday, but I think he knows what we say. Ten o'clock; he died very easy. (August 11, 1850). Monday, August 14. Buried him." She could not help weeping, she says, though she felt that her loss was his gain. She had not given him up without the hope of seeing him again.

But life goes on—On September 11th Patty went to the Medical meeting. On Sunday the 13th she noted that P.G. caught another bear. On November 21st, she wrote: "I have made 77 pounds of soft soap." On December 23rd of 1850, she said. "I picked up some of my things to move into my house." On Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1850: "I have been and cleaned out my new house; am very tired." (This is where she made her permanent home on the banks of City Creek, at North Temple and Fourth West Streets. She lived here after leaving the Old Fort until she moved to Bountiful.)

A little more than a year later, she wrote on Monday, January 9, 1851: "I have been to the Fort to see Sister Taylor's child. It has a scalded head. I should charge her two dollars for visit and medicine." In February of this year, she was very ill. Dr. Bernhisel²³ called to see her, and Zina Young attended her when she was at her worst. David did her chores as much as he could. By the end of the month she had apparently recovered, for she wrote on February 25th: "I have settled up my tithing in full and got receipts; I then went to the Council of Health."²⁴ Patty suffered

22. To anoint with consecrated oil and bless the patient by a member of the Priesthood.

23. See this issue of the Quarterly, p. 18.

24. See this issue of the Quarterly, p. 37.

many serious cases of illness, and yet her energy seemed never really to wane.

On April 24th she wrote: "I went to Sister Smith's to help form a fashion for the females that will be more conducive to health than the long tight-waisted dress filled with whalebone and hickory that they wear now." Sunday, 25th: "Went to see M. Atwood's child. It had been burned bad by its clothes taking fire." April 29th: "I have got me a new hat. Wore it to the Council last Wednesday." In that same month she let her son David have sixteen pounds of dried apricots to trade for nails in order to put the roof of his house on. She says: "It was taken off yesterday by a whirlwind and smashed all to pieces, but nobody hurt." On September 17th she cut her sage and sold her onions. October 26th, 1850, she and Susannah went to visit the sick.

And so pass the years. Nearly ten years later, we see Patty as busy as ever.

On June 1st, 1861, she says: "I washed, and watered my garden. Sunday, 2. Called to see a sick child . . . Mr. Parry is engraving a stone for Mr. Sessions' grave. Tuesday, 4. I am crocheting . . ." Here we have reference to a child, Alzinia, which she kept for three years. But when she was going out to get some medicine for her, Patty fell from her neighbor's doorstep and sprained her ankle so badly that she did not recover for many weeks. Perrigrine made her some crutches. With these to help her get about, she continued watering and weeding her garden. She was at this time sixty-six years old. On Monday, August 12, she wrote: "Finished my comforter, commenced spinning. My foot is lame yet. September 1. I do not go to meeting; stay at home to watch my fruit to keep it from being stolen. Monday, 9. P.G. sent a man here for me to board while he works on the Tabernacle or theatre. Friday, 13. I pared apples and strung them to dry. October 1, 1861, Harriet has gone home. Alzinia has gone with her. I have clothed her up well; she has enough to last her more than one year. I have kept her almost three years. She is now almost nine years old, but I do not want her any longer."

In November, 1861, Patty's grandson, Carlos, who was on a journey in the mountains, froze his feet. She said: "If he had had to go one-half mile farther he could never have gotten back, not to save his life. Two men froze to death on this trip."

On January 20, 1862, Patty wrote: "I have washed, and been to the bishop's and settled by tithing, \$81.85 for last year"; (which indicates that her income had been ten times that much). She put four women to bed in rather rapid succession. And then, on her birthday, February 4, 1862, when she was sixty-seven years old, she went to a party with the high priests at the Social Hall. She wrote: "Brigham, Heber, and Daniel were there; we had a good

party." On March 24th, she wrote a "piece" to carry to the grammar school; it was the closing evening. On the 25th, she went to President Young's office and gave him \$175 cash "for him to use until I called for it." It is understood that Brigham Young put this money in the Perpetual Emigration Fund. On March 14th her nephew, Bartlett Tripp, "wished her to go to the theatre," but the roads were so bad that she could not go. (This was probably the Salt Lake Theatre, as it had been dedicated a few days before.)

Patty was at this time "feeble with toothache." In April she set out her strawberry vines. And now she was again busy attending the ill, for sickness was again prevalent. Nevertheless, on Thursday, the seventeenth, she commenced spinning. And on Wednesday, May 28, 1862, she wrote: "The water [City Creek] is so high we are afraid we shall all be washed out. Thursday, 29. Was up most of the night watching it. Friday, 30. I did not go to bed last night. This morning it came within one inch of running to my door. I hired a man to work and bank up my fence, and build an embankment across the sidewalk. Saturday, 31. Watched all night again. I have got the embankment done but we are none of us safe." The flood continued through the first part of June. She herself "paid out \$16 for help," and all the men of the town were busy trying to keep the water down, but it got into Patty's cellar. She was afraid it would wash her house away. The rain continued for three weeks. Patty left the city at one time in order to go up to Bountiful to put her son David's wife to bed with a child, but she hurried home to watch the water. She was afraid her house would fall down. Both P.G. and David came down to the city, bringing loads of brush to help her make new embankments. They worked all night, and still the water burst through. But at last she wrote: "Thursday, June 26. I think I need not move out. . . July 3rd. It is more than six weeks since I have lain in my bed all night." At last the danger was over.

On May 10, 1864, she bought two lots in "City Bountiful", paying William Jones two hundred dollars for them. Several years were to pass, however, before she built her home in that town. In the meantime she continued her work in Salt Lake City.

Patty records the stories of two cases, each of which was tragic. One of them concerned Susannah (Richards') patient. The arm of the babe was in the place "of birth" and could not be put back. Susannah sent for Patty. Patty sent for Sister Shearer.²⁵ All three of the midwives were at a loss and sent for the brethren. The doctor could not come, but Wilford Woodruff was there to administer to the patient. Still the child could not be born. No one could put the arm back to give it a chance for normal delivery. Just before the child died, the woman felt a strong lunge on the

25. A midwife.

left side of her body, and then she too, passed on. The doctor had arrived by this time, and with the help of the midwives took the baby from the mother's body, only to discover that it had broken through the uterine wall and was lying in the abdominal cavity. They washed and dressed it, and buried it in the arms of the mother. The case was a shock to the whole community. Brigham Young had to rebuke the people and ask them to say no more about it, as there was no fault to be found with anyone.

At another time a woman could not give birth after the head of her child had appeared. She was confined in a home that was far from any neighbor, and yet Patty managed to send for a doctor. But even he could do little more than she had done. The woman went through an agonizing ordeal. The child was at last taken from her body dead. But with all that the mother had gone through there had been no incision made, and she had been conscious to the very last. As she lay dying she looked into Patty's eyes and told her that she was well satisfied with what had been done. "I can meet you before the Lord, and hail you with joy," she whispered.

It would take the courage of a woman like Patty Sessions to record the details of cases like these. But Patty never failed in doing the right or courageous thing. And of the 3,977 babies that she brought, under favorable circumstances and adverse, these are the only other cases of which she had cause to note any particular difficulty. All through the years before she moved to Bountiful, she traveled to and from that town to wait upon the women of her own family. Perrigrine had fifty-five children; David had ten. And in addition to bringing most of her grandchildren, she was the attendant at the births of some of her great-grandchildren. She was present at the deaths of some of these descendants and at one or two of Perrigrine's wives. But Patty never failed to carry on. On December 31, 1866, she wrote: "The last day of this year. I feel thankful to the Lord for the preservation of my life thus far, and I desire to live the remainder of my life in His service and among His Saints, which may be gathered in the name of Jesus Christ." She was then nearly seventy-one years old.

After the Utah Central Railroad Company bought her property in Salt Lake City, Patty moved to Bountiful December 4, 1872, where she built a fine brick house and later a school, the Patty Sessions Academy, which was dedicated December 20, 1883, and which was designed mainly for the benefit of her grandchildren and the poor, who were permitted to attend without cost.

Her tithing receipts show that she had made good money on her farm and orchard. During the 1860's and the early 1870's she entered many accounts into her day book. Some of them show receipts for the funds put into her house. Others reveal an interesting light on the way in which she paid her tithes. One re-

ceipt pinned into the book says: "Amount of Tithing paid by Patty Sessions for 1865, \$86.25. Balance due her after settlement, \$39.00. Geo. D. Keaton, clerk." Following this, Patty has entered these items: "1866. Oct. 4, Paid tithing— $18\frac{3}{4}$ bushels apples, 1 peck plums, 4 qts. green gage, 8 bu. peaches."

"I delivered to Brother Evens (?) the above peaches."

The above entries indicate that she paid her tithe when her crops were on and that if, at the end of the year, she had paid more than one-tenth of her total income she was entitled to a refund. Also, these notations are interesting on their own account: "Feb. 1864, [no day given]. I have sent \$110.00 to buy a yoke of oxen to draw up the poor to Zion. April 29. I gave twenty dollars more to buy the oxen. . . May 11, 1865. One dollar paid Isaac Whitaker to buy wood for the poor."

In reference to her fruit, it might be said that Patty developed the "Sessions plum," which is sold on the Utah markets today.

She was eighty-five when she wrote on July 4, 1880: "We went to meeting. Monday, 5. We went to the celebration; (The Fourth of July, in Bountiful); enjoyed the time first rate. Tuesday, 6. I went to the Relief Society and to the store, got some calico for Betsey a dress; carried some tithing peas and fast donations. Wednesday, 7. Put on a rug." And here she describes the weaving of several carpets and the making of any number of block quilts. On Friday, the 16th, a Relief Society conference was held in Bountiful at which Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. H. Young were in attendance. To see these beloved friends was a joy to her.

On the 24th of July Patty must have gone down to Salt Lake City for the celebration of the entrance into the valley "33 years ago." She writes: "A grand time; staid all night at Tripps and went to meeting; then went to see a family who was burned by the explosion of a can of oil; the man and his wife and two children burnt bad; the little girl is dead. I then went again to Tripps, staid all night. Monday, July 26. Went up in town, got me a rocking chair and some other things and came home on the cars (the Utah Central Railroad). Tuesday, 27. Watered my lot and sewed ten pieces for a quilt. . . Teachers' meeting here.

"August 1. Warm days and cool nights. I take 3 papers; Deseret News, Juvenile Instructor and Woman's Exponent. I read them all . . . Thursday, 12. Got me a dress cut. Friday, 13. Made it and bask. Saturday, 14. Have got my Lucern²⁶ cut and in the barn. The rest of my time I have worked on my rug. Saturday.

26. "Mormon" name for Alfalfa. Joseph Horne is said to have brought the seed for this hay with him on his return from his first Mission to Switzerland. He was unable to remember the name "alfalfa" when he showed the seed to Brigham Young, who said, "Never mind the name, we'll call it 'Lucerne', after the place from where you brought it." (Reported by Mrs. Elizabeth S. Wilcox.) This may be a folk tale. "Lucerne" is used in the East as a name for alfalfa. Hamilton Gardner's *History of Lehi*, p. 153, accredits Isaac Goodwin with bringing the first alfalfa seed in 1859, from California.

A letter from W. C. A. Smoot yesterday. Sunday, 14. I wrote a letter to W. C. A. Smoot. Friday, 20. Finished my rug. Sunday, 22. All well. Went to meeting. Tuesday, 24. Got ready to go to Cache Valley; we went. Wedn. . ." But there the existing diary ends.

It seems fitting that it should close on a word that remained to be completed. Her work was not done. It seems as if her hand, even now, could pen another and yet another day in a diary whose pages will live forever. . . Her life span covered almost a century, for she was nearing her ninety-ninth year when death came on December 14, 1893.

Zina D. H. Young— Among the important midwives of Salt Lake City, was Zina D. H. Young. Of all the phases of this woman's many-sided, brilliant life, none was of more significance than her attendance upon the sick. Her husband, Brigham Young, asked her to study obstetrics that she might take care of his family. She brought almost every one of his more than fifty children into the world, as well as hundreds of other babies. And yet she was so versatile in her activities and was called upon to hold so many positions of responsibility in the L. D. S. Church that she is more often mentioned in one of her numerous church offices, than as a nurse. Nevertheless she worked through the night, ministering to the sick, serving as a midwife, and as a presence in the room of death, calm, inspirational, efficient and comforting to those who were bereaved.

If we let the light of time model her as a young girl in the Mormon city of Kirtland, Ohio, we see her as a companion to her mother, beginning her work with the sick, the needy, and the poor, when she was but thirteen years of age.²⁷ She was also a member of the Mormon Temple choir at Kirtland, hopeful, ardent, and thrilled with the new religion which her entire family had embraced in Watertown, New York.

Her father, William Huntington, had provided a spacious, well-kept home in Watertown, where Zina was born January 31, 1821. He was a man of substantial means. Still he and his wife taught their children thrift and industry. With her sisters and her mother, Zina learned to reel, spin and weave, not only wool but flax from which the bed and table linens were made. On being baptized into the Mormon Church, the family moved westward to Ohio. It was here, at her most impressionable age, that Zina became in very deed her mother's companion when she was chosen to go with her among the sick. When she was only fourteen her mother died, leaving her with the responsibility of her father's large family. Mrs. Huntington had, however, laid for this

27. May Booth Talmage, *Young Woman's Journal*, Vol. 5, p. 256.

girl the foundation for a remarkable life, and Zina met her duties with the selfless love which characterized her always.

In Nauvoo her father married again. Zina became the wife of Henry Jacobs, and the mother of a son. When next we see her, it is as a member of the rolling encampments, traveling with her husband and their child toward the distant mountains, under the leadership of Brigham Young. Her name was mentioned in the journal of Patty Sessions in connection with the birth of her second son, on the banks of the Chariton River in Iowa. "Now, Sister Zina," said the captain of the company in which they were traveling, "you go just as long as you can. When you say stop, we'll halt."²⁸

A few hours after the child was born, she continued her journey. The company had halted only long enough for the birth to occur. Now Zina lay upon a feather bed which was placed on the ends of some wooden barrels. She could feel the iron hoops protruding above the level of the barrel tops as the wagon jounced along. Her husband took care of her while she was in bed, but the baby, whom she named after the river, was still young when Mr. Jacobs returned to the States, leaving Zina's father to see her safely to Mount Pisgah. She spent the coming winter in this farming place; but when Brigham Young returned from his headquarters to this settlement in the following spring, he drove her back with him to Winter Quarters, where he later married her.

Zina reached Salt Lake City in 1848, feeling somewhat sad, she said, because she was not an 1847 pioneer, but smiling and courageous, a young woman of twenty-seven, ready for whatever the new life might bring. Her only child by Brigham Young, a daughter, was born in 1850. She would have liked a large family, but misfortune overtook her in this respect. Perhaps that is one reason for her great sympathy with motherhood and women in confinement. When she was asked to care for four of Brigham's children whose mother Clarissa Ross had died, Zina took them and loved them as her very own. Her apartment in the Lion House where she lived, together with many of Brigham's other wives, after it was completed in 1855, was bright with their laughter. But long before she moved into the Lion House, she was at work under interesting circumstances.

When people started moving from the Old Fort in Salt Lake City onto their city lots, Brigham built an adobe house, a low-roofed, humble looking structure from without, having two doors and opening side by side in the center-front, each flanked by a window. True, from the exterior, the house was lowly in appearance, but within, it was characteristic of Brigham's style, charming with distinguished, hand-carved furniture, a large mirror and a corner fireplace in each of the two front rooms; and it was the

28. Mrs. Emma R. Jacobs, daughter-in-law, wife of Chariton, Interviewer.



ZINA D. H. YOUNG

Jan. 31, 1821 - Aug. 28, 1901

MARY JANE MCCLEAVE MEEKS

Aug. 21, 1840 - Jan. 19, 1933

SARAH HEALD GREENHALGH

Nov. 27, 1827 - Jan. 14, 1922

PHEBE AMELIA RICHARDS PEART

June 7, 1851—Still living

birthplace of five of his children by three mothers. Consequently, it is not difficult to fancy Zina at work in this dwelling. There is no record to tell us that it was she who watched at the bedside of the mothers of these children, but since she was the midwife for Brigham's wives, there is no reason to believe that she was not.

She was inherently fitted for her work. Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, who knew her well, wrote of her: "In the sickroom she was a ministering angel, having always something to suggest that would be soothing and restful; she was a natural nurse, and she invariably inspired confidence. Her strongest capabilities lay in nursing the sick. . . . No other woman knew better what to do when death came into a home . . . Numberless instances might be cited of her ministrations among the sick, when she seemed to be inspired by some higher power than her own. . . ." ²⁹

When Emmeline herself was a young girl and lay at death's door, no one seemed to know what to do for her until Zina Young appeared. Mother Whitney said to her: "The Lord has sent you, Sister Zina. You can surely do something to save her." Calmly, and without losing any time, Zina prepared restoratives, and soon there was rejoicing instead of grief.

Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Emma Jacobs, wife of Chariton, says that she was the dearest woman in the world, and the only one she herself ever had the privilege of calling mother. "My own mother died when I was little more than a baby," said Emma. "I stayed with Zina the night before I was married. When I suggested that I should like to call her mother, she put her arms around me and said, 'Indeed, you may!' I have loved her ever since."

"She often mentioned the rides she had taken at night, both in winter and summer, to reach her cases," continued Mrs. Jacobs. "I am sure she saved the life of my first child."

On this occasion, Zina went to Ogden. Emma and Chariton had moved there to live. As Emma lay in labor with this baby she heard a voice at the door. "Surprise!" called Zina in her sweet, clear voice. On her own part this was a much-loved greeting. She liked nothing better than to poke her head through the door at the home of one or another of her children and call to them in this manner. She was a medium-sized, dainty woman, who brought joy with her wherever she went. Now, however, Emma's answer was none too gay, for she was dangerously ill.

A midwife stood near, apparently unable to deliver the child. Zina herself took charge for the moment. Upon examining her daughter-in-law, she realized that the baby could not be born under normal circumstances. Turning to her son, she said, "Chariton, we need a doctor for this girl."

29. Emmeline B. Wells, Zina D. H. Young, Improvement Era, v. 5, p. 43.

"No, Mother. I don't think we do," he replied. "We've got a midwife. Emma will be all right." His firm conviction was that his wife would be all right, but his mother said:

"No. Go at once for the doctor."

Chariton no longer questioned her word. The case required instruments, and when the baby was born, it was a girl, dark and discolored. The doctor, going to work over the mother, laid the infant aside without hope of saving her. But the midwife and Zina, helped the little thing to find the breath of life. They would not give her up. And at last, the baby uttered her cry.

Zina's presence in the room that day meant the difference between life and death, possibly for both mother and child. The mother was her own son's beloved wife. The child has lived to have four fine children of her own. There must be thousands of others who could call this woman blessed, though she lives now in memory only.

In her old age, Zina was blessed and promised that her last days would be her best. And so it was. She had much happiness with her children. On August 28, 1901, she slept quietly away. In her last illness she had known much suffering, but when death came, peace was in her room, even as she had brought repose and quietness to others.

Margery Lisk Spence³⁰—Another important midwife of Salt Lake City was Margery Lisk Spence, who was born in the Shetland Islands off the coast of Scotland, February 18, 1811. She joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in London in 1853, and was for many years a faithful member of the London Conference.

Her daughter, Emma, married Thomas Ellerbeck, secretary to Brigham Young. Mr. Ellerbeck sent money for his wife's parents and her younger brother, Will Spence, to come to Utah. They arrived in Salt Lake City, September 3, 1866.

Margery Spence found an important and useful place in the community awaiting her. She took hold, and to quote from her obituary notice, "Sister Spence was well known in every part of the city as a skillful and successful nurse and midwife. She was ready at any hour of the day or night to attend those in need of her services. She was ever affable, patient and kind and very successful in cases of childbirth. She will be affectionately remembered by hosts of ladies who were blessed by her presence and attention during the trying hours of giving birth . . ."

In appearance Margery Spence was small and dainty, but possessed great strength in her hands and arms. Her husband,

30. Parsons, Elizabeth Spence Barrows—granddaughter—(Sketch).

John Spence, a retired sea captain, was a helpless invalid with asthma, and the tiny wife was his doctor and nurse.

They lived in a small house, built for them by Thomas Ellerbeck on his estate, which was where the Horace Mann public school of Salt Lake City now stands.

There are a few old timers still living who remember Sister Spence and her work as a midwife in the period from 1866 to 1880. One person who loved her well is Mrs. George Careless, of Salt Lake City, now eighty-four years old, who recalls her fine service as being indispensable to the community.

Both Margery and her daughter, Elizabeth, had done nursing in England for soldiers wounded in the Crimean War. This training proved invaluable to Margery in her work in Utah. She continued serving until close to the time of her death, on December 30, 1882.

Other Midwives—There were other midwives in Salt Lake City,—for example, Janet Downie Hardie, a pupil of Sir Josiah Simpson of Edinburgh, who was the first to use chloroform in obstetrics; Almena Randall Farr and Eliza Wesley, who practiced with Dr. W. F. Anderson—and hundreds of them in the settlements. Often they had to be the doctor in cases of serious disease. They attended the old as well as the young; they set bones and performed minor surgery. Their success was remarkable, though in their obstetrical work, the puerperal fever was at times alarmingly prevalent. Women here as elsewhere had their lessons to learn.

In the outlying settlements there were times when no midwife was to be had for a woman in labor. In such trials a daughter, a mother, or a "sister wife,"³¹ though the substitute be in her early 'teens and entirely without experience, has been called upon to deliver the child. According to authoritative oral evidence an eleven-year-old girl once helped her mother in a case of *placenta previa*. The girl's brothers and sisters were sent outdoors during the ordeal, for the family was living in a one-room log cabin. The father was not at home, nor the "sister wife", when the emergency came upon the mother.

"If I should faint," she said to her young daughter, "hold the camphor to my nose. Don't give me too much, though," she pleaded, "for that would be dangerous." The mother turned her face to the wall, and the little girl thinking that she expected to die, wept as she helped her. When at last the father came home he sent for the midwife as fast as his small son could ride for her. The old woman arrived wet to the knees with the mud and slime through which the horse had passed; but she was too late to be of service in the birth of the baby.

"Don't cry," the midwife said to the young daughter. "I could have done nothing you did not do." But the memory of the still-

31. A term referring to a polygamous wife.

born child and the mother's suffering could never be effaced from the young girl's memory.

During the long period in which the work of the midwife prevailed, a vast majority of lives were saved. Most of these women were outstanding in the communities in which they lived. There were Sister Fielding of Salt Lake City, Sister Neff of Mill Creek, Sister Ipson of Beaver, Sister Hendry and Sister Hathaway of Ogden, and Grandma Smith of Huntsville. Some of the women were known only by their last names. Relatives today can recall them in no other way.

"What was her first name?" I asked of the woman who told me of Mrs. Fielding.

"Why, I don't know," said the more than eighty-year-old speaker, looking puzzled. "She was just 'Sister' Fielding. I was only eight when mother said, 'Daughter, run for Sister Fielding. Tell her I am very ill.'"

There was also Sister Swan of Preston, Idaho, about whom a young man wrote to his mother, asking for the first name of this "angel of mercy", as he sincerely described her. "Why", replied the mother, "how should I know? We never spoke of her as anyone but 'Sister Swan.'"

One day this woman's husband was bringing Sister Swan to his wife in a great hurry. They were riding in a bobsled, a wagon put down on sledge-runners, because it was midwinter and the snow was deep. As he came up from a "Thank-you-Mom", (a dip in the ground causing a person to bow as if he were indeed thanking somebody), the bobsled gave a terrific lurch. Presently the man looked around to see if the midwife was all right. To his surprise, she was missing. He found her in the bottom of the dip, still so well bundled in her woolen wraps she had been unable to rise.³²

Out of the urgency for proper care during childbirth in the great colonization movement of Utah, a large group of women doctors emerged, but it was not until twenty-five years after the entrance of the Mormons into the valleys of the Great Basin, that Brigham Young asked the first of them, Romania Bunnell Pratt,³³ to attend the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. The number of women doctors in Utah increased until there was probably a larger percentage of them in proportion to the population, than could be found elsewhere, with the possible exception of Russia, which country was the first in the world to open the doors of medicine to women. In the meantime a great many midwives carried on with fine skill.

Among the excellent practitioners of the smaller communities there were also the well-loved Mrs. Margaret Galbraith Manning of Hooper, mother of Dr. Jane M. Skolfield, Mrs. Augustus Dorius

32. Vernon E. Jarman, Salt Lake City, Utah, Interview.

33. See this issue of the Quarterly, p. 28.

Stevens of Ephraim, San Pete County; Jane Patterson Brough, of Porterville, Morgan County, and Hanna Maria Aylett and Mary Argent of West Jordan.³⁴ Some of them went afoot at night in the dead of winter, carrying a lantern to light the way.

Phebe Amelia Richards Peart³⁵—In the town of Farmington, twenty miles north of Salt Lake City, Phebe Richards, born June 7, 1851, daughter of Dr. Willard Richards, began to practice nursing when she was fourteen years old. Even before she commenced her work she showed strong leanings toward it. As her daughter says: "When she was on her first case, she decided that some day she would be a midwife. Being aware of the prejudice that existed against the services of men doctors for women in confinement, and knowing how greatly midwives were needed, she looked forward to the day when she could study for this profession. Times were hard, however, and there was no money to spend in this way. Her father had died in 1854; moreover, she was hardly old enough to be admitted to this field of learning. But the ambition remained uppermost in her mind and some four years later, after she had become Mrs. Jacob Peart Jr., she laid her plans before her husband and also her mother, Mary Thompson Richards. She asked their permission and their help in taking a course of study under Dr. Shipp.³⁶ It was, however, obvious, from the start that she could expect neither encouragement nor help from her family. Both her husband and her mother were bitterly opposed to the suggestion. They held to the then popular conviction that a woman's place is in the home. To them it seemed unthinkable that Phebe should attempt such a career.

The Relief Society was sympathetic to her desire, and through it, even in the face of dire opposition at home, Phebe eventually completed her training and received from Dr. Shipp a certificate which made her eligible to practice nursing and obstetrics.

For many years thereafter Phebe worked in her chosen field, even though she herself found time to give birth to seven children. Much of her service was given gratis, as a labor of love to the needy, and it was with much affection that the people of the various communities in which she lived called her, almost unanimously, "Aunt Phebe", whether they were related to her or not.

Rare indeed was loss of life under the watchful eye and patient administration of this good woman. She was said to have had the gift of healing in her touch. Many patients insisted that they drew strength from her strong healthy body while she massaged them. She was a strong advocate of massage, and also of the sweat bath.

34. The list is far from complete. The author realizes that many remarkable midwives have not come to her attention.

35. Mrs. Amelia Peart MacDonald—daughter—(Sketch).

36. See this issue of the Quarterly, p. 31.

The babies that she brought into the world number hundreds. In those days it was not uncommon for the midwife or nurse to do all of the housework, the cooking and washing for an entire family, and to keep an eye on the smaller members of the brood, while all the time she was caring for the mother and the newborn babe. But having been blessed with a physique that was exceptional in its strength and endurance, Phebe considered no task too great to surmount. Hard labor and loss of sleep were taken in her stride.

Mrs. Peart worked tirelessly and uncomplainingly in this field of labor that she so loved. She left much cheer and comfort in her wake. Tall and queenly in her youth and possessing dark eyes, dark curls, and rosy cheeks, she was often spoken of as "the black-eyed beauty". She is yet active at the remarkable age of ninety-one years, and the urge to nurse the sick is still strong within her. Whenever there is sickness near her she usually remarks to the patient:

"Oh, I wish I could get in and nurse as I used to do. I'm sure I could straighten you up in no time, but I haven't the strength any more."

Paulina Phelps Lyman — A near contemporary of Zina D. H. Young, was Paulina Phelps Lyman. And yet she did not commence her real work as a midwife until she was past sixty years of age. She was born March 20, 1827, at Lawrence, Illinois. When Zina was retiring from her profession, Paulina was at the height of her obstetrical work, having but recently graduated as a nurse. She practiced in southern Utah, where she had helped to pioneer the way.

Her mother died when she was fourteen, leaving her with the responsibility of her father's large family and home until he married a second time. In January, 1846, when she was nineteen, she was married to Apostle Amasa M. Lyman in the Nauvoo Temple. Nevertheless she drove a four-horse team across the state of Iowa to pay her way in the exodus. Nor was she too well when she undertook the care of these animals. Her first child was born at Winter Quarters. In the meantime she was nursing the woman for whose husband she was driving the team. When his wife died, she cared for his eight children for a time, at least. She arrived in Salt Lake City in 1848, living in the Old Fort for one year.

In the late 50's she went with her three children to Parowan. When her "sister wife", Cornelia L. Lyman, came from California with her two boys, she shared her home with them, taking care of Cornelia, who was frail and ill. Again she nursed a woman through her last illness, and when Cornelia died she took the two boys, who grew up as if they were her very own. While still

young, she was left a widow, though she now had eight sons and a daughter of her own. Now indeed she toiled early and late to support her numerous family. And still she presided at the births of more than 500 babies. Later, she herself taught classes in nursing in the town where she lived.

The following description was given of her by Mrs. Elizabeth S. Wilcox, who was a child when Mrs. Lyman visited the home of Mrs. Wilcox's mother in Salt Lake City. "Aunt P'lina," said Mrs. Wilcox, giving the popular pronunciation of the name with the long "I", "was tall, straight, and slender. She had light blue eyes, graying hair, and an aquiline nose. All of her features were clear-cut. Her manner was quiet; she was soft spoken, and yet very positive in knowing what she wished to do. She was also very friendly, carrying always a warm, hospitable air. She wore dark, inconspicuous clothing, white knitted stockings, wool or cotton, according to the season. It was easier to wash the dust from them than it is to clear the smoke from white things nowadays, although then one stood over a washboard, using homemade soap.

"At home, Aunt P'lina had always acted in cases of emergency, and at last she came to Salt Lake City to study with Dr. Ellis R. Shipp. She used to visit at mother's house; you can depend upon it that mother gave her a welcome. I was only a little girl, but I remember her well. I once heard her say: 'Why, I've driven my horse belly-deep in mud with the wheels of the buggy sunk to the hub to get to some of my patients'." ³⁷

Her son, William H. Lyman, has written the following sketch of her work.³⁸ He says: "What I am able to give will be from my recollection of mother's work. Of course it is remarkable and rather unusual for a woman of her age to enter school and take training as she did. In the time that she had outside of her professional work as a midwife, she practiced medicine in a general way, and was busy most of the time, taking care of the sick with various ailments. I will attempt to relate a few of the outstanding cases that she treated. One very remarkable incident was the case of a young girl who, in playing with a powder can, ignited it. The explosion burned her face until all the skin on it hung in blisters and rags. Mother applied linseed oil all over her face and then put a mask on, covering her entire face, and then varnished it with varnish. Her face healed up under that treatment. When the mask was taken off there was not a scar to be seen. She had many patients afflicted with typhoid fever, and scarlet fever, and was extremely successful in her practice.

"In regard to the methods of transportation will say that the small fee that she received for her services caused her to

37. Mrs. Elizabeth S. Wilcox, Interview, Feb. 8, 1942, Salt Lake City, Utah.

38. William H. Lyman, Parowan, Utah, letter to the author, Feb. 10, 1942.

depend on those she served. I remember one incident where the Indians were camped about eight miles west of Parowan, near the town of Summit. A young Indian squaw was confined. The women about her became alarmed, and a squaw was sent a distance of about two miles to the little town of Summit in order to get help. A man in Summit hooked his team up on a lumber wagon and drove through the mud to Parowan to get mother's assistance. During the time she was getting her satchel and preparing to make the trip, the old squaw who had accompanied the man from Summit, made a hurried tour of the neighbors to collect some food to take back to the camp. When they arrived, the children of the camp gathered around the old squaw, and she divided the food out to them. Mother waited on the young squaw and saved the baby, and arrived home safely after having a rather rough ride. After witnessing the hunger of the children in the camp, she resolved never to turn the Indians away from her door without giving them some food.

"Her services were required in the neighboring towns of Paragonah and Summit. The father of the family usually came with a wagon or sleigh. In her own community she usually walked and carried her own satchel.

"When she finished her training under Mrs. Shipp, she was set apart by an apostle. If my memory serves me right, it was Apostle Franklin D. Richards. She was promised in that blessing that she should know on the impulse of the moment what to do when she entered the sick room.

"When she returned from Salt Lake City after her training under Dr. Shipp, she gave two women, who were nominated by the Relief Society of Parowan, a thorough course in obstetrics. She remained active in her work almost until her death, which came October 11, 1912."

Annie Bryceon Laker — The life of Mrs. Annie Bryceon Laker was almost contemporaneous with that of Paulina Lyman. Having been born July 12, 1832, she was only seven years her junior, but her work as a midwife commenced early, and without the benefit of training from any of the women doctors. Annie was old at her job when Paulina went to medical school, for she was young when she was confronted with her work. Having been sent with her young husband to "strengthen" the settlements of Southern Idaho, she was in a position to use all the skill in midwifery that she had gained when she first made her home in the West.

Life multiplied its experiences for her in rapid succession. She was but seventeen, when as an outcast for having joined the Mormon Church, she left her home, a gentle one, in London, England. But it seems that her people forgave her, for a time at

least, when they sheltered her and her twenty-year-old husband, Lashbrook Laker, while the young couple waited two weeks for their sailing vessel to start for America.

In New York, where Lashbrook was a silversmith, Annie bore a daughter, and adopted a son. Both of the children died, but in Connecticut, where she lived for a few years, she gave birth to three more daughters. Then in 1861 the family moved to Utah, where they settled, near Grantsville, forty miles west of Salt Lake City. Here another daughter was born, and here also Annie Laker had many thrilling experiences with the Indians. She won them from hostility to friendship through saving the life of one of their babies who had been ill. And here she was at work as a midwife. While her husband, who had disliked being a silversmith, even in London, cultivated the land, she kept house in her log cabin and visited the sick.

In 1864 the Lakers were asked to join a party of pioneers who had been chosen to colonize Southern Idaho. After driving north to make a wide circle, they came southward through a "wilderness of sagebrush"³⁹ to break "the sod for a new town which they named Saint Charles, in honor of the pioneer Apostle, Charles C. Rich, who was called to lead the settlers of the valley.

Annie became the "main obstetrical woman"⁴⁰ of St. Charles and continued so for many years.

Three more children were born to her in this village, two daughters and an only son, though the Lakers had again adopted a boy. The first of these girls, Elizabeth (Libby), arrived before the new home could be built. She was born in the midst of a violent rainstorm, the water running in streams along the ground under the tent in which the mother was lying. It seeped through the roof so fast that pans were placed on the bed to catch the water during the birth of the baby.⁴¹

Besides her large family, Mrs. Laker, who was a diminutive woman, but bright and sparkling in her personality, had many church duties. She was first president of the Stake Relief Society, and then of the Stake Primary Association.⁴² She traveled on long tours, visiting the organizations of the far-flung Stake. She and her party would fill a good-sized surrey and make the rounds of the countryside. People welcomed them into their homes with never a thought of any inconvenience that might possibly be caused. They were proud to have them cross their

39. Willard Laker, Sketch of Lashbrook Laker, Ms., (possession Mrs. Maude Laker, Magna, Utah).

40. Mrs. Mary Jacobs Rich, friend and counselor in the Primary Association to Mrs. Laker, Bear Lake Stake, Idaho. To Mrs. Rich, the author is indebted for much of the material concerning Mrs. Laker.

41. Matthew Noall, husband of Libby Laker Noall.

42. An organization of the L. D. S. (Mormon) Church for week-day religious education of children from 4 to 12 years of age.

thresholds. When one duty conflicted with another while she was at home, she called in an assistant to take over the Church work. For while there were some who could substitute for her in this respect, there were none who could take her place at the bedside of birth or in the sick room.

Her practice took her to nearby towns, one of them a hamlet far up on the Bear River. She made her own medicines, having a formula which was helpful in stopping hemorrhages. When she was called to pneumonia cases, or sickness of any kind, she remained in the home both night and day. She was called to wash and lay out the dead, for there were no undertakers in St. Charles. The Relief Society prepared the women while the Priesthood took care of the men. Burial clothes were made at home, with the young girls helping in times of emergency.

In mid-winter, Mrs. Laker usually went to her cases in a bobsled, though she sometimes rode on horseback, sitting behind the man who had come for her. In the worst of the blizzards, however, she always went in a sled, wrapped in her woolens. She knitted petticoats, hose, and gloves, the latter of which she sometimes foxed, or trimmed down the center with a fringe of buckskin. Her shoes, like most of those of the settlement, were made by "Brother" Bergren, a Scandinavian cobbler. They were of home-tanned leather, and were heavy and hard to wear. They usually pinched across the joints, and since people had no rubbers, they were oiled with melted tallow which was soaked into the leather. "I used to think I'd die with chilblains," said Mrs. Rich, when telling the story of Annie Laker. Even so, people who had shoes of leather were lucky. In the early days of Bear Lake, some women made a covering for their children's feet from cloth, or anything they could get. Those who were lucky enough to do so, wore moccasins, made and sold by Indian squaws. These, however, were considered their "Sunday best."

Other women colored their yarns and then by the fire-light in the evening, wove and made not only their own clothes, but their husbands' as well. They sewed while the father read aloud. Occasionally they were interrupted by the Bishop, who, if it so happened, might put his head in the door and say: "There'll be a party tonight; everybody come and bring your candles." But while these activities were going on in the homes, Mrs. Laker's work was of another nature. And though she had had no special training for her calling, she had an almost perfect record of success with her many cases. "You know, Mary," she said to her friend, Mrs. Rich, "the strength that comes to us is from the Priesthood, and the power we receive through the Priesthood is from our Father in Heaven." Faith as well as skill gave her the strength for her work. Sometimes, it is true, she had to call upon one or another of the "brethren" in the actual delivery

of a child. She used no instruments, but worked only with her hands. In an emergency, if she required assistance, she was wise enough to recognize the fact, and when she asked for help she received it. She was loved, almost worshiped, in the district where she labored, for she came close to the hearts of the people, and never once did she fail or betray their confidence. She died August 18, 1921, at the age of eighty-seven.

Mrs. Laker was not the only midwife in this district. Mrs. Orissa Allred attended Annie Laker when her children were born. Mrs. Annie Hillier and a Sister Bridges worked in Montpelier, Idaho, about twelve miles north of St. Charles. It was to this city that Dr. C. Hoover, a non-Mormon, came in 1884 as the first doctor in the Bear Lake district. The midwives were glad to see him, for then in times of need they could call on him. But also in this region, there was a Sister Sparks of Dingle, and a Sister Findlay of Paris, a town on the very shore of the Lake; and Mrs. Emeline Rich of Paris, who took a course in nursing in Provo.⁴³

Sarah Heald Greenhalgh—In Bloomington, a settlement three miles east of St. Charles, Idaho, there was a woman who was also sincerely loved and respected for her work—Mrs. Sarah Heald Greenhalgh. She was born in Lancashire, England, November 27, 1827. Mrs. Greenhalgh came to the United States in 1854 and went to Bear Lake County about 1865. She had ten children, one of whom was buried at sea. She became a midwife when she went to Idaho. Although having no special training for her work, when she moved into the country there were no doctors, and she, being able, "had the job to do."⁴⁴

She, too, covered a large territory, going from Montpelier to Fish Haven and Laketown (two villages near Bear Lake), a distance of nearly thirty miles. She worked at her profession from about 1865 to 1903, traveling by team and wagon in all kinds of weather, some of it far below zero. Rain or shine, night or day, she was ready to go when needed. When Annie Laker became president of the Primary, Sarah Greenhalgh took her place as president of the Relief Society. The two women labored side by side in their church duties; and they were an inspiration to each other in their work as midwives. Sarah and her husband sang beautifully together. They were asked to sing at nearly every gathering held in Bloomington and the surrounding towns for a period of over forty years.

She was called from her home hundreds of times to wash and lay out the dead. On many an occasion, after cooking a good meal for her large family, she would hear a knock at the door before she herself was seated at the table. Sometimes, in answer

43. Mrs. Mary Jacobs Rich—Interview.

44. Franklin Greenhalgh—Son—Letter.

to the knock, she would be gone for a week or more, depending upon the nature of the case to which she had been called.

Her granddaughter⁴⁵ writes of her: "During the bitter Bear Lake winters, Grandma often found warm bricks under the patched quilts in the bottom of the bobsleighs in which she rode. As the anxious driver urged the team to greater speed, Grandma's beautiful voice could be heard above the jingle of the sleighbells, singing 'Bell Brandon,' 'The Rain,' or one or another of her lovely songs.

"Often she was paid for her services in produce, although much of her work was done as charity, because food was scarce and money was almost a minus quantity.

"My mother was born after the family moved to Bear Lake. Grandma did her laundry the third day after mother's birth. The home was run with precision and efficiency. Well-cooked meals were served on an exact schedule. Every day had its specific routine, which was cared for by the children when Grandma was away. She carded all the wool and spun the yarn. This yarn was sent to the weaver, but on its return Grandma dyed the material and made suits for Grandpa and clothes for the rest of the family.

"Long after other midwives and doctors located in Bear Lake County, her services were sought because of her unusual success. I remember her as a calm, reserved, yet forceful character, capable of meeting any situation with courage and faith."

Like many of the other midwives in this story, Mrs. Greenhalgh was a slender, dainty woman. She, too, met personal grief. Sometimes, in the midst of her family, she would tell how nearly her heart was broken when the body of one of her babies, strapped to a weighted board, was lowered into the sea from the sailing vessel on which she was crossing to America. She was young then, but she was eighty-six years old when one of her married daughters, who was only forty-three, and was leaving a husband and ten children to survive her, was buried. Nor did one grief balance another. The latter made her realize how full the cup can be when life runs long into years. "My baby," she said to her daughter, as this very beautiful young woman lay in her coffin, "how could I know that I would bury you?" Sarah had traveled by team to Montpelier, Idaho, and from there by train to Logan, Utah, to be present at the funeral. She put her arms around her child and kissed her. Then she straightened, ready to meet whatever was to come.

Sarah Greenhalgh died January 14, 1922, when she was ninety-five years old.

45. Mrs. Genevieve H. Wilcox—Interview.

Mary Jane McCleave Meeks — Among the departments organized in the United Order of Orderville, at Orderville, Utah,⁴⁶ was one for midwifery, described as follows: "On the 10th of January, 1875, the Board of Directors decided that the regular price for each case for the midwife should be \$3.00. Those in the midwifery department were Ann Rice, Mercy Harmon, Priscilla Porter, Marinda Black, Harriet A. Bowers. The first was foreman; the latter was set apart to learn and practice, which she has done to this day, June 29th, 1908."⁴⁷

However, in 1876, another midwife, Mary Jane McCleave Meeks,^{47a} the youngest wife of Dr. Priddy Meeks, moved into this town with its ochre hills and narrow canyons winding back into their reaches. She was born in Belfast, Ireland, August 21, 1840, and was baptized in the Irish Sea when she was eight years old. When she was sixteen the family sailed for America, and came to Utah in the second handcart company, with Daniel McArthur as captain.⁴⁸ The chorus that rang from the prairies as she pushed her heavy handcart ran like this:

Some must push and some must pull,
As we go marching up the hill;
So merrily on our way we go
Until we reach the valley.

Her father died September 23, 1856, just two days before the company reached the Salt Lake Valley. Mary Jane went to work for a family named Gifford, but that same autumn was married in polygamy to Dr. Priddy Meeks,⁴⁹ who was nearly sixty-two. She was not yet seventeen.

They lived at the north end of Long Valley Canyon at the time of the massacre of the Berry brothers by the Indians in 1866, but moved away with the other settlers. After their return to Long Valley, Mary Jane commenced practicing midwifery.

Her daughter, Mrs. Ellen Meeks Hoyt, of Orderville, herself now seventy-five years old, writes: "I remember mother took care of five pair of twins, during her time of bringing babies. If my memory and those of others who live here serve, she never had a woman or a baby die out of the seven hundred cases she cared for. She used to walk great distances, three and four miles, to look after her patients. She has come home with some of her clothes gone; had torn them off to make some poor woman comfortable. One time she came without her underskirt. 'What did you do with it?' we asked. 'The poor woman had none, so I gave her mine,' she replied. Another time she came home in her stocking feet. We asked her where her shoes were. 'The poor

46. Utah Historical Quarterly, United Order of Orderville, Oct., 1939, p. 141.

47. F. L. Porter, "Record of the United Order."

47a. See this issue of the Quarterly, p. 189.

48. Hattie Esplin, Orderville, Ut., manuscript.

49. See Journal of Priddy Meeks, this issue of the Quarterly, p. 145.

woman had none, so I gave her mine as I have another pair at home.'

"Mother was very successful in her administration with the sick. She used only the herbs that grew around us. Some she raised. Father was a Thomsonian⁵⁰ doctor, so she learned these things from him.

"She was blessed and set apart. I just don't remember which one of the apostles it was. She was very humble and prayerful in her calling. Never felt she was doing too much. She was very jolly, always had her patients laughing. Her wonderful disposition and sweet nature assisted her greatly in her labors. She was very witty, like all Irish people, I suppose.

"One night a deaf and dumb man walked on into the bedroom, took hold of her and shook her. She awoke, was soon ready to get in the wagon, and was gone. She said there had been many come for her help that she did not know, but she never refused to go. In summer she sometimes rode the hayrack, but in winter she often went in a bobsled dressed in her fur cape and with a fascinator wound around her head.

"Sometimes she would have to go fifty miles to far-away farms and ranches. Once when someone called to get her she was away attending others. The children became quite alarmed when they could not find her, fearing that she might have fallen in one of the vats of the tannery, which stood near the hills across the street. But in due time she returned. She never left a woman until she was taken care of properly.

"She was called out in the night at one time to go up the canyon twelve miles. The horses became frightened and ran away, throwing her out of the spring seat. She hit the front of the wagon, bruising her face and loosening some of her teeth, which caused her a great deal of pain and suffering for a number of years, but she never quit going.

"Many times she would have to leave her own children for weeks at a time, and they would not know where she was or when she would return. She practiced midwifery in Long Valley for twenty years. Though she was only thirty-six when she returned to the Valley, she was between forty and fifty when she commenced this work. As long as the Order was in existence, she put her allotted \$3.00 into it. Sometimes she was paid in store pay, sometimes in vegetables or flour. If she received produce it went into the common storehouse; if she received neither produce nor money, her labor was noted in the books, to accumulate as a dividend.

"She waited on the three wives of one man, and earned enough money to buy father (Dr. Priddy Meeks), a headstone."

Mrs. Ida Meeks Balken, Mary Jane's granddaughter, says

50. See this issue of the Quarterly, p. 44.

that as a child, whenever she heard "an old wagon" come rumbling down the street in the middle of the night, she knew that her grandmother would be gone in the morning, and that sometimes she would not see her again for a week or more.

When Mrs. Meeks was eighty-three she visited in Salt Lake City at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Balken, who occasionally drove her to the airport to see the planes take off. Mrs. Meeks never lost the thrill of seeing them leave the ground. She had an enormous desire to go up. "My darling," she said to Mrs. Balken, "when I came pulling a handcart into this valley, I little dreamed that I would live to see the day when people would come flying in here through the air."

At the house one day, she looked in the mirror, and noting her wrinkles, said to herself, "Why, Mary Jane, how could *you* have come to this?" "Nowadays," she said to Mrs. Balken, "the young men won't look at the girls unless they're all fixed up, and I don't blame them. However could I have reached such a state?" She sighed as she contemplated her wrinkles, but in the next moment she was laughing at herself. Her joy in life never ceased.

She was delighted with the modern conveniences of her granddaughter's home. Looking about her one day, she said, "When I see the things you are surrounded with, I can't help thinking of the time when I was out there working for Gifford's at the Hot Springs for one yard of calico a week; that was my wages for scrubbing the floor and all the rest of the work I did." Again she laughed, and again her amazement knew no bounds when she heard Calvin Coolidge address the nation over the radio. "Little did I dream," she said, "that I should some day be sitting in my granddaughter's home listening to the President of the United States speak to the nation from back there in Washington." But it was not President Coolidge who provided her main joy on the radio. It was Will Rogers, imitating the president. Then indeed her Irish wit was stirred to her heart's content.

In 1885, the United Order was dissolved as a means of saving the accumulated property for the individual members. Nevertheless, Mrs. Meeks continued to reside there. She died in that historic town, January 19, 1933, with pneumonia. She was ninety-two years old. "She could go anywhere until ten days before her death," writes her daughter, Mrs. Ellen M. Hoyt.

Josephine Catherine Chatterly Wood — "Aunt Jody Wood,"—was born in Cedar City, Iron County, Sept. 10, 1853. Her father, finding it necessary (as did other men of the region) to carry firearms at all times for protection against the Indians, was accidentally shot just a few months before her birth. As a dying request he asked that his child, if it be a boy, be named after him. The baby was a girl, however, and was named for

both her father and mother. Her mother had been wealthy, five wagons being required to bring her belongings across the Plains. She died when Josephine was three and one-half years old; and much of her fortune was lost when the iron mills of Cedar City, in which she had invested heavily, closed down.

Josephine (Jody) grew up to be an attractive, lovable girl, who was witty and had a rare gift for helping in times of sickness. She was married to young Samuel Wood in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on Christmas day, 1871. The couple made Cedar City their home until they answered the call to help settle Bluff in San Juan County, Utah. But in the meantime five children had been born to them. Two had died, and were buried in Cedar City. Jody had met sorrow bravely, but when the call came to go to Bluff she would not go to church, lest her name be on the list that was read of those who had been chosen for the mission. No one in Cedar City could have failed to hear of the journey that lay ahead. After meeting, (church), her half-sister, Maggie Parry, came running and crying, "Oh, Josephine, you are called, but you cannot go."⁵¹

Nevertheless Jody did go. She and her husband left a comfortable six-room brick house and joined the wagon train that assembled from the settlements in Iron, Garfield and Beaver Counties. The group was augmented in Panguitch and Escalante, which was the last outpost of civilization on the way to the wilderness ahead. Jody writes of the "call," and of this journey as follows:

Journal of Josephine Catherine Chatterly Wood

We have been called on a Mission to help settle Bluff in San Juan County, and to make peace with the Indians. This call has been accepted by faithful members of the Church. Some of our friends have already gone ahead, and Hyrum Perkins was sent back to be our guide, and he is very good.

Four families from Cedar left October 17, 1882, with aching hearts, after saying goodbye to our loved ones, and the homes we loved, not knowing when, if ever, we would see them again, and not knowing where we were going. We camped at Johnson's the first night.

October 18—Leaving Johnson's about 11 o'clock we traveled only a few miles when we met Bishop Arthur, and other friends. Another heartache when we said goodbye. There was nothing to do but lie back in our wagons to think and weep. This is surely a trial. We stop at Parowan. The children want to go back.

October 19—The children were cross all night. It is very cold. We camp at Little Creek Canyon—the children and even

51. Mrs. Lloyd Hansen, Monticello, Utah, *biographical sketch, ms.* The author is indebted to Mrs. Hansen for permission to quote from the sketch and for the use of the Jody Wood Journal, which is quoted in full.



JOSEPHINE CATHERINE CHATTERLY WOOD (AUNT JODY WOOD)

At the age of 52, responding to one of her fifty-mile midwifery calls, from Bluff to Monticello, Utah. Condition of man's horse illustrates the urgencies of pioneer life.

the cattle want to go back, and I long to see you [her relatives] tonight, but every day is taking us farther away.

October 20—We are up and moving again until we come to upper Bear Valley (the canyon which led from Iron to Garfield County); here we met Brother Kumen Jones,⁵² Mary Jones and May Lyman going back from the San Juan to Cedar City on a visit. We had quite a talk and quite a cry with them.

October 21—Babies feel a little better. Every night we are called together for prayers; then we go to bed.

October 22—Panguitch.⁵³ We rested better last night, but babies are still cross. We have about 7 miles to travel, leaving at 10 o'clock, before we stop for water, as it is only 2 o'clock. We are making good use of our time. Mamie Jones and myself washed, but didn't get it out until after sundown. David Adams left us this morning; he thinks he can travel faster alone. I don't blame him, the babies are so cross, and cattle stopping so often makes it slow. Alma Smith caught up with us today with four more families; this makes quite a train. We didn't stop for dinner so we ate dinner and supper together, clean up our kitchen (camp ground) and go to tent, in which we have prayers. Brother Willden has the large tent and he is very kind. After praying, we undress the children, chat sometimes, then go to our bed—out in the open.

October 23—We are feeling better. Two of Hyrum's horses went back, so we are waiting until he finds them. We start traveling, going through deep narrow canyons. These cliffs are a bright red and beautifully shaped. We travel late before camping, have supper, wash the children, (they sure need it) have prayers and go to bed. Traveled 14 miles today.

October 24—Children cried all night, Mamie's baby, John, is still not well, and we are all quite homesick. Sister Willden is sick. We are anxious to get over the Escalante mountain today. Our guides say it's not so bad if we get over it before it storms, and it looks stormy. Hyrum, Peter, and Johnny Willden start with the cattle. This road is just a trail, rock, fallen trees, and stumps in our path. The women and children walk most of the way to the top, with mothers carrying babies; then it started to sprinkle, so we got in the wagons and didn't take one good long breath until we reached the bottom. We have a good camping ground in the trees with water, wood, and feed close by. We are very thankful for these. We had a good supper, prayers and go to bed, as we are very tired. Traveled 20 miles today.

October 25—Slept well, have had breakfast and are ready to leave. Getting ready to start is not as easy as reading this. We

⁵² The man who drove the first wagon down the Hole-in-the-Rock at the Colorado River.

⁵³ Garfield County.

warm rocks and put in the wagons to keep the children warm. Traveled 2 miles today.

October 26—Escalante—Not traveling today, Hyrum is gathering stock. They left from last trip. We are tidying up our wagons, bathing, baking and washing. Sister Willden and Sarah washed this morning and Mamie and I this afternoon. We are camping $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from town. The men are getting grain chopped for the horses. It is night; we have to almost unload our wagons to make our beds, we have prayers and go to bed.

October 27—We are still waiting for Hyrum. The horses will have a good rest, but for us we wish we could have stayed this day with our loved ones. We bake enough to last for the day and we write letters, as this is the last place we can mail them. We spent the evening talking about our call to San Juan; some thought they would just as soon stay in Cedar. But when a call comes from the President of our Church, we go. We had prayers and go to our apartments. May God bless us all.

October 28—Leave Escalante after $2\frac{1}{2}$ days rest, and we are ready to go. It takes quite a long time to get packed up ready to start. Roads were rough this morning. We crossed the Escalante River, but this afternoon they are terrible; the sand is up to our shoe tops. We didn't get into camp until after dark, up hill most of the way; the women walked and the wagons didn't get into camp until after we did. A cow and calf were lost; Sister Willden her little girl and boy walked miles to get them, and it was long after dark when they came to camp; they were nervous and worn out. There is no water in camp tonight and it is blowing so bad we couldn't get supper; we didn't stop for dinner either. We all had to leave our trail; we go back for the wagons tomorrow. The men stand guard over the cattle and horses; they are restless and determined to go back; there is no feed or water. We eat a cold lunch. We cannot wash, so we have prayers and go to bed. Traveled 10 miles today.

October 29—They have our trail wagons, so we go on. The sand is bad again today. There are some bad rocky places today. We did not travel far today. Our wagons are on a bad slope, and we have put rocks against the lower side so they would not slide. We slept in the wagons tonight.

October 30—All is well in health, but the life is frightened out of us. I don't know what this place is called, but I call it Devil's Twist, and that's a Sunday name for it. I cannot imagine any worse roads any place on earth. Aunt Mamie says, "My but this is a good schooling, and good for the liver." We are nearly jolted to pieces. There is no use for me to try and describe it. This is the most God-forsaken and wild country I have ever seen, read or heard about. We hardly get started when they have

to double horses on the wagons, the sand is so deep in places and in other places nothing but rocks. Up hill and down hill, steep and slick, the poor animals. I never saw horses pull, paw, fall down and get up as they have done today. We do not stop for dinner, and the horses haven't had water, they are almost given out. The women and children have had a good deal of walking and pushing to do so far on this trip. The wind is blowing so bad we cannot see far ahead for the sand, and if we open our mouths they will be filled. Some of the men are behind with the cattle. The men take one wagon a little way then unhitch and come back for another all day, so we have travelled only a few miles today. We were driving after dark when Fred Jones, being in lead with his horses came to a standstill. He couldn't make the team go, so got out to see what was the matter. They had gone a different way than was intended. You know there are no roads, and there he was at the edge of a deep canyon on a narrow ledge, so here we camped, and Hyrum came riding his pony as fast as he could, and said, "Thank God you are alive; I was afraid you would get lost and go over this bank." No water again tonight, although the children are crying for it and it is very cold. The men went hunting for water and found a little, and the children are relieved; they fell asleep without supper and we cannot do dishes again tonight.

October 31—We have a terrible time getting out of this place. We are all as well as can be after such a terrible day yesterday. We only drove a little way when we found the water the men had found last night. We got out and there were two dead sheep in it. One of the greatest blessings you can get while traveling (in the road) is water. Water is so priceless we pour a cupful on one man's hands and another holds his hands under until four or five people have washed their hands from one or two cups of water.

November 1—Since leaving Escalante we have had to build roads. In some places we have had to unload wagons then carry the things to the wagons again. The children are so small they can't help much. We traveled $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles; there is no water, and the children are crying for a drink. The men have searched but cannot find any, so Mamie and I went to find some, but with the same luck. We have 5-gallon kegs fastened to the wagons to carry water in, and tonight we shake the kegs and get enough out to wet the childrens' mouths, and the next morning we looked at the little that was left and it was full of wigglers, but it pacified the children.

November 2—(Next day) over rocks, no human being should ever try to go over, but we kept going, until we reached the dreaded Colorado River.

November 3—I can't describe how we ever got down, and I hope you won't ever come to see. Men were there with a raft (we called it a skiff). They had two row boats fastened to either side, and they would row the wagons across.

November 4—now it is our turn—Oh pray for us! The raft was pushed up on the bank, part way. Brother Fred Jones was driving. He drove on this raft and the men started to rowing, and down the raft and all went into the water with a splash. My heart went faint, and I went blind and clung to my babies. I will never forget the feeling of going down into the water and the fear of the wagon rolling off. Before we started I asked Fred to nail the cover down on all sides so if we were drowned we would all go together, and he did. We got across safely and we did thank our Heavenly Father. We stayed here for $2\frac{1}{2}$ days, while the men were getting the cattle across. The men would get the cattle and horses in the water and they would swim to the opposite side, and one cow would lead the rest. As soon as she reached the opposite bank she would turn and go back. The men would get in the water and be wet and cold all day, yelling until their throats were sore, trying to get them across. We washed, cooked, bathed and had all the water we wanted to drink. The children were happy, and we were happier than we had been since we left home. We had shade and there was good feed for the horses.

November 7—The [Colorado River, at the celebrated Hole-in-the-Rock], is in a box canyon, and now we had to get out. We built a road and it was a bad rock one; when we got to the top we were heartsick, we could see nothing but rock, miles ahead.

November 8—It is a wonder our wagons are not broken to pieces, for today is even worse. We have to go down a rocky place; it is steep and slick, the men hang on the back of the wagons to keep them from rolling on the horses or from tipping back over the front. They have to wait until one wagon is out of the way before another starts, because there is no place at the bottom to stop; just down and up; almost a "V" shape; the horses have to rest so often going up this hill, and as soon as they do the wagons start rolling back, so we have to block the wheels by putting rocks back of them. This is dangerous, we were afraid of being crushed. We have been walking most of the way for two days. . . . [Pages lost.]

November 13—This country is beautiful but such a terrible road through a steep winding canyon. The mountains are all colors and very beautiful. . . . [Pages lost.]

We are happy to get to Bluff. Our horses were tired out, so are we, but we got here alive. The Lord was surely with us."⁵⁴

54. Mrs. Lloyd Hansen, Monticello, Utah, says: "I imagine this was Clay Hill, as it is very beautiful."

Jody did not yet know what Bluff was like. One woman had written of the place: "It seemed to me the glistening sand would burn my eyes out. I was half blind from always seeing it, and those gray cliffs reflected the heat into our camp, until I thought we would be cooked alive."⁵⁵

After Jody's party had been in Bluff a few weeks, she herself wrote: "My eyes grow weary, looking and looking to the West, hoping to see a wagon or horseman bringing a letter from my loved ones at Cedar."

Jody was twenty-nine years old when she arrived in Bluff, which was then built in a fort formation. When sickness came upon the people she quickly demonstrated her ability as a nurse. And in Bluff, as elsewhere, a "bumper crop" of babies was always on the way. Jens Nielson, bishop of the Fort, knowing from his experience with Jody in Cedar City, what a fine and capable nurse she was, called her to officiate as the midwife of the community. She refused, saying, "I am green as a cucumber, and I don't know how babies are born." Bishop Nielson promised her a blessing, which was persuasion enough for her to accept the call. In his prayer he told her that she would be guided by the Lord and that great wisdom would be hers.

Not having had any training in midwifery, however, Jody felt very humble, and she bought all the books that she could obtain on the subject. She prayed and studied, going as thoroughly as possible into the subject from every angle that she would be required to meet: obstetrics, first aid, and nursing. And yet when her first call to a confinement came, she was afraid. Her husband blessed her, and asked the Lord to guide her. She went for the bishop on her way to the house, who accompanied her, ready to be of service in case of need. But she delivered the woman without his help. A baby girl was born, who was called Josephine Barton (now Mrs. Harold Young). Still Jody depended upon the Bishop for advice and counsel at all times, and there were occasions, up until the period when she worked with Mrs. Mary Jones, when he actually helped her with the delivery of children.

Mrs. Hansen writes: "She nursed others when she should have been in bed herself. She suffered from sick headaches, and occasionally remained in bed for several days. On one of these occasions a call came for her to wait upon a woman who suffered from a similar ailment. Aunt Jody's husband and children objected but the man was insistent, saying if Aunt Jody would just come and go to bed in the same room, his wife would get better. For her to refuse was unheard of . . . the gentleman got his team . . . and took her to his home. Later in the day, being anxious about their mother, her daughters went to see how she was. The

55. San Juan Stake, *Journal History*, p. 41.

patient was asleep and Aunt Jody was resting in another bed. . . . she made the girls cook them something to eat. . . .

"She was afraid of the Indians, but through Brother Wood's and her own kindness and generosity, the Indians learned to love the Wood family, especially Aunt Jody, who ministered to their needs. She learned from them much valuable information in the use of herbs in sickness.

"One time when the men were away, Old Posey, the Ute outlaw, was drunk and came charging into her house, yelling and swinging his gun and ordered something to eat. She was afraid, but boldly walked up to him and took the gun away. 'What's the matter with you, Posey?' she said, 'You know we are your friends and we don't like you when you act like this.' He ate and went away without his gun, being told he could have it when he acted like a friend. He came back the next day, stuck his head in the door and said, 'Me Sammy Wood's squaw's friend.'

"She was the doctor of Bluff for twenty-five years. She often gave her services free; some people recompensed her in *kind*: fruit, honey, meat, cloth, or anything they had that was usable. Her regular charge was \$2.50 for confinement; this included care for the mother and the babe. She did their washing and their cooking for ten days and served longer if necessary.

"Years later she raised her fee to \$5.00, and again, when President Walter Lyman, at the birth of whose son she officiated, said that she should charge \$10.00 and gave her the sum, she took the money. 'But,' Mrs. Hansen⁵⁶ writes, 'I heard her say she would be ashamed to look Brother Lyman in the face in the next world because she felt that she had robbed him of \$5.00.' She worked just as hard for people who gave her no money at all as for those who paid her.

"One night a call came from Monticello, a town fifty miles away. It was winter; the weather was bitterly cold and the snow deep. There was no way for her to make the trip except on horseback. It did not enter her head to refuse. She and her son, Joseph, dressed themselves warmly and made the trip in two days, which was in plenty of time since the people had sent for her early.

"Children ran to her if they stubbed their toes, or to have a finger wrapped or a sliver removed. That their own homes were nearer made no difference to them. One family sent for her when their cow was bloated; she poured soda down its throat and the animal lived. She served in rain or sandstorm, in hot weather and cold. If she was utterly exhausted she would sleep in her chair for a few minutes and appear completely rested and ready to go again.

"She nursed a man when his face was cut open and full of gangrene. His brother took him to Durango, Colorado, that he

56. Mrs. Lloyd Hansen, *op. cit.*

might have a doctor's care. The doctor said, 'Take him back to that lady doctor; she is doing all right.'"

Quoting from Caroline Redd, (Mrs. Hansen says): "She cared for me with my eight children. Sometimes Aunt Mary Jones, who assisted Aunt Jody, came too, and when these two good women entered my home all fear left, and I felt everything would be all right.

"One of the many gifts Aunt Jody had was the ability to comfort and cheer those in distress. To have Aunt Jody near was worth more than medicine. Her tender touch, her encouraging words, her calm spirit and cheerful way and prayers were many times the only medicine she used. She never left the house without fixing something good for her patients to eat. To know her was to love her.

"Not very often did she go alone in confinements or serious sickness. She always took a relative, very often Bishop Jens Neilson, and later Aunt Mary Jones would go. Aunt Jody and Aunt Mary came to depend upon each other. Where you would see one you would see the other, and now it is hard to think of one without the other. They loved each other like sisters.

"She had many friends, and was a friend of many. She could never have spent so much time away from home or have been so successful if it had not been for her husband, and Aunt Emma, (her sister wife), whom she loved so very much.

"Her home in Bluff was a three-room log house, not very attractive on the outside, but a heaven within. It was a gathering place for the young people. She had five children of her own born in this house.

"Often the food was scarce, and when stranger or friend came to her door, she shared what she had, saying, 'Bread and butter with a welcome is better than a banquet without a welcome.' I have heard her say, 'I would be ashamed of a son or a daughter of mine who would turn anyone away from our door cold and hungry. We haven't much, but we have enough to share.'

"It would seem to an observer that there were not many roses in her path. Roses—what are roses? People who had much more in a material way perhaps were not any happier. None served more or gave more than she, and none was loved more. She loved to do the thing she was called to do. She loved her husband and family. She never complained. God gave her wisdom and power because she could translate pain into joy. Many a stranger has said, 'I was cold and she took me in; I was hungry and she fed me; I was sad and she comforted me; I was sick and she made me well.' Roses! I think her path was filled with roses.

"Many times she was forced to face death in her own family. Five of her ten children died before she was called, but she bore her losses bravely. We find penned in her journal these words:

'The Lord who is wise took them unto Himself: my heart is breaking, but the Lord's will, not ours, be done.'

"When her son, George, (Bud) was brought home from a mission in Texas in a great box, her head was bowed in grief, never to rise quite so high again. But still she served. With her splendid love, her faith and prayers, she attended devotedly when life hung trembling in the balance, or when the call seemed trivial she would go willingly.

"Although she brought life to others, she could do little when she became sick, and she died at the early age of 56, February 10, 1909 in Monticello. Her body was taken to Bluff, though the snow was very deep; some of the drifts were seventeen feet deep, and thirty horses were used to make trails for the sleighs. But when they arrived at Bluff, the apricots were in bloom. The Bluff people without exception, were in mourning. This beloved woman had not only been friend and nurse to the whole community, but president of the Primary for twenty-five years.

"There are a multitude of men and women who love and owe much to the dear doctor of the old log fort of Bluff. Aunt Mary Jones went on with the work after Aunt Jody's death, and she said, 'No one will ever know how I miss her.'

"Quoting from a recent talk given by Chas. E. Walton, a man who knew her: 'In my younger days when I came in from the range tired and worn, I would go see Aunt Jody and partake of her influence and go away feeling life was good.'

"Although it is thirty-nine years since her death, she still lives, for often a speaker mentions her fine qualities, and scarcely a funeral sermon is preached for any of the pioneers of Bluff unless her name is mentioned."

Lucy Pratt Russell—Lucy was one of the first babies born in the Old Fort in Salt Lake City. She was a daughter of Hanneette Snively, wife of Parley P. Pratt, Sr., and was born March 9, 1848. The fact that she was a polygamous child created no problem in those days—there was no one in Utah who objected. In the 1880's when she was practicing as a nurse and a midwife however, conditions were different. There were United States deputies to trace to its very source every polygamous activity of which they could get the slightest inkling. Both men and women went *underground*, or plainly speaking, into hiding. Women left their own homes to take refuge in others; they relinquished their claim upon their infants until it became safe to acknowledge them. All kinds of subterfuges were indulged in. Men left Utah to go on missions for the Church. Many people, both men and women, went abroad, to Europe, to the Orient, or the Hawaiian Islands, (which were then called the Sandwich Islands). The nurses, midwives, women doctors of Utah,—all observed professional secrecy; times were interesting, if perilous.

Lucy's life in and of itself, was very interesting. She became the wife of Samuel Russell February 14, 1869, in the Salt Lake Endowment House, with Brigham Young performing the ceremony. For many years she had no child, and when she was apparently barren, she asked her husband to take her sister Henrietta to wife. Consequently Mr. Russell married the sister on June 14, 1877, in the St. George Temple. Wilford Woodruff performed the ceremony. Upon the birth of each of her sister's children, however, Lucy remained in bed with the new-born babe at her side, while the actual mother was nowhere to be seen. Seven children came and were cared for in this fashion. Lucy rocked them to sleep, sang to them and sewed for them. With each pretended confinement, her longing for a child of her own increased until at last she could hardly endure it.

At last, President Joseph F. Smith blessed her, promising her that she would have a son, and like Sarah of old, when the years had come upon her, she actually gave birth to two sons and two daughters. Hundreds of people came to see her with each confinement. To them, her motherhood was a demonstration of the power of faith. But in the meantime, Lucy had waited upon other women. Wishing to be of service as a nurse, she studied obstetrics with Dr. Romania Pratt shortly after the doctor's return to Utah in 1878. She knew what it meant to dodge the deputies, and since she knew how to deliver a baby without the help of a doctor, she was called hundreds of times to wait upon women who were on the "underground."

Two of the books which she used when she studied with Dr. Pratt were Leishman's "System of Midwifery," and "Puerperal Fever," by Fordyce Barker.⁵⁷

Lucy was greatly loved by those she served, as were others of her calling. Her children are proud of her work; they conceal nothing of their heritage. Mrs. Platt has a picture of her mother surrounded by her own children and several of her sister's children. Neither family group made any distinction among themselves; they claimed both mothers as both aunt and mother, for they hardly knew which was which, and they recognized but little difference between them. Theirs was indeed a happy home, for they all adjusted to any situation with which they were confronted without the slightest difficulty.

Lucy died February 26, 1916, in Salt Lake City.

Persis Young Richards was born July 2, 1864, in St. Charles, Idaho. She served as a nurse when she came to Salt Lake City as a young girl, from Fruita, an out-of-the-way hamlet on the Fremont River in central Utah. The tiny village was settled by her father Franklin W. Young. When Lulu Green Richards, wife

57. Mrs. Francis B. Platt, daughter of Lucy Pratt Russell; interview with author.

of Levi Richards, was confined with one of her four sons, Persis being gifted at nursing, waited upon her after the birth of the baby, and cared for the infant and the older boys. In time Persis became Levi's second wife. When her own baby was expected, however, she was advised to leave Salt Lake City. The raid was on, and the deputies were ever-watchful for evidence of plural marriage. Consequently plans were made for her to leave with her parents.

In January, 1886, her father and mother came with their wagon from their home on the Fremont to take her back with them to Fruita, a distance of nearly 255 miles from Salt Lake City. For two weeks the party traveled through deep snow. Having taken their fuel with them, they cooked their meals in holes scooped in the drifts. Their wagon wheels had been replaced with sledge-runners, but the traveling became difficult indeed as the elevation increased. When at last a blizzard threatened to blot the dugway from the mountain side, Persis' parents became anxious lest she suffer too greatly before they reached their destination. The horses were making but little headway, and yet it was impossible to make camp for the night on the sloping mountain side. All at once the animals commenced to slip,—the wagon about to careen downhill. But as darkness fell, the call of a rescue party was heard. Men had come from the village on horseback to guide the bishop and his family over the long dugway.

One of the men walked near the head of the team, shielding with the lapel⁵⁸ of his coat the candle which lighted the horses' way. Others dug their feet in the snow beside the wagon, bolstering it with their hands to keep it from sliding down the mountainside. Even so, one of the horses slipped off the trail. The animal had to be unharnessed and assisted back onto the slippery road before the team could again be hitched for travel.

Persis almost lost her baby as a result of this journey. When the infant was born she did not receive the best of care. Hers was a difficult case, and there were no trained midwives in this part of the country. Her baby died, leaving her childless for the rest of her life.

Shortly after the death of her child, she returned to Salt Lake City and studied nursing with Dr. Ellis R. Shipp. She tells a story of how one baby had to be carried from its mother after the first suckling because the United States deputies were prowling about the house. The nurse wrapped him up, and in the dead of night took him in a buggy away from the house where the mother had been confined. On another occasion a mother was moved almost immediately after her baby was born. There is story after story to illustrate what polygamous women went through, and yet an-

58. Persis, who is still living, accents the first syllable of this word when she tells this story.



ANNIE BRYCEON LAKER
July 12, 1832 - Aug. 18, 1921

PAULINE PHELPS LYMAN
March 20, 1827 - Oct. 11, 1912

EDNA LAMBSON SMITH
March 3, 1851 - Feb. 28, 1926

JULINA LAMBSON SMITH
June 18, 1849 - Jan. 10, 1936

other side of polygamy is seen in the life that Lulu and Persis have led together. True, Persis says that when housecleaning time comes on, "Grandma," as she now calls her sister wife, is bound to get a spell of writing. Lulu is a poetess of merit. And the latter, feeling sorry that Persis is ill, (she has been confined to her home for a long time) would urge her to exert even more faith than she does, but they are two beings of exalted nature as they continue their lives together. "Aunt Lulu" was ninety-three years old on the eighth of April, 1942. Persis was seventy-eight in July of this same year; their home is in Salt Lake City.

Julina Lambson Smith—Another phase of polygamy is demonstrated in the reason which impelled Julina Smith, wife of Joseph F. Smith, (who became the sixth President of the L. D. S. Church) to study midwifery. Her daughter Rachel⁵⁹ says that when her father's wives commenced having their children, and the family was striving to get a start in the world, her mother studied midwifery in order to bring the family babies, and thus save expense.

Julina's own words tell her story, expressing beautifully the nature of the times: "I have been a member of the Relief Society ever since I was eighteen years of age, and a member of the General Board since it was organized as the National Woman's Relief Society in 1892."

"I was born of goodly parents who helped pioneer the way to Utah in the year 1847. My father, Alfred B. Lambson, was an excellent mechanic and blacksmith and his services were of great value to the company as they crossed the plains and to the people after he reached the valley, as will be found in history.

"My mother, Melissa Jane Bigler Lambson, was the youngest sister of our late Relief Society President, Bathsheba W. Smith. I was born June 18, 1849, in the home of my parents, which was the first home plastered in Salt Lake City.

"I married Joseph F. Smith May 5, 1866, before he was ordained an Apostle. Our first baby, Mercy Josephine, was born in 1867.

"In 1868, with my full consent, Joseph married Sarah Ellen Richards, a daughter of President Willard Richards, who was one year younger than I. We started our married lives together—mere girls—and for forty-seven years were companions.

"In 1869 a daughter was born to Sarah, but our Heavenly Father saw fit to leave her with us for only a few days. When my second baby was only eight months old, the Angel of Death again visited us, this time bearing away my first-born, our little chatter-box, the delight of our home.

⁵⁹ Mrs. A. LeRoy Taylor, Salt Lake City, to whom the author is indebted for this material.

"When the mother of three children, I studied obstetrics and nursing under the best physicians in Utah, and the knowledge acquired stood me in good stead not only in our own family but in hundreds of cases where I have responded to calls from expectant mothers. And it was always a joy for me to place a tiny one for the first time in its mother's arms, for I felt again the thrills that I felt on looking into my own babies' faces.

"On the first of January 1871, with the consent of both Sarah and myself, Joseph married my sister Edna. Our lives have been so closely interwoven I cannot separate my life from theirs.

"Sarah had eleven and Edna ten children, but I claim them all, for I have watched and have helped to care for them since they drew their first breath, and my life would be empty without them.

"As our family increased in size, additions were made to the two original rooms of our dwelling until in time the roof covered nineteen rooms which formed three apartments, and housed a family of twenty-one."

Julina then lists the births of her own children; she had eleven babies and adopted two. She learned to tailor the clothes that her sons wore, again saving expenses for her husband. Her book of records concerning the number and nature of her cases, also casts an exceedingly interesting light on her activities. Her husband took two more wives in addition to those mentioned, Alice Kimball Smith and Mary T. Smith. Julina brought nearly every one of their children, but in the record she notes: "July 3, 1876, To Sarah E. Smith (her sister wife) a son. And on July 19, 1876, to herself a son. By *herself*, she means literally her own child, and that she had no assistance except from her husband. She had said to Joseph, "If you will help me, I can take care of myself." It was she who tied the cord and took care of her baby. Time and again, she notes "herself," and we know without doubt to whom she is referring. Not for many years did another of the Joseph F. Smith wives study nursing.

In January, 1875, she delivered only five women. And yet on April 7, 1881, in noting the birth of a son to one of her patients, the case is numbered 1025. And the record comes to an end years before she stopped practicing midwifery.

She was with her husband on two missions for the L. D. S. Church in the Hawaiian, or *Sandwich* Islands. Before leaving for Hawaii, he had gone to San Francisco on the "underground." She joined him there, with her youngest baby, expecting to be gone from home for three weeks. But word was sent to Joseph that he must not return for years. Consequently they went together on their first mission at this time. Julina continued her practice as a midwife in Hawaii, and she bore two children there. In her record, she noted on April 21st, 1886, that a son was born

to "herself." When he was eleven days old she delivered Libby Laker Noall of a daughter, and on that same day, she went to the bedside of a native woman,—Victoria Kalakala, and put a tiny girl into the Hawaiian woman's arms. Needless to say, Julina Smith was worshiped by the Hawaiian women.

In time she practiced with some of the doctors of Salt Lake City. When she first studied nursing she was in the same class with Ellis and Margaret Shipp. Ellis and Margaret both went to Philadelphia to study medicine, but Julina, not wishing to leave her family at this time, remained a midwife and nurse. Later, she worked with these women, but she also worked with men doctors. At one time, when she was assisting one of the latter, twins were born, one of whom died. "Oh," said Julina, "if we had only had more help we could have saved that baby." She had done all that she could with one child while the doctor was at work over the mother; neither could get to the second babe quite in time to "fetch him to," as the old wives say. Julina was heart-broken. "Oh," she said again, wringing her hands in self-reproach, "if only we could have saved him. If we had just had a little more help."

"My dear woman," said the doctor, "don't talk like that. When a doctor or midwife has done everything within his or her power, no blame should be laid on anyone. You must not feel that way."

Julina witnessed many operations, some in the Deseret Hospital, and some in the L. D. S. Hospital. She placed many babies in good homes. In her own work, she hitched her own horse and buggy and went to her cases alone in the darkest nights long before there were any street lights. She was known to drive ten miles to wait upon a woman, though the husband ordinarily came for her when she had to go so far. She would make her daily calls for ten days for \$5.00 if the people could afford to pay, and for nothing if they could not.

She never lost a mother. Unfailingly, she knelt in prayer before she went to deliver her patients. Today her daughter Rachel has the little brown kit that Julina carried. Rachel used to wonder how her mother could put the babies which she took to the mothers in so small a satchel. The bag was always kept on a closet shelf, locked away from Julina's children. It contained sterilized materials, a nursing apron, chloroform and ergot:—"No child should have access to anything of the kind," says Rachael today—and now, as a woman with a family of her own, she looks upon this brown leather bag as a symbol of love that never failed her mother. Life springs anew from the memories with which she contemplates it. . . .

Julina lived to be eighty-six years old; death came to her on January 10, 1936.

Edna Lambson Smith—Julina's younger sister Edna, who was born March 3, 1851, did not study nursing until many years after her marriage to Joseph F. Smith. But when she became familiar with obstetrics, Julina was relieved of some of her duties. Edna waited on her sister with some of the last of Julina's babies.

There is an amusing side to Edna's story. In speaking of his mother, one of her sons relates his version of her practice. He recalls the fathers who came "belling" at her door in the middle of the night, more sorry for themselves, it seemed to the young boy, than for the suffering wife at home. The youngster answered the door time and again for his mother. After calling her, he would go to the barn, hitch up her horse and buggy, and take her to the patient's house. In the morning, if she had not come back, he would prepare breakfast for his younger brothers and sisters, and then take care of them all until her return. The thought of midwifery brings a wry look to his face, but also a smile, for he enjoys his memories, and he knows that the work of the midwives of Utah could be described in the light of the sun. He knows also that whereas he was a boy and perhaps impatient with his duties in his mother's absence, in contrast to his attitude, Mamie, Julina's eldest daughter, served as mother for years at a time, to Julina's children.

Although Edna did not seek the nursing profession as naturally as Julina had done, she continued practicing for many years. She died February 28, 1926, and was buried on her birthday, March 3rd.

Mary Ann Swenson⁶⁰—Long before she studied midwifery, Mary Ann had served as a nurse in Driggs, Idaho, a community on the western flank of the Teton Mountains where, in a mild winter, the temperature drops to forty degrees below zero. She and her husband went to this out-of-the-way place in 1898. Mary Ann was then 30 years old, having been born August 15, 1868. The town had been settled ten years before their arrival, when, owing to polygamous troubles, the dark days of the Church were upon the land. The people had been asked to scatter; some had to find new homes at all costs. Others were attracted by the wild beauty of the region, and some went merely looking for new farms.

Polygamy had nothing to do with the Swenson move to Driggs, but when the family tested their new land they found but a scant living on the farm that they took up. Mr. Swenson was a good carpenter, however, and was much away from home jobbing for other people, sometimes at long distances. There were no doctors in the Teton Basin at this time, and but few midwives.

60. The author is indebted to Mrs. Lorinda Phillips, daughter of Mrs. Swenson, for the information concerning her mother.

Being a natural nurse, Mary Ann was kept busy at this kind of work. She helped to increase the family income, and she also served as "an angel of mercy", because she was fitted for the profession. When Dr. Ellis R. Shipp went to the Basin in 1904 to organize a class in obstetrics, Mary Ann realized that an opportunity was at hand. Of the ten children she had borne, her eleven-year-old daughter Lorinda, was the eldest at home; there were three children younger than she.

But the great pride of Lorinda's life was to have a tidy house for her mother's return when she had been gone on her nursing absences. She was used to shining up the three-room log cabin, and putting a bunch of flowers on the table, sego lilies, hay flowers, or whatever the season offered. When her mother gave her a pair of slippers with half-high heels because "she kept the house so clean" it was the joy of the young girl's life. When Mary Ann entered Dr. Shipp's class, Lorinda was more conscientious than ever with her household duties. In the evening she would hear her mother repeating her lessons aloud, going over the course of the bloodstream, reciting the names of the bones, pondering the nervous system. The strange words the child heard her mother speak troubled her, but Mary Ann would say, "Don't be afraid, dear. All this is so natural there is nothing to be frightened of."

Soothed, Lorinda would go to her bed, wondering what it could all be about. Her mother had one more baby after she received her precious diploma from Dr. Shipp; the child was born in 1905. And now Lorinda took almost constant care of the infant.

After her training, as before, Mary Ann relied upon the Lord for guidance and help in her obstetrical work. One night when Lorinda awakened, she heard her mother talking to the Lord as she never had done before. She had delivered a first child to a mother, the seriousness of whose condition the young husband did not realize. Mary Ann implored her Heavenly Father to help her save this woman; and when the mother lived, she went down on her knees to thank Him for His grace.

When one of her own sons was ill with peritonitis, and the nearest doctor was fifty miles away, Mary Ann was desperately troubled. The Patriarch⁶¹ was called in to bless him. Though no one else saw anything strange in the room, Mary Ann said she saw a light over the bed, as the Patriarch said, "At this moment there is an angel administering life unto you. You will live to enjoy a life of usefulness." The boy commenced at that time to improve, and eventually recovered.

When Lorinda became ill with typhoid fever, and then with pneumonia, the family despaired of making a permanent home in Driggs. The girl, who was in her early teens, had gone to gather

61. A man who is ordained by the Priesthood of the Latter-day Saints Church to bless people.

the clothes she had washed from the line. They were frozen stiff, but she somehow managed to get them into the house. That was the last she knew for days. Mr. Swenson was away at the time; Mary Ann was left alone with her daughter and the younger children, and her baby was still very young. Lorinda did not know that her mother despaired of saving her life, but Mary Ann told her afterwards that when she saw her fingers and ears turn blue, she wondered if her husband could arrive "in time." All that Lorinda knew was that in the clasp of her mother's hand she suddenly felt the strength of her body flowing into her own.

In Twin Falls ⁶² where the family moved, the population was largely non-Mormon; there were plenty of doctors to be had, but Mary Ann's reputation as a midwife had preceded her. She was kept busy with her practice. Nearly all of the Mormons employed her, and many of the non-Mormons. She raised her price from the usual \$2.50 to \$5.00 a case, to \$10.00, when people could afford to pay. Doctors were now getting \$25.00 for delivery. But still Mary Ann went for nothing to those who could not pay at all.

The only time she ever spoke of being discouraged with her recompense was when she was paid \$6.00 for ten day's work in a home, besides delivering the child. This was when she was supporting her family while her husband was away from home on a mission for the L. D. S. Church. She was sending money to him, also, as well as caring for her young adolescent children at home, and she herself was not well. And yet eighteen years of work as a midwife lay ahead of her. She traveled long distances to take care of her own daughters, or the wives of some of her sons. At one time, one of the men doctors of her community looked at her askance. She felt his doubt of her ability, but it was not her skill which he mistrusted. He wondered if she knew enough to register the births of the babies she brought. She told him that not one was without a birth certificate. He laughed and asked her to become his assistant, which offer she did not refuse.

In 1932 Mary Ann said to her daughter Lorinda, at the difficult birth of whose son she was presiding, "Well, my dear, I think this will be your last baby; I know that it is my last case." Never again did she take her kit from its wonted place. She died March 23, 1937.

It is remarkable that among the fourteen women whose stories have here been told, four of them should live to be more than ninety years old. Three were over eighty. Only one died young. Two of these women are still living, (July, 1942), one of them having passed her ninety-first birthday.

62. A town about 240 miles southwest of Driggs, and of much warmer climate.



Photograph taken about 1856.

Priddy Meeks—August 29, 1795 - October 17, 1886—and his
second wife, Sarah Mahurin Meeks—
December 12, 1802 - August 17, 1900

JOURNAL OF PRIDDY MEEKS'

Harrisburg, Washington County, Utah Territory, October 22, 1879. (and other dates in other years)

Record of Priddy Meeks and his family, progenitors and posterity, up to this date made from items of record and memory of P. Meeks and wife Sarah M. Meeks and their children.

My first wife was Mary Bartlett, being married in 1815. We had four children; Lovin, Eliza, Athe and Elizabeth. My wife Mary, died in Spencer Co., Indiana. Some three years afterward, I married Sarah Mahurin Smith, widow of Anthony Smith, on the 24th of December, 1826, by whom I had five children, Mary Jane, Stephen Mahurin, Huldah, Margaret Jane and Sarah Angeline. My wife Sarah had one child by her first husband, Anthony Smith, (Susann). (Later Entry): Lucy Meeks, an Indian girl bought of the Indians by P. Meeks of Parowan in 1851, about 3 or 4 years old, and died May the 4, 1874 in Harrisburg. Lucy was 26 or 27, when she died.

I removed with my family from Indiana to Illinois in the fall of 1833 and received the gospel in 1840 as also did most of my family. I moved to Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, in April, 1842, and lived there till the spring of 1846, then moved with the Saints in their great exodus to the Rocky Mountains, which journey lasted till the first of October, 1847, on which day I entered the Salt Lake Valley with my family and remained there till the spring of 1851.

1. Priddy Meeks was born August 29, 1795, in the Greenville District, South Carolina. He died at Orderville, Utah, October 17, 1886.

This journal, in Priddy Meeks' own handwriting, complete in one ledger volume, was furnished for publication by Dr. Meeks' daughter, Mrs. Mary Ellen Hoyt, of Orderville, Utah, through his granddaughter, Mrs. Ida Meeks Balken, of Salt Lake City, Utah.

This manuscript, much of it written in his later, less active years, contains in his own clear handwriting, such words as inhabitance, Illinoisie, Illinois, Illinois, Volenteers, Indianna, mooved, strenthen, whare, emptied, Peigon, settlement, maden Name, keped, (kept); sed (said), coalt, scarcley, totley, fassened, aposed, sickley, shortley, successful, releaving, doctering, studied, coraspondence, shure, larned, the hole affair, whome, previousley, relyed, rais, Versails, shugar.

To reproduce the misspellings would be inconsistent with the many correct spellings of these same words elsewhere in Dr. Meeks' manuscript, which shows unmistakable and abundant evidence of the writer's real skill in spelling and writing good English. Dr. Meeks was very familiar with the spelling and the use of such words as the following, selected at random, and correctly spelled in his manuscript: circumstance, dyspepsia, lo-belia, noised abroad, sheriff, deprivations, inconveniences, persecutions, particular, Des Moines, murmuring, accident, considerable, prairie, Pisgah, sustenance, impressive, bat-talion, dispatched, Missouri, frolicking, venerate, diphtheria, phthisic, encumbrance, ac-quaintance, monitory, Virgil, stigma, impetus, vitiated, acrimonious.

My own father and mother were well educated school teachers, and were prize win-ning spellers in their prime; but both in their later years, fell into the easy habit of phoetic spelling, frugal with punctuation marks, and spendthrift with capital letters, just as Priddy Meeks has done.

Tender memories and due respect for them all, prevent exposing these slips of the pen to the ridicule that might be aimed their way by literally following all forms of spell-ing found. At the same time, the colloquialisms and quaint expressions which put a date and a place in American history on the language, are preserved wherever found. No sentence in Dr. Meek's handwriting has been rephrased or omitted from these pages, ex-cept to condense the hunting narratives, and a nauseating sick-room description.

Valuable advice and assistance have been rendered by Mrs. Mabel Harmer and Mr. Dale L. Morgan.—J.C.A.

I then moved to Parowan, as a call was made for volunteers to strengthen that place. I volunteered and went with my family to Parowan, Iron County, and remained there till the fall of 1861, when by permission of President George A. Smith, our then President, I moved to Harrisburg, Washington County, Ut., and lived there till August, 1876. I then moved to Orderville, Kane County, with my family, at which place I am now living (in the United Order),² in the year 1879, being in my 85th year of age.

In 1856 I married Mary Jane McCleave, going on seventeen years old, by whom I have had ten children: Joseph, Nancy, Hiram, John P., Sarah Deseret, Mary Ellen, Heber Jesse, Charles Mason, Elizabeth D. and Alfred Randall.

I and my family have mostly lived a pioneer life, and for thirty-nine years have been connected with the Latter-day Saints, suffering the persecutions with them in all things and enjoying the blessings of the Gospel with them, also; and can testify knowingly of its truth and of its saving ordinances as revealed to Joseph Smith, having enjoyed them myself in the house of the Lord with my family to the fullest extent.

My father, Athe Meeks, being inclined to new countries, left South Carolina and moved to Kentucky. He stopped in Shelby County one year, and then moved to what is now called Grayson County, Kentucky, on the Spring Fork of Shortcreek. I was then about two or three years old. He had a great range to hunt in, not knowing the distance to any inhabitants West. He lived there twelve years, then moved to Indiana, four years after the country was surveyed by the Government. He passed the inhabitants ten miles before he located, at the mouth of Lake Drain, where it emptied into Little Pigeon Creek, where he intended to build a grist mill. There in the month of April, 1812, the Indians killed him; shot him in his own door, and wounded my brother, Athe, through the arm and knee, but he got well.

(Another version: Written in later life, on the front fly leaves of the Journal.)

(In) the year 1812, I, Priddy Meeks, was 16 years old. My father was then living on the frontiers of Indian Territory ten miles from the inhabitants, aiming to build a mill for the future benefit of emigration. Some months previous my oldest brother, William, had moved up to where father lived and settled about 20 rods of father's house.

I think about the 20th of April three Indians early in the morning crept up behind a fodder stack ten or twelve rods in front of the door, and when my brother Athe got out of bed and passed out of the house and turned the corner with his back towards them, they all fired at him. One ball passed through his knee cap, another ball passed through his arm, about half way

2. See Utah Historical Quarterly, October, 1939.

from his elbow to his wrist. Another ball passed through the leg of his pants doing no injury. The ball tore out a bunch of leaders out of his arm as long as my finger. They cut it off with a case knife. Meanwhile father jumped out of bed, ran to the door to see what was up, and met an Indian right at the door who shot him right through the heart. He turned on his heels and tried to say something and fell dead under the edge of the bedstead.

One Indian tried to kill Athe by flinging his tomahawk at him. It seemed like he was practicing by his not holding to the handle. He seemed to miss and the hatchet would go past and the Indian would run ahead to pick it up and brother would run out of the way, and the Indian would try it again, and they played that game for some time. Mother seeing what was going on outdoors and they shut up and Athe could not get in, and the Indian trying to tomahawk him, she broke out of the house to help Athe; an Indian drew an axe on her and as she hurried back, she picked up one of the loaded shot guns that was lying in the yard and told brother William, "Run up to the yard fence and knock the Indian down," which drew the attention of the one who was trying to tomahawk Athe, while the one who was trying to burst open the door to get in where mother and the two girls were, who had snapped an empty gun at the Indian several times but it happened to be empty.

The Indians then took the dead one under their arms and started off with him. William followed them for another shot but the Indians would drop the dead one and flank each way in order to get William between them, so he had to back out to save himself. Athe had hidden himself behind a high bank a few rods from the house where he stayed till the Indians went away. William immediately took his family and started for the settlement bare headed and in his shirt tail and all his family in a similar situation, not knowing the consequences of delaying time.

That morning I had started from the settlements to go home and met William and his family about half way in. He took the horse I had and pushed for the settlement and I took his place with the family. All being still at the time; now Athe came to the house and father was found dead and mother crippled, probably with the axe the Indian drew on her in the yard, but she could not remember it. She and the two girls thought all were killed but they, until Athe came to the house.

He told mother and the girls to take the trail and try to reach the settlement if they could. "I never can get there, I shall have to die here. I will hide if the Indians come. I will kill one before they kill me. I shall have to die anyway." Mother said, "if you die, I'll die with you. I will not leave you." So they all started on the trail and went on a mile or so. Athe wanted to lay down and the rest go on. Mother said, "I will not leave you as long as you are alive." He thought they might save themselves by going and

let him die, for he could not travel. She protested she would stay with him as long as he was alive. "Well," said he, "there is a nearer way through the forest and we'll take that way, and if the Indians do follow us they will keep the trail and not notice our trail where we turn off."

They did so and went a mile or two and came on to two of our horses on the range that were always very hard to get hold of, on the range. He said, "I think I can catch those horses." Mother said, "go," and he hobbled along till he got his hands on them, and they never moved out of their tracks. They made bridles of hickory bark, and Athe rode one horse and the youngest girl the other, and carried a gun. The other two women walked and carried each of them a gun and reached the settlement in due time. But not without Athe's wanting to get off the horse to lay down and die. But mother would not let him get off the horse, believing he never would of got in if he had got off the horse. But he got in and got over his wounds and made a very active man without any show of impediment whatever. All three of the Indians were killed before they got out of the country by the people who were scouring the country in search of them.³

The family then moved down to French Island settlement on the Ohio River. At this time I think I was about seventeen years old; here in my twentieth year, 1815, I married Polly Bartlett; who lived to have four children, two boys and two girls, and then she died. I lived single three years, and married Sarah Smith, a widow woman with one child; her maiden name was Mahurin. She is yet living and has had five children by me, four girls and one boy. All died young except one girl, which is a-living. I married Sarah at her father's—Steven Mahurin, in Grayson County, Kentucky, some fifty miles from where I lived in Indiana. I took her home and brought home my children, and she made a splendid stepmother.

I don't know the date when we left Indiana, not having kept any records; but we moved to Illinois, and settled on Embarrass River, fifty or sixty miles north of Vincennes, in the outsettlements of the country, being sixty miles to the nearest inhabitants west of us, a town called Vandalia. Here I had splendid hunting for honey and wild game. Here I built a horse-mill to grind corn. I owned two farms and was a-doing well. I had plenty of horses, cattle, hogs and sheep.

Polly Peterson, a neighboring young woman, said to me one day, "Mr. Meeks, I wish you would give me that colt." (It was a choice colt, too.) I said, "If you will give me the next thing

3. Site indicated by a Historical Marker on Indiana State Highway No. 161, near Richland, Spencer County, on the Ohio River. The Indian, Big Bones, who killed Athe Meeks, Sr., was in a few minutes shot to death himself, by William Meeks, according to a recent newspaper history of the fight. Vengeance soon overtook the Indians, and the leader, Chief Settledown (Set-te-tah), arrested and in a log jail awaiting trial, was shot through a chink hole at night. The Indians then vacated the region.

I ask for, I will." In about two or three days after that, the colt laid down and died, and from that time forth my horses, cattle and hogs died so fast I scarcely had time to take the hides off as fast as they died, until I saw that I should be totally broke up, and I had better get away from there while I could; and just one month from that day I started; had the awfulest time I ever saw. I bought a pair of three-year-old bulls; one was spiteful. I had to get help to get them in a ten-foot pen, with a partition to keep them from fighting, with their heads chained in front, and their tails tied to the pen behind; then took out a space of the partition between their necks sufficient to get the yoke on their necks and fastened it so tight that I never took it off until we had traveled some two hundred miles.

I stopped on the Illinois River five or six miles above Meridocia, a town on the river, a sicklier place I never want to see. Here I bought me a nice little farm, and established a wood yard. Here I lost Huldah with the whooping cough; or in other words she was killed by the doctors, whom I was opposed to having anything to do with her, only the folks over-persuaded me, and I am convinced that his medicine killed her.

Here when the sickly season of the year came on I visited many of the sick and was very successful in relieving them with roots and herbs, so much so that the community insisted I should quit work and go to doctoring. Such an idea had never entered my mind. I said to them that I knew nothing about doctoring; they said "You beat all the doctors."

That expression brought me to my studies and I saw that it was a fact, and I could not deny it. I studied much to know what was my duty to God and to mankind and myself and family. I saw my weakness and want of education, being raised in the backwoods, without learning but little only what I learned in the backwoods with my gun on my shoulder, having no correspondence with the bulk of the community and knew nothing of the ways of the world. Here was a trial you may be sure, for me to come in contact with learned doctors; I would not know what to say and would appear as a dunce.

About this time I had a letter from my brother-in-law, stating that he had important business and wanted to see me, and I must come immediately. He lived about a hundred miles off in Macon County, Illinois. I went and left my wife sick, who had been sick for two years. Her case was so complicated that I did not know what to do; neither did the doctors that had exhausted their skill without benefit, know what to do next.

When I saw my brother-in-law, whose name was Priddy Mahurin, he said that he only wanted a visit of me, that was all; but the Lord was in the whole affair, for I met a man there by the name of James Miller, whom I previously knew in Kentucky. He

had gotten to be a Thomsonian doctor. He told me I could cure my wife myself if I had Thomson's "New Guide to Health."⁴

I traveled thirty miles with him a-going home. I learned more from him that day than I ever knew before about doctoring. Arriving at home I told my wife of the interview I had with Miller, and was a-going to buy the books that he recommended. She replied, "You had better keep the money to raise the children with; for if the skill that has been exhausted by experienced doctors could not cure me, it is not reasonable to think that you could do any better." But I could not rest satisfied until I got the books; and just two weeks to the day from the day I got the books I put out into the woods to collect the medicine and by following the directions of the books I made a sound woman of her. This gave such an impetus to the anxiety of the people about my success that it seemed like going against wind and tide to withstand their influence, for me to go into doctoring. And from that time henceforth my labors began with the sick.

I lived on the south side of the Illinois River. Shortly after this I bought land at the Bluffs on the north side, half a mile from the river and moved over to it. Three miles west of us a new town was laid off called "Versailles," right on the public road. I purchased a lot and built on it a good log house under the Bluffs. There was a good sugar orchard on the land. Then I gave \$100 for a second lot and moved up there with the prospect of abundance of sickness.

Here we heard of the Mormons being lawless in Missouri and so full of witchcraft that they could get your money in spite of your lock and key. The tales were so big about what they could do we thought them supernatural beings, so we felt a little doubtful about it. About this time I went to Quincy to enter land. Being too late in the evening to do business in the land office that night, I stopped over night six miles short of Quincy where there were several families of Mormons had just come from the expulsion of the Mormons out of Missouri. I thought if they stayed there all night they would have my money before morning, just as sure as shooting, so I made up my mind to put my money in my bosom and lay awake all night and if they did undertake to get it I would fight like a wild cat, but no one came.

On my way back I stopped over night with Captain James Brown, who had joined the Mormons. Here I left nothing unturned as regards to information about Mormonism. Both of us being baptized and old acquaintances he told me he would be there soon with a Mormon preacher. I went home, and the time being set for meeting I had everything ready when they came, it being a mile and a half from my place to where the meeting was held. Some trembled with fear while others were anxious to hear.

4. See Addenda E, this issue of the Quarterly, p. 44.

Some were very shy and wouldn't come a-nigh, and as much causing was done as ought to be done at a Presidential election.

Now the first Mormon meeting was going to be held in the vicinity of Versailles, Brown County, Ill., where I then lived. I went to the meeting on foot, that I might have no incumbrance, intended to stick to the turf as long as meeting lasted both night and day which would give me ample time to show their cloven foot, which I thought I was perfectly able to do. I felt like the milk maid bragging in my mind what a victory I was going to gain over those poor deluded Mormons; nor was I any less disappointed than the milk maid was when she let fall her pail of milk and with it all her imaginary happiness. For Jacob Houtz who was the Preacher had not got half through his sermon before I saw that I used the Scripture like yarn raveled out of an old stocking all rumpled up, but when the preacher took the same words he would straighten it out like yarn that had never been knit into a stocking at all. I need not try to describe the emotion of my mind while at that meeting. Finally when I went home my wife was very anxious to hear about the meeting. I paused, hardly knew what to say, but to cut matters short I replied, "Sally, if the Scriptures are right the Mormons are right; and if the Scriptures are right we are wrong." This of course threw us into an awkward position and she was very much opposed to Mormonism from reports.

The Mormons held meetings very frequently in the vicinity afterwards and I was very much in favor of their doctrines and attended their meetings very much against my wife's feelings. She would try to reason me out of it and would shed tears over it which touched my tender spot, so I told her one day, "Cheer up and not cry," and we would fix up and go to Kentucky where her father lived and see all her folks and get away from Mormonism. It did not take long to get ready, the distance being about six hundred miles by water. We took our two youngest children and started on the steamboat, and arrived at her father's a few days before a two-day Baptist meeting. We were all Baptists by profession. Two of their biggest preachers were there who lived about thirty miles off.

After meeting I tackled the largest preacher with a Scripture. I took the side of Mormonism and the preacher denied the Scripture before the whole congregation. I turned to the Scripture and read it. He was so badly beaten he took sick and had to quit, he having an appointment on Monday seven miles on his way home, he did not know that he would be able to fill it. I told him I would go with him to his appointment, and I had medicine with me and did all I could to help him out. I listened to him trying to preach but he appeared very different from a smart preacher. Having finished our visit to my wife's father we returned to Indiana where my people lived, where I had lived in that vicinity

for twenty-four years before I moved to Illinois. Here I converted every one of my relatives to Mormonism.

My older brother Athe Meeks was a preacher in the order of the United Brethren, and had the reputation of whipping out every sectarian preacher that would meet him on an argument.

After hearing the principles of Mormonism explained as well as I knew how, my brother John said he would go ten miles to hear us argue, for he said he was convinced that I was right and would be the first man ever found that could beat him on Scripture; he being a United Brethren and John a Baptist; and when we met he would hear me first; and when I was through he would not argue but acknowledged. According to Scripture I had the truth and from that time forth, while I stayed, and for some time after I left, his whole influence was in favor of Mormonism. But, poor man; after a length of time he was overcome by the evil one and fought the work until he died which was not very long. And Brother John did the same way. My Mother and brother-in-law Thomas Carter, with a large family, obeyed the gospel. So did my brother Charles with a large family and all gathered to Nauvoo.

After a trip to Kentucky to see her folks we returned to Versailles in Brown County, Illinois, where our home was. We found considerable sickness among the people. One a widow woman who had dyspepsia, was so bad she was given up to die by the doctor who had attended her for near a year and said she could not be cured. She sent for me to come to see her which I did. She told me to try to cure her if possible; to do my best anyway, and if I killed her it would only be death anyhow for she knew she could not live long if she did not get help. So I went home to prepare for doctoring her and Dr. Vandeventer, who had given her out, hearing I was going to undertake her case came to see me. "Mr. Meeks," says he, "you had better not undertake that woman's case; that complaint cannot be cured and you will fail and you will lose practice by it; the remedy for that complaint is not known; search has been made for it as far as ships have sailed on the ocean, and human feet have trod the soil and the remedy is not found yet."

I paid the woman five visits and made a sound woman of her; and what did I do, nothing more or less than gave her a thorough course of Thomsonian medicine each time. I knew no way to doctor at that time but to follow the letter of directions. I had nothing but cayenne pepper and ginger for my composition powder, and lobelia; and as I went along I gathered green sumac leaves off the bush, which answered well for canker medicine; and to make a tea to put the medicine in for her to drink. I mention this to show that we can get along without so many kinds of medicines as some would suppose. This circumstance being

noised abroad brought me as much business with the sick as I could attend to.

There were several young ladies in the vicinity that the doctor had given out, which were now ready for me, and with thorough Thomsonian courses of medicine they were cured. One case I will mention for the novelty of it: A Mrs. Perry had a daughter with the green sickness who the doctor had spent nine months on without benefit. Her mother being very anxious about her daughter's situation, having heard of Dr. Meeks living at Versailles who cured everything he tried, she thought he must be one of the greatest men in the world. He was so far ahead of Dr. Vandeventer, she did not know whether she would know how to talk to him or not but resolved to try.

So she rode up one day to my gate and inquired if Dr. Meeks lived there. I said, "yes ma'am; light and come in." I had been at work in the garden but it being hot weather I was sitting between the two doors where I might be cool being in my shirt sleeves, bare headed and bare footed. She finally came in and took a chair. She says, "Is Dr. Meeks at home?"—"Yes, ma'am," I replied; she says, "Where is he, I would like to see him; he is not far off I presume." I replied "What would you have of Doctor Meeks?" She then gave the history of her daughter's case. By this time I thought I ought to let her know that I was the man that she was after. I said to her, "I am Dr. Meeks". It struck her dumb for awhile. She came very nearly jumping out of the chair into the fire; she turned red in the face and it was quite a time before she could speak. I was truly sorry for her but when she recovered so she could speak she said, "Well I do not care how a man looks so he can only cure the sick."

And with five regular courses of Thomsonian Medicine she was made a sound woman much to the joy of all of her friends. This shows what courses of medicine can do without anything else.

From the time I became conspicuous among the sick something like half of the sickness fell to my charge and I was so successful to what Dr. Vandeventer was that if I had stopped there the next year I should have had probably more than I could attend to; but the time came for me to gather with the Saints to Nauvoo, so I left.

But before I left, Lyman Wight, one of the committee for building the Nauvoo House called me, and I bought four shares in the Nauvoo House. I have the papers yet and I expect in the future days me or my children will possess it. In April 1842 I moved to Nauvoo, and lived there till 1846, and then moved across the plains in 1847 in the great exodus of the Saints to the Rocky Mountains. While living at Nauvoo I suffered many inconveniences and persecutions and deprivations of life.

Once in 1845 I was returning home from a business trip; while passing through Carthage a mob took me and put me in jail where the blood of Joseph and Hyrum Smith was to be seen, and kept me there till the sheriff, who was my friend, said he knew they could not hurt me by the law but only wanted to persecute me because I was a Mormon; "but they may bother you so you cannot get off to go West this season." I had sent for Edmunds, a friendly lawyer who attended to the difficulties necessary to help us get off. The sheriff went to Nauvoo and filed a bond for my release, signed as security by Charles Price. John Vanbeck came with the sheriff from Nauvoo and bought me a horse to ride home on.

When we started from the jail the jailor and the sheriff said, "Don't you look back until you reach the timber or they might suspicion you." It was a task for me to keep my head straight but I did accomplish it; then we did not spare horse flesh much until we got home. I then had to wheel and cut to the best advantage to get away from my persecutors across the river. I had been working with William McCleary, brother-in-law to the Prophet, making each of us a wagon to cross the plains in. Mine was probably half done but I had to drop everything to get away and give a one-horse wagon for a two-horse wagon that looked like falling to pieces having no iron about it but the tire. I wedged and wet it with water, then put a light load in it. It was thought I might go twenty miles to a blacksmith shop. Supposed that twenty dollars' worth would fix it so I could get to the Bluffs with it, having to leave part of my family in Nauvoo, with my house and lot and all my furniture and stock and books, in fact everything that I had,—and never got anything for it.

I gave my interest in the wagon shop for a barrel of flour at a certain price, the overplus coming to me. I left instructions to turn it over to the ferrymen to pay the ferry for some poor brother that had not the money to pay with. I crossed the river with my frail wagon and a pair of young bulls under the tongue. Their principal gift was in kicking which they could do without taking sight or a rest and could hit almost anything aimed at. If I had not an old pair of oxen in the lead that could not get away, or if they could they did not want to I could never have managed the bulls so well. I started for Sugar Creek. There was the first camping ground for the Saints.

While crossing over a ridge seven miles from Nauvoo we looked back and took a last sight of the Temple we ever expected to see. We were sad and sorrowful. The emotions of our mind at that time I cannot describe. The thoughts of it almost disqualify me for writing, although so many years have passed away since that time. We got to Sugar Creek after night and found plenty of Saints there for they were scattered all along like sheep without a shepherd. This tried our faith, to start on a journey

with such a poor fit-out and part of my family left behind. Here now I must pay a tribute of praise to my better half. She never left anything unturned that would contribute to our comfort either in body or mind. She neither murmured nor scolded. She bore everything in patience like a Saint of God. She truly proved a help-meet to me.

We left Sugar Creek next morning intending to go as far as we could before we should break down. It being a very wet Spring and a great quantity of mud, my wagon got better instead of worse. So we kept rolling till we came to the ferry on the Des Moines river. I was astonished to see the number of wagons and teams waiting in their turn to cross the river. Now it looked like my turn would not come for two or three days and it was dark and gloomy weather for camping out. I as by inspiration took up the river as far as I could that night and found reasonable camping ground. It was a desperate wet, rainy time but all the better for my wagon.

Next day we kept up the river. We overtook several wagons traveling up the river with the same spirit that we had. So we enjoyed ourselves the best kind, not knowing what we were going to come to and not making any particular calculations, trusting in the Lord to guide us; and not knowing whether we would ever find a boat or crossing above, the river being full. By this time we had about a half a dozen in our company. It sometimes rained and sometimes the sun shone. In this kind of weather it seemed we took no thought for the morrow but felt to trust in the Lord for the result and was as joyful as spring birds. I had a fiddle along and we had a shindig as we called it, on the turf every once in awhile. The names of our company as far as I can remember were Jacob Hufines, Christian Houtz, Reading Allred, Thomas Hancock and myself and a lad that was with me. We had no traveling organization in particular among us. It seemed unnecessary as such a oneness existed among us. It seemed like we never enjoyed ourselves better although thus exposed.

We traveled one day in the rain and camped at a little place called Utica where there was but one house. In the morning it was still raining and I thought I would rather travel in the rain than lay by in the rain. So we started without breakfast in the morning, expecting the rest to follow as soon as breakfast was over, having to turn to the left to get back on the Des Moines river. The waters were on the rise very fast so we had to push ahead all day to cross a certain creek before it got too high. We came just in time to cross, for it soon became too high to cross. We camped in front of a big elm log close by the creek, placing our wagon some seven feet from the log and tried to keep a fire against the log. But it was hard work. It was raining and everything already wet. Now here was a trial of our faith; and did it falter? No not one particle. I never felt better in spirit in my life,

and my wife was just as faithful as she could be; not a word of murmuring did I hear from her lips. In the morning how that stream did foam from bank to bank, and it was still raining. Everything did look discouraging.

I concluded that we would have to stay there till times changed some way. While meditating on our condition I saw a man come walking down to the creek, then speaking to me made some inquiries. We had quite a chat. He says, "Come, harness up and go up to my house; it is but a little ways. I have just moved out of a comfortable house and you can go into it and welcome." Now surely the Lord was there and I did not know. It was not an hour until we were as comfortable as heart could wish. Now, says he, "I have plenty of everything; there is a crib of corn; feed your cattle all you wish and I will find you provisions as long as you stay." He said this after he had learned the cause of our troubles. He also said, "If you will stop with me and go no further" he would give me half of his farm. His name was Purger. God bless the man. We stopped with him till everything indicated to march forward. He urged us to take all the corn and bread-stuff and bacon that we could possibly take. The whole family believed the Gospel as I taught it and his son Peter wanted to go with us to the mountains.

I will now go back to Utica where we left the company the morning it rained; so to cross a certain creek before it got too high, the company instead of following me took another road which was considered nearer, but the creek was too high to cross when they came to it. They had to lay by, I think something like a week. This was a providence of God in my favor again, for if the company had been with us I should not have been blessed at Purger's as I was. Finally the water assuaged, and the rain ceased, and they took up the line of march. They passed in sight where we could see the wagons, and we started out and all came together again.

But before I met with the company I saw a man who told me if I would stop and doctor his daughter with a cancer he would give me fifty dollars in cash; but it was no temptation whatever. We finally got to the Des Moines river when it turned into raining again, so we had to lay by at the river three or four days. Some of the time on each side of the river, where we found an old ferry boat then idle in the river, that was not then in use. Being no road crossing the river at or near that place, here was Providence again in our favor. We could hear of no crossing above or below this old boat, this being the out-skirts of a new settled country. But we did cross in that old boat after so long a time without any accident.

Here we found ourselves without any road or trail. So when ready we struck out without square or compass into a country without any inhabitants except the spirit by which we were led.

We took the divide between the Des Moines and Chariton. We traveled several days without any signs of humans or animals except some hogs. It was such a zig zag road we would scarcely be out of sight from where we camped before. Our members by this time had about doubled by others following our trail, after they had found it, who had put into the wilderness as we had done. Meeting with more company gave us fresh courage and more joy and we did rejoice greatly; it seemed we could not wish for a happier time, wood and water being plenty all along.

Having no record I do not know how long we were in the wilderness. Finally we came to a considerable stream that ran right across the divide and an ugly stream to cross besides. Here we had to pull our wagons across by hand which took two or three days. While we were working to get across I made a pair of shoes for George Dykes' youngest wife. After everything was passed over without accident we struck the line of march. As usual nothing occurring past common except Dykes would give me groceries for shooting prairie chickens for him and his family.

In a few days we struck Brigham Young's company on their way from Garden Grove to Pisgah and followed them into Pisgah. Here was a providence of God again to hit the time right to get with President Young again. At Pisgah I met Daniel Allen whose wife had died on the road and left him with some little children. He was shoemaking in his wagon bed to get sustenance for himself and family. I was truly sorry for him; I turned in and helped him shoe-make; I do not know how long, but charged him nothing.

I said to him one day, "You ought to get you a step-mother for your children; you cannot live this way." He replied, "I do not know who would come into such a family as I have." Instantly an idea struck me, and I said: "I know who you can get; she will make a good step-mother too and she is right here in Pisgah." "Who is it?" says he. "It is Eliza Berry, John Berry's sister. "Oh!" said he, "she would not have me." I asked him if he would be willing for me to tell her if she would be willing for him to come and see her on the subject. "Yes," he said. So I went and she said she had no objections and so he did get her for a wife and step-mother too and I believe she made a genuine good step-mother too. At any rate he made a good living with her help and had quite a posterity by her too.

It was then thought that we would have to winter at Pisgah. So I with Christian Houtz found a good place of rich land, and fenced and put in four or five acres of corn, beans and squash, and built each one of us a very snug little winter house and covered it nice and tight with elm bark. Pisgah was a very sickly place.

President Young then made a powerful appeal to the Saints for help to furnish the pioneers with wagons and teams to go West to find a resting place for the Saints to go to. He portrayed our situation in a very impressive manner showing the

necessity of going immediately to find a place where the Saints could all gather to. Moses Daley, a man in the congregation who had three good strong wagons and teams, and no one seemed to respond to President Young's call, he looked at brother Daley and said, "Brother Daley, have you not got three wagons?" He hummed and hawed and at last drew out the word, "Yes, but they are heavy loaded and I have no place to empty them," and I believe he scratched his head and twisted and screwed in his seat in an evasive manner.

I was so chagrined at this that I arose up in the congregation and said, "I have but one wagon and team and you shall have them; for it is better for me to stop back five years than to stop the Saints from going West as fast as possible." After meeting was dismissed Uncle John Smith, George A. Smith's father, came and laid his hand on my head and I received a blessing. Said he, "You shall get ready and cross the plains before Brother Daley." So when I presented my wagon and team to President Young, on examination he said the wagon was not stout enough to go on the trip, but he took the two yoke of cattle. Said he, "Now, how do you want to let me have them; do you want a receipt for them and give them back to you again, or for me to pay you for them when we get to our stopping place or how?" "No," I said, "do as you think best with the oxen and make no account to me, hereafter; I let them go freely." "Now," said he, "Brother Meeks, you may take your family down to Missouri and make fit-out by next Spring;" although it was strictly forbidden for men to take their families down in Missouri. He also said, "Keep your eye skinned down there and if it gets too hot, bring your family back to the Bluffs."

Mormon Battalion—Shortly after this Colonel Allen came with a requisition from the Government for five hundred men to go to Mexico to help fight their battles. President Young put out a proclamation for the Saints to gather at Council Bluffs, preparatory to making up the five hundred men. Orson B. Adams, my son-in-law, had by this time joined me at Pisgah. He and I with our families went immediately up to the Bluffs, leaving my winter house and farm with instructions for it to be turned over to some poor brother that might come on too late to build and plant before winter set in. We arrived at the Bluffs on the 4th of July. We stopped three miles out from the place of rendezvous and walked into where we had to meet the Twelve Apostles with Brigham Young at their head. They made some of the most impressive calls for volunteers that I ever heard. Orson B. Adams was the second man to turn out to volunteer.

President Young said to the brethren if the five hundred men could not be had without, he and The Twelve Apostles would



PRIDDY MEEKS AND THIRD WIFE,
Mary Jane McCleave Meeks
— about 1868 —

go themselves, for it was the salvation of the Church. Here was a splendid chance to show who was willing to make a sacrifice for the Kingdom of God; but the five hundred were raised without The Twelve having to go. There was a willingness manifested among the Saints that was truly gratifying. So the Battalion was soon dispatched, while the aged and sick and cripples and all that was left of the men, had to take charge of the women and children. It fell to my lot to have charge of Adams' effects with two children, his wife going with him in the Battalion.

Now I was fixing to take my family with me on to Missouri to make a fit-out; President said I might because I let him have my wagon and team at Pisgah. Who did I see come walking up but Samuel Clark (who kept a tan yard in Provo several years after he came to the mountains). He said, "I am the man that you saved the life of himself and family." In the early settlement of Nauvoo he came a total stranger and got into a house near the river in Nauvoo where it was very sickly. His family all took sick; one died and another was near dying and the rest not able to take care of each other. My daughter went down to the river to wash, and heard of the conditions of the family of strangers that lived there. She found it no less miserable than it was represented. The girl was so near dead she brought her home with her. She said they were all sick and had little or nothing to eat. I went straight way to the place and took two baskets of provisions with me, a little of most everything. I took medicine also, and all that I could I did for them and soon had them out of danger. The little girl went home to her father.

I charged them nothing for all that I had done. Soon as he got able he moved off. I never heard from him any more until I saw him come walking up to me at the Bluffs. Two of his boys went into the Battalion, Joseph and Riley. When he came to my wagon at the Bluffs he said to me, "If you have no objections I want to put my wagons by the side of yours." He had three good wagons and teams but no horses. So he came with his wagons and put them by my wagons. I told him I was going down to Missouri to winter with my family by permission from President Young. Says he, "If you go I will go too, for I intend to stay along with you." So we both went down in Missouri and wintered there.

We stopped in the upper edge of Missouri at the Bluffs, six miles from the river, a most beautiful country, at a man's place called Wilkinson. It was a smooth prairie country; excellent water and a set of hewed house logs that we might put up to winter in. The Bluffs here were lined with any amount of Chickasaw plums which were just getting ripe, and a large amount of elder berries in right order for making wine; and we turned in and made eighty gallons of wine. We put a hundred and fifty pounds of sugar in it which made it splendid, and it proved the means of making

a fit-out in the spring. There was a Gentile named William Slusher who lived square in on the river from where we were. He came to see us and told us to move down to the river to his place. Every facility would be greatly in our favor if we would, so we fixed up and moved down.

It was now getting late in the season. "Now gentlemen," said he, "my corn is not all gathered yet; there is some quite good roasting ears among it and there are cucumbers in it. You are welcome to all you want." So we honored the invitation by helping ourselves. Close by was a grove of slim cottonwood timber just suitable for house logs. We would haul a whole tree at a time and we soon had house logs enough to put up each of us a room within a few rods of his dwelling. There was an island in the river close by which was full of rushes and but a little ways to swim the cattle in; and they come out fat in the Spring.

I had the care of Orson Adams' family and all his stock. John Henderson, a lad which I had raised from a child, whose parents were dead, was a good boy, both truthful and honest. I do not know how I could have gotten along without him. He caught all the fish we could use. Here brother Clark and myself lived as one family keeping no accounts between us whatever. Here we lived all winter although mixed up with as rough a set of people as I ever lived among. Slusher's house was ever open for gambling, drinking, horse racing, card playing, frolicking and gossiping which opened a good sale for our wine, which brought the money; although they were just as kind to us as they could be. They would trust us for anything we would name. They seemed to venerate us, than otherwise, but we kept on our watch, knowing what we were about. We did not mix in with them in their wickedness but were friendly with them. Finally springtime came and I took my wife and went away down into Missouri and traded off our feather beds and such things as we could, and got corn and came by a grist mill and got it ground. It being a very sickly season I helped to get a fit-out by doctoring.

My oldest son, Lovin Meeks, was living in Missouri at the time but we could not find exactly where he was at the first trip, he having no family. So after we returned home with our fit-out we went the second trip in search of him. When found he agreed to go with us up to the Bluffs to see the rest of the family. He having no idea of crossing the plains with us, left his business unsettled. He finally concluded to cross the plains with us, but the next spring returned to Missouri and died.

Now my little old wooden wagon that I had come in from Nauvoo would not stand a trip across the plains. I started off to trade it off for a good wagon. I offered a large young horse for a little pony and a good wagon. I found a man named Richardson who offered me the very trade I wanted. But a monitory impulse struck me with such force I could not accept the offer;

why I could not tell. When I got home my wife says, "Have you found any trade today that suits you?" I answered; "Yes, but I did not trade." "Why not?" said she. "Because something almost as plain as words instinctively said, "No." I found out afterwards the cause, as I was told Beason Lewis took the same bargain from him and went to The Horn⁵ with the property, and an officer followed him with a writ and took the property, and he had to wait until the next season.

But I cut and wheeled around among the people until I found Jesse Harmon, a good Saint who I believe was counseled to wait until the next season. He let me have a wagon that was fitted up in Nauvoo on purpose for crossing the plains, with large projections on either side of the top of the bed, with very high wagon bows. I did not want a better wagon and he took my little wagon and forty gallons of wine to boot. Now I was just fixed to my notion, in wagons and teams except one ox. When Brother Clark learned that I lacked an ox he says to me, "Brother Meeks, I will give you an ox." He could not see how he could get off that Spring when there was nothing in the world in the way if he had just had the spirit of it. He had three good wagons and teams and was not enthralled anyway. Here was another providence of God in my favor in fulfillment of what Uncle John, as I called him, said to me in Pisgah when I gave up all the wagon and team that I owned to fit up the pioneers. Now I was ready to go to The Horn where we were organized to cross the plains.

When I shook hands with brother Clark on starting he cried like a child and never would have pay for the ox he had let me have. With a glad heart and joyful spirit we moved off and reached The Horn in good time and when the time came we were organized into Jedediah Grant's hundred and Joseph Bates Noble's fifty and Josiah Miller's ten. They were all three as good men as were to be had anywhere; my family comprising eight persons, myself and wife and two daughters, Elizabeth grown, Margaret Jane not grown, John Henderson, a lad I had raised, and a boy and girl belonging to Orson B. Adams, John Adams and Betsy Parson. Now our hearts swelled with the glorious expectation of leaving our persecutors behind. We started not knowing where we were going or what was ahead of us, trusting in the living God, and started like Abraham, not knowing whither we went and we did have a good time! Notwithstanding the hardships and trials and troubles and sickness many had to endure.

The Lord did pour out his blessings upon us abundantly. The plains furnished an abundance of meat and the prairie grass abundance of milk. Now the incidents that took place crossing the plains are so complicated I will only mention a few in this connection. One case of Sister Edwin: the first I heard of her, she was about

5. Elkhorn River, eastern Nebraska.

dying with what they called the Black Kanker in her mouth and throat. She did die in a few hours and we halted to bury her, and her daughter Rachel Edwin was found to have the same complaint and quite deep seated. I told them I thought I could cure her. My daughter Elizabeth waited on her while I doctored her and she was not long in getting well. The palate of the old lady's mouth was eat up and the fauces of her mouth partly gone. All was in a mortified state. I am convinced that it was the diphtheria they both had.

The next case was Gilbert Summer's wife (he being with the pioneers). She was in a company two miles distant from me but they sent for me and when I got there I found her very low with a fever, and with all the faith and courage I could raise I broke the fever and she soon got up again. Another case was as I was standing guard one night close by Brother Noble's wagon, I heard some person groan like if they were nearly dead. In the morning I inquired of Brother Noble who it was; he said it was Richard Norwood the man who drove his team. On examination I found it to be Black Kanker as we called it; but it was undoubtedly the diphtheria in its worst form, for his whole palate and fossils of his throat appeared to be one solid mass of putrefaction. I told Brother Noble if he would look among the crowd and get such medicine as I would name I would try to do something for him; for without help he could not live but a very few days. I well recollect one medicine I used; it was rough elm bark, taken off a tree which stood close by. It is one of the best antiseptics in the compass of medicine.

In the first settling of Kentucky and Indiana we used to put our hog's lard and bear's oil in large troughs. We would sometimes have maybe fifty gallons at a time. It would sometimes turn green going into a state of putrefaction. We would take the red or rough elm bark in long strips and lay it lengthwise in the troughs and it would take all the smell and color and taste of putrefaction out of it and render it as sweet as any other oil. I will just say that he was cured in a much shorter time than I could expect. So we all moved on in order again.

The Lord has His eye on the end from the beginning. To illustrate I will relate an incident which took place on the plains, the blessings resulting from which are visible to this day and will be in all time and in eternity. We had a stampede on the plains and lost sixty-two head of cattle which we never did find. We laid there eight days not having team enough to travel; but knowing we must move on or perish we mustered up all the available teams possible and that was one ox! President John Young was minus one ox, he and I being entire strangers. He heard that I had a cow that would work and when he found me he said, "Brother Meeks," "Yes sir," I answered. "Well we are now organized for traveling, if I had one more animal; Will you let me have that

cow to fit me out?" I replied, "No." At this his countenance fell like a blaze just put out, but says I, "I will tell you what I will do, I will let you have a good ox and will work the cow myself. As she is heavy with calf, I would rather work her myself." At this he brightened up like a fire in a stubble field, so we all took up the line of march full of the spirit of rejoicing; and while I am speaking on this line of Providence resulting from me letting President John Young have an ox, I will trace that line out far enough to show that a person will never lose his reward for doing good.

So we left The Horn, I think in April, and took until the next Fall to get into the valley. I arrived in the valley on the first day of October, 1847. I have already mentioned some incidents that took place on the plains; I may mention some more hereafter. Now we felt good and happy with the idea of leaving our persecutors a thousand miles behind. Now the Salt Lake Valley had a beautiful rich soil and well supplied with good water. We went to work under the wise counsel of President Young and The Twelve Apostles, although they had returned to the States for their families, and I believe we did our best, generally speaking.

Finally the crickets came so thick it made the earth black in places and it did look like they would take what little we had growing which looked nice and flourishing. Now this was another trial although my faith did not fail one particle, but felt very solemn on the occasion our provisions beginning to give out. My family went several months without a satisfying meal of victuals. I went sometimes a mile up Jordan to a patch of wild roses to get the berries to eat which I would eat as rapidly as a hog, stems and all. I shot hawks and crows and they ate well. I would go and search the mire holes and find cattle dead and fleece off what meat I could and eat it. We used wolf meat, which I thought was good. I made some wooden spades to dig seagoes⁶ with, but we could not supply our wants.

We had to exert ourselves to get something to eat. I would take a grubbing-hoe and a sack and start by sunrise in the morning and go, I thought six miles before coming to where the thistle roots grew, and in time to get home I would have a bushel and sometimes more thistle roots. And we would eat them raw. I would dig until I grew weak and faint and sit down and eat a root, and then begin again. I continued this until the roots began to fail; I then turned my attention to making horn combs out of horns. I got two five gallon kegs and a sack and threw it across the saddle and away I went peddling combs for buttermilk and clabber among those who were out with their stock for the milk. I continued this until I heard Capt. James Brown had bought out a mountaineer of a large herd of cattle some sixty (40—Ogden)

6. Sego Lily, Utah State Flower.

miles north of the city. I went there and bought a horse-load of cheese which we ate without bread or meat.

Now everything did look gloomy, our provisions giving out and the crickets eating up what little we had growing, and we a thousand miles away from supplies. When Sunday came we had meeting. Apostle Rich stood in an open wagon and preached out-of-doors. It was a beautiful day and a very solemn one too. While preaching he says, "Brethren, we do not want you to part with your wagons and teams for we might need them," (intimating that he did not know but we might have to leave).

That increased my solemnity. At that instant I heard the voice of fowls flying over head that I was not acquainted with. I looked up and saw a flock of seven gulls. In a few minutes there was another larger flock passed over. They came faster and more of them until the heavens were darkened with them and lit down in the valley till the earth was black with them; and they would eat crickets and throw them up again and fill themselves again and right away throw them up again. A little before sundown they left for Salt Lake, for they roosted on a sandbar; a little after sunrise in the morning they came back again and continued that course until they had devoured the crickets and then left sine die and never returned. I guess this circumstance changed our feeling considerable for the better.

Hunting Wild Game—Although I could not tell what to do next, it all at once came into my mind to go into the mountains and hunt wild game. I told my wife of it. She said she rather I would not go. She said, "You are unacquainted with the country and you may get lost or the Indians may kill you." I said, "We cannot live this way, and I used to be a good hunter and I believe the Lord will bless me with good luck and I will trust in him like old Lehi and try it." I was not long in starting by myself without even a dog to go with me, on a three-year-old horse that I was unacquainted with, with almost nothing with me to eat. And as the proverb is, it's root hog or die! I started alone; my family stood in the door and looked after me as long as they could see me, thinking they might never see me again; but I started and when I would look back and see my family standing in the door looking after me you may be sure it touched the tenderest spot in my heart; tears trickled down my cheeks, but the momentary impression urged me on, as much as to say, "Go on; you will be blessed."

Here, with a solemn feeling I pushed ahead some ten or fifteen miles and stopped at a spring for noon. While there I heard horses feet coming. I looked and beheld Brother Gustin, a neighbor of mine who had heard I had started in the mountains to hunt. He wished to go with me and took my track and overtook me, then I felt glad and received it as a providence of God. So we

traveled some fifty or sixty miles until the second night and camped with a perpendicular wall of rock behind us and a little stream of water in front of us. I saw something walking right in the light of the red clouds. It looked to me just like a man walking straight towards me. By this time it was light enough to see to shoot but we never thought of shooting for we thought it was a man until it turned its head another way to look which threw it entirely out of shape for a man and behold it was an elk!

You may be sure we were ready quick with our guns. It walked up in good gun shot of us and turned broad side and stopped and it happened so that we both fired at the same time. I did not know that he had shot, he did not know I had shot, neither of us heard but one report, however the elk dropped in its tracks. We ran to it and shot it in the head to make sure of it. Now we did rejoice exceedingly believing with all our hearts that the Lord sent that elk right straight to us to furnish our wives and children with food, who we had left behind with little or nothing to eat. We fleeced all the flesh off from the bones and dried it on a scaffold. It was very fat and weighed we thought about four hundred pounds. When well dried we sacked it up and had all we could well carry home. And while reclining on our elbows resting ourselves and taking a bite of our elk meat we discovered two men riding directly towards us.

We were somewhat surprised to see two white men sixty miles, as we supposed it was, from the city. They rode up and spoke to us very gravely as we had no knowledge of each other but soon found out we were all brethren from the Salt Lake Valley. Their names were Amasa Russell and Morris Snedeker and they had been out hunting and killed nothing and were nearly starved. That morning they had boiled some weeds in water and ate what they could, the last they expected to eat till they could get home. I said, "Go with us to our camp; we have plenty of meat." Brother Snedeker said he thought it was the prettiest word he ever heard.

So when we got to camp we feasted high, having the marrow of the bone for butter and the fleeced ribs broiled for bread. Now who cannot see the hand of the Lord in all this narrative, for these two brethren as well as us. For we gave them some ten pounds of dried meat and told them to hunt longer and try to get some to take to their families. We went home rejoicing with plenty of food for our families.

It was nothing short of the kind providence of God that attended our steps through the whole trip and to this day my heart swells with gratitude to Him for it, although it took place thirty four years ago.

Here the famine was so sore before I went in the mountains to hunt, my wife went to Sister Cessions, a very prominent woman among the sick women and a very good woman too. I think

if it had not been for her husband, he was thought to be a great miser, they had an abundance of flour on hand and he buried it in the earth to hide it. My wife says, "Sister Cessions won't you let me have a few pounds of flour; I will try and pay you for it?" "Yes," she said, and appeared to be quite sorry for her destitution, and seemed to pity her very much. "How much a pound will I have to pay you?" "Oh, I think about ten cents a pound." "I am very thankful to get some and I am willing to pay that much." After some talk on the subject she says, "I think the flour should be about twelve and a half cents a pound seeing it is so scarce and hard to get." My wife said, "If you think so I will pay it." And after a little more sanctimonious talk and pitying of my wife's situation she says, "I think I ought to have fifteen cents a pound."

I do not know the answer my wife made to this; but one thing I do know, she let her keep her flour, it being buried in the ground; and they lost the whole of it and the old man lived but a year or two after and died. I do not know what became of the old woman; while my wife survived the hardships she had to suffer and is now (1882) alive and well and enjoying a clear conscience, which is worth more than all their flour.

Second Hunt—The hardships and suffering of the Saints made it very sickly and while at home I had no rest scarcely day or night. Our provisions growing short I had to go again hunting. Brother Gustin heard of it and said he must go with me (I don't want to go with anyone else but you). So we started together keeping Emigration Road some fifteen or twenty miles, then turned to the right of the road through the breaks of the mountains. It was quite a brushy country and very likely for game to be in. I told him we must make no noise: I thought we would find some elk or bear in such a place as that. He had a fashion that he must go before. We had to lead our horses on account of the brush, expecting every moment to find elk or bear in such a likely place for them to be. He suddenly dropped his bridle reins and slipped along a few yards; he up with his gun and fired.

I made sure it was an elk or bear and was instantly by his side with my gun ready for another shot if needed, which is the rule in hunting. "Now," he says, "I guess we have got camp meat." I says, "what did you shoot at?" He said, "a hawk." Oh, I was vexed; I told him he had scared all the game out of the country for miles around and let the Indians know that we were in the country; but I never got sight of his hawk. So we passed on until we came to Weber River and it was quite full, but we found a place to cross without difficulty and camped for the night. In the morning we took down the river on an Indian trail; I got him to let me go ahead some. He could not see anything only as he looked straight at it. It seemed as if he had no reflection of the eye on each side. I had to show him mostly the game that

we killed. Away down, not far from the river I discovered four antelope feeding very busy in a low place of ground. I showed them to Brother Gustin. I said, "I will stay here with the horses and if they see me they won't run when I am so far off, and you go down under the bank of the river under the bushes until you get even with them; they are near enough to shoot from the bank; then step back and load again."

This program, it pleased him well and I watched the antelope till the gun fired. The antelope jumped a few times then stopped and looked all around but did not know which way the noise came from. I saw one antelope draw himself up, and down he dropped. "There is one safe," thinks I. I thought the time long for the next shot but "bop" it came, and down went another antelope. "There are two safe now," thought I. In due time the third fire was heard with the same result. Now there were three safe. The fourth now felt like it was time for it to be getting away. It did not run but walked off stepping high and dry. He followed it and had three shots at it before giving it up. He said he did know that he had hit it, (certainly the Lord overruled this circumstance for we now had as much as we could well get home with). I took two on my horse and he took one on his and traveled down the river till we came to the Emigration Canyon, to the road and camped. Here we cut and dried our meat, having a very good load. The river was considerably up.

While there a man named Singly who had goods and provisions plenty to sell in the city, (a good brother too probably, but his prices were so high but few were able to buy), he heard of my success in the mountains. He thought, now is my time to make my jack off from the destitute Saints who had little or nothing to eat. He hired some three or four men which he could easily do with a few pounds of flour to go into the mountains and kill game for him, which he thought with no mistake that he could accomplish. He would not give them shares in the hunt but would pay them in something that would keep soul and body together.

An hour or so before sundown he reached our camp. I invited him to stop and have something to eat; but no, he said he wanted to get out to killing game. He appeared very anxious to get his load so passed on. The next I heard from them was several weeks after I got home and they killed nothing; and he had his men to pay, and he finally apostatized and went to California. This is the report I had about the man; and this is another instance of the interposition of God's providence in favor of them who are trying to do right and His displeasure with the covetous. We got home rejoicing without difficulty and found our families in very good condition for more food.

The Third Hunt.—Orson B. Adams, my son-in-law, came and said, "Father, I want to go with you the next time you go

hunting." I was pleased with the idea of his going, for he was a good hand at almost anything he goes at, and I found it necessary to go again, for food was about gone, for I don't know how many we let have a little. For my wife had as much benevolence as I had, although I had but little rest from waiting on the sick day and night. I was like the old mule: always worked down, but never give out, for which I must thank the Lord for His blessings upon me, my hardships and sufferings notwithstanding.

So Brother Adams and myself started on my third trip hunting. We took four available horses and pack saddles and equipment for packing, and John Henderson, a lad I had raised, to attend to camp duties. We three each rode a horse and had one extra for packing. Brother Adams says, "Father, which way shall we go?" Said I, "My mind seems to soar away over the mountains and drop down in the valley at the foot of a great mountain that I think is full of antelope." I then thought of Uinta Mountains. I had heard by some means that there was antelope in that country. I gave him a program of our journey until we came to antelope as I could see it in my mind's eye.

We had but little to take with us to eat without robbing our families and we did not want to do that. I said, "We will keep the Emigration Road until we get to Weber River and then take up the river on the east side till we come to a good stout creek (it is now called Silver Creek); and take up that creek till it begins to be small, then pass up a left hand fork to the head and pass over and turn down into a valley where I think there is plenty of antelope."

So when we got to the Weber, in a beautiful grassy plane, we saw a small antelope standing looking at us. It must have been three hundred yards off. We needed it badly for camp meat; Orson couldn't see how we could get it. Nothing between us and it but grass and it was wild. "I can tell you how," said I. "We will let the horses stay here feeding around with us, you take a gun in your hand and get on your hands and knees and travel like an animal feeding, but don't go straight towards it, but a little to one side and then to the other side but still be getting nearer all the time." He succeeded and brought it back with him when he came. So we fixed up and started rejoicing in the providence of God as manifest in this case.

We took three or four days traveling before we found antelope according to the program I had made and we left the head waters of the Weber stream and turned over onto waters that ran the other way; we were in sight of a valley full of antelope; we could see them a mile off. Orson could hardly wait to get down there. We soon came to good water in the valley and struck camp, the sun about an hour high. We told John to attend to camp duties and we would take a round and see what we could see as late as it was. I told Orson to take his course and I will take the other way. We returned in due time; he

had killed two antelope. I shot two but failed getting either of them. In the morning, as soon as it was light enough to see to try them, we started out saying we will keep together until it gets light enough to see to shoot. We went east about three quarters of a mile.

We came right on an Indian lying right flat on his belly with his head the other way. We were close on him before he knew we were there. He was watching a herd of antelope not far off. He seemed to take it very cool and got up and appeared friendly, and must look at our guns; we looked at his which was a shot gun. It was now sun up and he pointed to the antelope, for us to go after them, and we pointed for him to go so we took our different courses for hunting that day. I got three antelope and Orson two. Now we had seven ready for butchering after they were brought to camp. So it was thought wisdom for me to cut and dry the meat and Orson to do the balance of the hunting. He hunted two more days only and we had more meat than we could carry home and hung some up in the quaking asp sapling out of the wolves' reach for some poor hunter or Indian to find that probably might be starving. We had at least twelve hundred pounds of the best kind of meat. The hunting that was done was about four and a half days, all told. Orson Adams killed one black-tailed buck, the largest deer I ever saw. We both, together, took the second trial before we could get it on a horse to take to camp.

We had a large Spanish blanket. I raveled a thread out of it and made a needle out of a stick with my knife and made an eye in one end and threaded it with the raveled thread and sewed the blanket up all but about a foot in the center and filled it with dried meat as full as it would hold until it laid about straight on the pack saddle, and lashed it on with a lariat; then tying some to each side of the pack saddle and then loaded the other horses as much as we could to do justice, and then could not take it all, and started home, a due north course and struck the Emigration Road, east of the Cave-in-rock [Echo Canyon] at the head of the Emigration Canyon, intending to camp there overnight, but found no water there so we had to travel down the canyon until we found water, as we and our animals were famished for water. Now it began thundering and lightning, with dark heavy clouds rolling up and soon commenced raining and so dark we could see nothing only when it lightened. Our prospects did seem dismal.

We were bound to have water before we camped if it took half the night. Our horses kept the road and as by inspiration walked very lively. Adams riding foremost came to a crossing of a branch; the horse suddenly stopped, bent down his head and went to drinking. He hollered, "Here is water." The animals crowding in went to drinking; then came a flash of lightning that showed to us a cave in the rocks a few yards from the creek.

He shouted out, "I see a cave in the rocks close by."^{6a} I said, "Go right to it." It was raining and very dark but by a flash or two more he found the cave and we made all possible speed and turned our horses out foot-loose with the lariat dragging and pulled everything into the cave. The room being so small some of us had to set nearly straight to sleep, but we were out of the rain, thank the Lord for it. But, Oh, how did it rain that night but had ceased by morning and our animals were all in sight. Now we rejoiced exceedingly for now it seemed like everything worked out to our advantage; so we loaded up, started again and reached home in due time without further trouble, with plenty of food for our families who were in a splendid condition to receive it.

Now there were so many without food it did not take long to eat the meat all up. So the time soon arrived that I agreed to go the fourth time hunting. So when President Young heard I was going again to the mountains to hunt he said to me, "Brother Meeks, keep your eyes skinned for fear of Indians." I replied, "I think I can see an Indian as quick as he can see me." "Yes, but they will have the advantage of you," he said; "they will know you are a white man, and you would not know whether they were friendly or not. There is Old Elk; he don't care who it is so it is a white man; he will kill them if he has a chance."

So I went on the fourth trip; Gilbert Summer and his stepson, William Hyde, went with me, and John Henderson, a young man I had raised from a child. We took the same route and went to the same place that Adams and me went the previous trip, but found no antelope there and were almost out of anything to eat. The day we got there we hunted together. William Hyde shot a bear; drew blood but we did not get it. Late in the evening, while going through the brush, I got separated from the other three. I was all alone, all being very anxious to obtain meat. I was deeply engaged trying to find something for camp meat. I saw an elk and two young ones looking at me. I shot the old one, heard her run off, fall dead. I did not know where my company was.

I followed the blood until I came where the elk lay dead. Now the sun was almost down and the brush so thick I had to lead my horse through it. It was a doleful looking place. Now what shall I do; I then hollered as loud as I could and away off I heard an answer. I said, "Come here"; they had heard the gun but did not know but that I was killed by an Indian. They came with all speed you may be sure and rejoiced to find we had camp meat. But what shall we do now; here lay a great animal, and it nearly dark and we must get water and did not know how far off it was and had brush to pass through. However we all four went to butchering as fast as we could, took the hide off and got it quartered and slung it across the horses and got to water in the dark and was thankful it was no worse than it was.

6-a. Cache Cave, Echo Canyon.

It rained some that night. We spread the elk skin on some poles over us in the morning. I did not feel right in my mind, somehow; in fact I had not felt on the whole trip as I did before, but thought I would tramp around the range and see if I could find track of any game. I came across a little back-tailed deer and killed it. It looked like a lost sheep that did not know where the herd was and I think it was the case with it, for there was but little sign of game to be seen.

So next morning we started to go over to the waters of Bear River and we struck the Emigration Road at the Cave-in-rock just in time to see The Twelve and their Company pass. So we passed on and happened to get in company with Dimick Huntington, Thomas Willis, Augustus Dodge and Al Huntington, who had come out to hunt. We all went on to the waters of Bear River and hunted until we were tired and made a pour out; game scarce and very wild but we all carried something home with us.

While there I went on foot and alone some distance from camp and the first thing I saw then was a parcel of Indians coming through a gap in the ridge as hard as their horses could go. Seemingly I did not like it but stopped still until they came up. They did not quite run over me but their looks and gestures were hostile. They halted and took a look at me and said something I did not understand. I eyed them closely and thought they were the two I had seen in the valley. I tried to make them understand that I was a Mormon and from the Valley and was hunting antelope. After consultation they gave me to understand that I might hunt antelope. I do believe they intended killing me but the Lord changed their minds, so they did not harm me and I have always believed that I ought to have taken President Young's counsel he gave me about Indians before I started. The way they approached me is the way they do when they intend killing a person. So when we came to Weber River on our way home, we had to swim it.

Here now was a dangerous job to get across, to sit on our horses and swim over not knowing whether our horses could swim or not, but it was all the chance. So we put in as high up as we could so as not to come out too low down the road slanting down the river which was in our favor. So we started in one at a time and all got through safe and the next day reached home alright. Now this whole trip was not characterized by the same feeling and everything else that the other three trips were, but the Lord preserved us and we all got home safely.

When I got home from my fourth trip, John D. Lee had just arrived in the valley, and The Twelve and their company had just arrived. He had heard of my success in hunting and wanted me to go hunting with him. He said he would take a wagon and team and haul me and all that I would kill back if I would go. I

refused, saying I could not leave the sick for I had neglected them too much already.

So when I heard that Phineas Richards would arrive in the valley with his family that day, I met him before he stopped and said to him: "Brother Richards, I wish you would stop your wagon in some suitable place for your family, and turn right in with me and attend the sick. There is more than I can possibly do justice by." Like a faithful Saint, he did so.

We attended the sick both night and day and our success was marvelous, because the Lord blessed the medicine we used, it being such He had ordained for the benefit of His Saints, using no poison, no bleeding nor starving of our patients, but everything we used was in harmony with their food.

At one time there was so much sickness that I was five days and nights that I never entered my own door. We worked hard against the power of death, who fooled me out of the lives of two patients through my ignorance. Hyrum Perkins and his wife were very sick when I first visited them. I attended them with a good prospect of their recovery. They got quite smart. I visited them one morning as usual, and they were so smart they thought they were going to get well. The woman says to me, "I ain't going to take any more medicine." "Why?" said I— "because I had a vision last night," said she, "and was told that we both will get well now without medicine." I believed it as well as they did and left off, and they both died in a short time.

I told Brother Richards the circumstances and he gave me a very brotherly rebuke, and said, "Don't you ever believe in the visions or revelations of a woman to govern her husband. It is contrary to the order of God." I have ever since been cautious on that subject. A woman may counsel her husband but not control him.

Apostle Willard Richards had one of his wives die in child-bed with symptoms they did not understand. She seemed to have smothering, suffocating, sinking spells. He requested us to make an examination by dissection, and we found it to be dropsy or water around the heart. Dandelion is a good remedy for it, but not so sure as a thorough course of Thomsonian medicine, as repeated until a cure is affected.

Now I will inform the reader that I have promiscuously picked up several chips and recorded them in this book and will continue to do so all through this book as they occur to my mind (having no data to base my thoughts upon), and I shall call them chips although of different kinds. Some historical chips, some medical chips and some religious chips.

Now the first winter that we were in the valley we had most glorious night meetings. The spirit of the Lord was much enjoyed. Preaching, praying, singing and speaking in tongues and the interpretation of tongues and prophesying was abundantly en-

joyed among us. After enjoying one of these good meetings I laid myself down and fell into something of a trance or vision and lost all knowledge of time and sense.

I thought the people were all busily engaged with their daily vocations in the valley, and there was a city in the sky right over the valley with a porch to it facing the west, and a ladder leaning against the porch and the foot of the ladder on the ground in the center of the valley. It was intuitively made known to me that the time had come for me and my wife to ascend the ladder up to the city.

I spoke to my wife saying, "Come Sally, it is our time now to go up the ladder." She willingly responded and we started up the ladder. I got on the first round and took her by the hand or arm and helped her up even with me and she stood there until I got on the second round and then I helped her up by my side on the second round, and that was the order until we got up to the top of the ladder. And when on the last round the edge of the porch was even with my breast.

I looked in by the fireplace and saw several men sitting by the fireplace all dressed alike in plain mixed jeans. Their countenances looked very pleasant and familiar. One of them got up and came out to me smiling and said: "I know you can't come in; it is my place to come and take you over the edge of the place." And then I turned around and helped my wife up, for that was the order in getting into the city.

I thought we now could look down and see the thoughts and intents of the hearts of those down on the ground. I saw two hogs in shape, although they were "Mormons." One was a large sandy colored hog with large lopped ears which I thought represented or was Amasa Lyman, although I never would receive it in that light until I was obliged to. I had so much confidence in him. The other one was a small round-bodied, well made hog, more lively and quick motioned than the other, and not so sandy colored, yet I knew they were "Mormons." But who the little one represented I had no knowledge.

I knew their thoughts and the intents of their hearts, and that was to get into the place of the First Presidency, whom I thought I saw lying on a blanket apparently asleep on the ground; I saw only two. Those two hogs went and tried to root them off their blankets so they could get in their places. They would start them with their snouts to roll out but before they could get them out their snouts would slip up and they would roll back again. The blankets being a little basining in the center the hogs would then make much of them and rub them first one side and then the other, like a cat by the way of reconciliation for fear they would be disturbed at their conduct.

I could see their thoughts and the intents of their hearts which was nothing but deception. They tried it several times but failed

every time till they gave it up and started off. They appeared to be disappointed and disheartened. In a little while they came to a small tree. I saw their minds change; I thought they had claws like a cat and they reared up against the tree and tried the strength of their nails, thinking they could get them off their blankets with their claws if they could not with their snouts so they turned back and tried it. Oh how they would rub their sides against them, first one side and then another, with the most powerful pretensions of friendship that was possible to use, but could not succeed.

They finally gave it up and started off never to return. At that instant they began to get poor. The large one was the poorest hog I ever saw. His back was round like a rainbow and his ears lopped down almost to the ground. He was the ugliest hog I ever saw. In that condition they went off. And the first thing I knew I was at home. But the person that was represented by the little hog, I never did see anyone that suited the figure as well as William Godbe, but I don't know as he is the one.

In this connection I will relate another visionary incident while living at Parowan. Simeon Houd got badly poisoned with strychnine, so that he had to have his thumb amputated, but that did not seem to stop the poison from ascending up his arm and going down into his vitals which would prove fatal. He sent for me and said to me: "Brother Meeks, if you cannot save me I am gone; for if the poison gets into my vitals it will kill me; it is now to my shoulder." Never knowing lobelia to fail in a case of poison, neither indeed in any other case, in full assurance of faith, I went to work and gave him several thorough courses of Thomsonian medicine, and in three or four days he was so much better that we all believed that nothing more was needed as the poison was checked; he felt about well. I thought the job was completed and I went home.

The second night after this I went home; a strange young woman dressed in white appeared to me and said, "I am sent from the other world to tell you that if you do not double your diligence on Brother Houd he will die, for Satan is trying to kill him." I said, "Did you say that you came from the other world?" "Yes," she replied. "Do you know anything of Calvin (sic) Smith, who was President at Parowan and has been dead about a year?" "Yes, I came from where he is." I said, "How is he getting along?" She said, "First rate; but he is mighty busy." "What is your name?" said I. She said, "Sally Ann." But the other part of her name I either forgot or did not understand; I could not repeat it in the morning. She said she had two cousins here and wanted to visit with them while she was here. I asked her their names. She said, Julia Thompson and Sarah Smith, both daughters of Horace Smith Fish, who lived in Parowan.

I said to her, "You must not be out of my presence while you are here; (that order was given to me by inspiration), but I will tell you how we can do. I will go with you and then you will be with me all the time." It was known to me instinctively that I was responsible for her while she stayed here. So we both went to where each woman lived but did not get an interview with either of them, but the cause I did not know. There was something dark about, and we went back to my house. She said, "Now come with me; I want to show you a pretty building." We entered the beautifullest building that I ever saw. It was spotless white inside. It needed no candle to give light. It was unfurnished, no furniture or anything else in it. She said nothing about who would enjoy the building. She showed me several rooms or departments all exceedingly beautiful. Now said she, "I am ready to go," and I said, "Go." And soon as daylight I went to Brother Houd. I doctored him about as much as I had done, taking the same course I had done before and he was soon well and lived about twenty-five years afterwards.

So when I told Sisters Thompson and Smith, what she told me about being cousins they said, "We know who it was." It was Sally Ann Chamberlain who died fourteen years ago at their home not far from Nauvoo. I mentioned the interview we tried to have with them. They both said they were troubled that night and could not sleep and thought that there was someone there who wished to see them and got up and lit a candle and searched the house, and went out of doors and looked around but could see no person. Now from this woman I learned two important facts. One is when a messenger is sent to anyone they are responsible for them as long as they are with them. The other was that the principles I aim to doctor on is correct. If it had not been so she would have to change my course instead of telling me to double my diligence.

Lobelia the Marvelous—Sister Daniel Tyler while living in Nauvoo got desperately poisoned by rubbing red precipitated mercury on her skin for the itch, not knowing the danger. She put it on quite plentiful. He came for me about midnight. I just gave her a few courses of Thomsonian medicine, and it was not long before she was well.

We need to know but little about the patient, only to know that they are sick; and but very little difference what the complaint will be, thorough courses of regular Thomsonian medicine will seldom if ever disappoint you in performing a cure. It will remove obstructions wherever found in the whole system and restore a healthy action wherever needed. It does act like intelligence, always in harmony with the living intention of the system which is always to remove obstructions from the system of whatever name or nature it may be.

I sometimes look upon lobelia as being supernatural although I have been using it for forty-six years. I do not know the extent of its power and virtues in restoring the sick and at the same time perfectly harmless. It is undoubtedly the best and purest relaxum in the compass of medicine. That is the reason it is so good in childbed cases; it puts the system exactly in the situation the laws of nature would have it be to perform that object. Those in the habit of using it in such cases look forward in pleasing anticipation of having a good time, without foreboding of trouble so common to women. Oh glorious medicine!

Evil Spirits—I will now give some items of my experience in Nauvoo. It was so desperately sickly. I run myself down and took sick myself. I took medicine that broke up my disease but I was so weak and feeble that the spirits of affliction or evil spirits or disembodied spirits or the devil if you please, got possession of me and come near killing me. They would torment me nights so that I could not rest, let alone sleep; of a morning I was so tired I was almost dead. They would make me work in a horse mill. They would make me go around and around so heavily I could hardly step one foot before the other. Sometimes they would put a pack on my back so heavy I could scarcely stand up under it, and they would make me carry it.

I do not know how long I was troubled this way but I was nearly dead and out of heart. They troubled me only of nights. I dreaded the nights believing if they troubled me tonight as they did last night I could not live until morning, being so weak and feeble I had to lie down. Being quite late in the evening I do not know but it was best for me to go to bed for the night. So I had a trundle bed pulled out about the middle of the floor where I could be cool, it being hot weather. I lay down with a heavy heart, something seemed to say (though I heard nothing), "Put the Doctrine and Covenants or the Book of Mormon under your head, and do not consent to them and they can have no power over you."

Oh joy unspeakable. I did so and covered up my head and shut my eyes musing in my mind, thinking what will be next, and I saw the three devils coming that always come together to pester me. I thought they had knowledge that there was something up, past common, as they proceeded very slow, like as they were doubtful of a disappointment, all three side by side hold of each other's hands. The middle one was a large man, dark complexion, black eyes and hair and snaggle teeth, big nose and high cheek bones and an old black wool hat lopped down all around, nearly, and an old cloth coat nearly worn out, black but very much faded and hung slovenly over his shoulders like it might fall off. He was extremely ugly; he looked very vicious, he looked like a devil. The other two were smaller and better dressed and appeared

bright and affable like men of education; one of them appeared to be a spokesman, one of them looked considerable like Orson Hyde, the other looked like James Simpson. They approached me with a great deal of caution for fear they would not get my consent. I laid still to hear what they would say, full of determination. They appeared to be about three feet of me when they stopped.

The spokesman began to make bows to me and wave his hand in the most friendly and enticing manner that was possible and said, "Here is Colonel (such a one) giving him a name (but I cannot remember it), wishing to have an interview with you, if you please," with fascinating and enticing words and gestures to make it look like an impossibility to refuse; but I did wait until he was done speaking. I drew back my fist and aimed to strike him right in the belly and said, "Clear yourselves, you devils, I do not want anything to do with you." And I have never been troubled with them in that way since, but I have had considerable to do with them in working against their power over other people, but they have never captured me and made a slave of me; but many times come in my presence and trouble me like a drunken man would, which does not seem pleasant to my mind; but the best way to keep them off is to get the word of God in your head and heart instead of under it, and keep the commandments, which is far better than to depend on putting it under your head.

It was likely it was the same three devils or evil spirits that troubled William Meeks while he lived in Nauvoo. They would trouble him in the day time. They came to trouble him one morning about ten o'clock. He saw them coming and said to his wife, "Send for Uncle, for those devils are coming." She said, "Uncle is far from home (doctoring) this time a day." "Send for John Henderson (who lives close by)." One of the devils said, "What good can he do, he chews tobacco (they told me themselves)." I do not remember whether they sent for me at that time, but they did frequently send for me and they would leave the house before I got there. So you can see that those who do not keep the Word of Wisdom do not have the same power over evil spirits as those who keep it. We can therefore see the necessity of keeping the Word of Wisdom.

Council of Health⁷—The second winter we were in the valley, Apostle Willard Richards wintered in a wagon by a foot (sic) stove alone. I frequently visited him for a social chat which was very interesting to me. I learned many interesting truths from him.

Doctor William A. Morse was a faithful laborer among the sick with me, and a very good man. He and Brother Phineas Rich-

7. See Addenda A, this issue of the Quarterly, p. 37.

ards (was another good man) and myself was engaged among the sick. We had but little time for ourselves, viewing the situation of so much sickness. I proposed to my two partners in medicine, Brothers Morse and Richards, for us to form some kind of an association for giving information to the mass of the people in regard to doctoring themselves in sickness so as to help themselves and lighten our burdens.

So we three went into the wagon to Apostle Richards and made known our wishes on the subject and he approved of it very readily and we formed a society. And Apostle Richards named it the Society of Health. We had a good deal of chat on the subject pro and con and the spirit of union was in our midst and we had a precious time of it. So much so that the spirit impelled Brother Richards to prophesy that those principles that we were about to publish to the world would never die out or cease until it had revolutionized the earth. That declaration was an impetus to me that is in my breast today. They saw fit to appoint me President of the Institution. We conducted everything by majority.

They chose Doctor Morse and myself to scour the canyons every Wednesday in search of roots and herbs to present to the Council on the next day, Thursday, which was our meeting day for inspection and investigation of what we would bring in. It was a speedy way to become acquainted with the flora of the country and the virtues and properties of each plant for which Dr. Morse was the most famous. The masses of people then began to profit by it because of the knowledge they had gained to know what to do, as the prejudice of some people always goes in advance of every good work. It was so in this case.

A certain woman made light of the meeting to another woman. So the second woman would not go to the meeting because the first woman spoke lightly of it. One of her children took sick and died. After that she thought she would go to the Council of Health and see and hear for herself, and while there the case of her child was so plainly illustrated and how to cure such cases she remembered it and sometime after that she had another child taken with the same complaint the first child died with, and she cured it by following the directions she heard in the Council of Health. Now it was remarkable that no two canyons afforded the same kind of plants altogether for we found something new in each canyon.

The institution was so beneficial and so successful that the public began to be universally interested in it. Old Dr. Cannon, a poison Doctor, and poisoned against the Mormons too, could get but little to do among the sick; said if we would give him all the surgery to do he would quit doctoring; and so we did and he joined the Council of Health and proved a great benefit to us, being a man of much experience and intelligence. I learned con-

siderable by helping him to dissect the dead. And after I moved to Parowan in 1851, President Young visited Parowan. I asked him, "Has the Council of Health died a natural death or what has become of it?" He said: "It will never die, as long as you are living." I believe he had knowledge that I was born for that purpose.

The fourth and last hunt I took in the mountains, the second year after we arrived in the valley, I took up the Weber River on the east side about a mile and a half from the road that goes up to Emigration Canyon from the Weber. I passed rather a flat piece of ground some two hundred yards wide between me and the foot of the mountains with large sand stones promiscuously scattered over the ground; some embedded half under the ground. The ground looked broken as though it had some day been erupted and the smoke or rather steam or fog was promiscuously bursting forth out of the ground first one place then another and spread or vanished in the air like a cloud. I started to see if I could get sight of one while coming out of the earth but before I got to the place it would be gone and another would be coming out at another place. I would turn to that and before I could get there it would be gone. So give it up. It would burst forth in a body or column about the size of a hogs-head, and would curl around like a gimblet twist and would vanish gradually like a cloud. I did not understand the matter but supposed it must be a kin to an earthquake or volcano.

I will now relate an incident that took place in Kentucky upward of fifty years ago. While traveling on the bank of the Ohio River through a town named Hausville, late in the evening and at the upper end of town was a nigger quarter; a wench stepped into the yard and called me. I stopped to know what she wanted. She said, "Massa there is a white lady in the house who wants to go about three miles up the river; will you be so good as to carry her baby for her?" At that instance a powerful impulse struck me to say no, and I did say, "No; my animal is small and tired and it is late in the evening." So I pushed on. I have ever since believed it was a black child, and if I had taken it to carry I would have found no mother for it at night. She could have turned aside with a good excuse and not come back again. This was inspiration for my good.

Witchcraft⁸—After I settled in Parowan some time, I went to the city. I inquired for some boy who needed a home, as I needed one, but did not make a raise of one. Sometime after I got home President Daniel H. Wells sent a boy to me by the name of Wm. Titt, some twelve or fourteen years of age. He was born a natural seer, but no knowledge of the fact was had until after he came to live with me, that I ever knew of. Seer stones, or peep-

8. This journal is one of the very few documents available to American history which faithfully reflects the American folklore of the early 19th century. Ideas on witchcraft and devil-possession, engagingly chronicled by Dr. Meeks, were widespread among the American folk of his time, and are by no means dead today.

stones, as they are more commonly called, was very plenty about Parowan, I rather being a gifted person in knowing a peepstone when seeing one altho I had never found one yet that I could see in.

A seer's stone appears to me to be the connecting link between the visible and invisible worlds. I am not prepared to say to what extent discoveries may be made in the invisible world through these means, but I am prepared to say that truthful discoveries, (I am fully convinced), have been made by those means on certain conditions. It is not safe to depend on peepstone in any case where evil spirits have the power to put false appearances before them while looking in a peepstone. If evil influences will not interfere, the verdict will be as true as preaching. That is my experience in the matter; also the Patriarch, Hiram Smith, the brother of the Prophet Joseph Smith, held the same idea, but stated that our faith was not strong enough to overcome the evil influences that might interfere, but seemed to think that time would come. I have seen peepstones as well polished as a fiddle with a nice hole through one end that belonged to the ancients. I asked Brother Smith the use for that hole; he said the same as a watch chain to keep from losing it. He said in time of war the Nephites had the advantage of their enemies by looking in the seerstone which would reveal whatever they wished to know. (I believe a peepstone is of the same piece with the Urim and Thummim, if we understood it.)

Now this Wm. Titt was the best seer in peepstones I ever was acquainted with. He was a good boy but was full of youthful peculiarities like other youngsters. No particular bad habits for a boy having a stepmother that he could not live with, and I believe that Satan and his gang saw the danger his kingdom would be in through Wm. Titt and the peepstone that they did their best to destroy him; and they told him if it had not been for that old Meeks they would have destroyed him, but told Wm. Titt that they could do nothing with old Meeks. (Wm. Titt told me what they said about me.)

Now for those foul spirits and witches; what is the difference between them? Foul spirits are disembodied witches living in the flesh. Do they have power over human beings? They certainly do, every pain, ache or misery we endure is attended by a spirit of affliction and that spirit is intelligence; hence the propriety of laying on hands and rebuking it in the name of Jesus, which would be supreme foolishness if it were not intelligent. But those kind of spirits frequently retorts on them that tried to cast them out, by saying audibly through the one that is possessed; "And what good can you do; you chew tobacco;" and this very expression opens a field for influences which we should profit by, if we don't stand in our own light. If chewing tobacco weakened his power

over that spirit why not every infringement on the Word of Wisdom, or every other evil committed against the principles of the gospel have the same effect?

It is certainly fair reasoning. Those kind of spirits work mostly on the mental functions instead of the physical functions but affect the physical system unto death sometimes by tormenting the spirit of the person. I have myself been victimized by those spirits tormenting my spirit; and today I believe I was in a few hours of being killed by them, had I not received instructions by a Heavenly messenger just in time to save my life. I had just lay down for the last time as I thought (and think so yet) had it not been for the instructions I just received of that messenger. He told me to put the Doctrine and Covenants or the Book of Mormon under my head, and not consent to them and they could have no power over you. They have never had power to afflict me in that way since. Altho they came almost immediately on my receiving the instructions, but they went away faster than they came.

Now a witch is a female and a wizard a male, a live human. But all of a piece with the disembodied foul spirits only in different conditions. I don't like to say much about witches as there is perhaps no subject that will agitate the public mind to the same degree of enthusiasm as that will, no doubt. But much innocent suffering has been inflicted upon persons who knew nothing of the art. But such do and will exist on the earth as long as Satan is not bound.

As far back as 1814 in the state of Indiana I lived close neighbor to a woman who was said to be a witch; and lived neighbor to her for several years. In my acquaintance with her she was charged several times with witchery and it appeared that the people thought that I was gifted in working against witchery, whether the knowledge I had was innate or acquired I am hardly prepared to say. But the business seemed to come handy. I was engaged away from home. When I returned they said that Anna Meeks was bewitched by that woman. Anna was my brother's wife and we all lived in the same building. Anna was strangely worked upon without a doubt. She said that she could see the witch in the house and tried to show her to us, but we could see nothing of her. Anna said that the witch was trying to choke her to death with putting pins in her mouth. We could see no pins but the blood was seen oozing out of the holes where the pins would stick in the roof of her mouth.

She was desperately tormented in different ways. She would sometimes swoon away like asleep on her back with her hands extended each way. We would put a piece of silver easy in her hand and she would flounce like it was fire, but when we put lead in her hand the same way she would not notice it at all.

Several other things pertaining to this circumstance might be related, but I don't like to talk about it. But we got the enchantment broke at the expense of several weeks confinement in bed of the witch, but she did not die and Anna got well also.

Several years later I had a brother who loved to hunt racoons who had a dog that would track them up while the frost was melting in the day time where the coons had gone in the night. One morning he called up Drummer to go hunting. Drummer loved the business as well as his master, but before starting, the dog took a fit; he fell down, drew himself up and tumbled all over and rolled up his eyes and could not go. As soon as it was too late the dog was well as ever. My brother Charles told me the circumstances. I said to him the dog is bewitched and the next time he does you cut off his ear and throw it in the fire; and don't you let a thing go out of your house that day to anybody.

So he did the next time the dog had a fit, and when the dog's ear was burning, here comes the witch on a gallop on a stud horse to the gate and says to Charles, "My husband is very sick and I want to get a little honey to make some medicine for him." Charles without thought gave her the honey and never thought once what he was doing until the woman was a good ways off going on the gallop. But it cured the dog and the woman was said to be at a quilting next day with a blister on her seat as large as the palm of the hand, and she had to sit on a pillow. But she said that it was caused by her ride after the honey.

Now it appears the witches work their craft through or in the blood of the one possessed, and by putting their blood in the fire it punishes the witch; and by putting their water into a vial or bottle and putting it where it will evaporate by the heat of the fire it is said that as long as that process is going on the witch can't make water; and I think it a very good practice for mothers to hold out their children to make water in the fire when convenient; and a word to the wise is sufficient; and I don't feel like trusting public sentiment with much more of my experience in combating the evil influence of evil spirits with the human family because of the enthusiasm they are likely to run into on such subjects, but hope they act wisely on what I have said.

Now in 1848 the (Salt Lake) valley from a human standpoint presented nothing better than extreme suffering if not starvation. The Saints were scattered hither and thither. Some went back to the States and some to California while the mass of the people were eating whatever they could get. Some eating hides off of cattle some eating blood, some eating wolf, hawk and crow. Some eating flesh of cattle that had been dead sometime. And while all this was going on it looked like there was a splendid chance for going naked.

President Kimball's Prophecy—The spirit came on Heber C. Kimball and he prophesied that goods would be had as cheap in the valley in a short time as they were in New York. Now in the Spring of 1848 I bought four potatoes of old Brother Woodbury near the size of an hen egg. I think I gave him a bit apiece for them. He brought seed enough with him to raise about three bushels. He says to me, "Are you the man who cured my son John of the toothache and charged him nothing?" "Yes," I said. "Well," he said, "I will make you a present of some about the size of a bird egg, just one single handful." I put one eye in a hill and had forty-seven hills with a handful of sprouts left; I put them in one hill. In the Fall I measured up fifteen bushels of large potatoes, and very delicious. Also the hill I put the sprouts in turned out a patent-bucket even full, very large nice potatoes. They weighed thirteen pounds. Many potatoes weighed three or four pounds a piece.

The next Spring I put in an early patch for forward use. In due time I planted my Fall crop. My early patch was small but the grabbing them did not catch up with the growth. Every time we grabbed we generally found large potatoes. We were astonished at the way they turned out. And just about the time they were in condition to grabble, the gold diggers came in nearly perished for vegetables they said, and they having plenty of groceries, did not care for the price.

But I tried to deal gentlemanly with them that would induce them to let back company know where to come to get potatoes. So I laid in goods, bacon, tea, coffee and sugar, besides many other articles which I needed. I got a scythe for three bits already hung for work; he said it was too soft and no account. I took the blade off and laid it in the City Creek until the next Spring in very cold water, and when I tried it, it cut grass the sweetest of any scythe that I ever used. The colder the water the more it hardens; and reverse the temper by laying it in the sun. Now my family was not only rich but well-to-live as regards groceries.

Now sickness was desperately bad among the gold diggers, so they had to stop here and make other arrangements and take a new start. They could take their wagons no further and could pack but little but what they must take with them to get there with; and they had goods of all kinds besides articles of almost every other kind. Now there was enough of every necessary of life in the valley that could not be packed away which was a sovereign remedy for the blues. So they pitched their tents all along City Creek in a row like so many geese. Now I had more calls to the sick than I could attend to, and when I could not attend them in a case of fever (the Mountain fever was very prevalent), I would tell them to jump all over in City Creek, and crawl back into their tent and cover up warm and they seemed to recover

under that treatment as fast as any other, and by my services among them, and interest in their behalf.

I picked up a considerable amount of money besides other articles they would let me have for almost no price as they could not take them away and had to pack the balance. And in all this opportunity to cheat and defraud them poor strangers in a strange land, I kept a clear conscience and had their well wishes when they left. Their mortality was very small considering their affluence, their ease and comfort at home and launching out in a country of hardships and suffering.

Now the valley was full of everything that was needed by the poor Saints especially clothing, for I had proposed clothing our women in buckskin.⁹ I saw no way of doing any better at the time I proposed it; but when the emigrants had rested and recovered from their sickness and got right side up again they began to make ready for a new start. They had to buy pack animals and they had abundance of just what things we needed.

I had an Indian pony mare with a colt; she was in splendid order, but the laziest animal I ever owned. I rode her two or three times but I could not get her out of a walk. I tried her with a switch and club and spurred her until the blood ran down her sides but all to no purpose. I tied up the colt and took her to the emigrants. The colt being absent made her act like a smart animal. They liked her looks well because she would hold her head high and show full of life. "What is your price?" says the man. I said, "I have no price but I want clothing for my family," which was five in number. I believe his heart was softened for he handed out goods, some ready-made, and some not, until we all had two suits each from top to toe, both shoes and stockings and everything that was needed. He said, "How much

9. Deseret News, July 6, 1850. (COMMUNICATED). In the arrangement of dress, too much is often sacrificed to fashionable appearance. The whims, or depraved taste of some reigning beauty, have often given laws to the world, and are often of more weight, in determining the nature of clothing worn by females, than all the arguments which might be drawn from the character of our climate, and the amount of exposure to which they subject their delicate frames. Many of the diseases, to which the delicate and youthful of the female sex are peculiarly liable, and by which so many of them have been hurried into the grave, in the spring-time of their existence, may be traced to improper dress; either in preventing, by its undue tightness and its inconvenient form, the proper growth of the body, and natural and free expansion, and motion of its various parts and organs, or to a want of caution in accommodating it to the temperature of the season, and to the various and rapid vicissitudes of the weather.

One cause of the alarming prevalence of so much weakness, emaciation, nervous irritability, shortness of breath, headache, and faintings, may be traced to a general adoption of a style of dress which is entirely unadapted to the youthful developments of the human frame.

The most baneful item is the corset; the injury done by it, "though slow, is sure"; years may pass before you perceive much of its ruinous effects, to which the muscles and the important organs of the chest are subject which gives rise to serious diseases and deformity.

The motion of the body, as well as beautiful, erect position, depend upon the action of numerous masses of flesh, endowed with strong active muscle, should always be free from any artificial restraint; tight lacing, and corsets, and every form of dress, which compresses in the least degree any part of the trunk or limbs, and cramps the motion of the muscles, in the same proportion reduces their size and fullness, and destroys their tone, and the result is a shriveled, bony, emaciated appearance; I hope that mothers in Israel will remember the responsibility that rests on them, to instruct the rising generation to refrain from such pernicious customs.—F. MEEKS.

more?" I said, "Hand out and I will tell you when to stop." He handed out factory and calico until I was almost ashamed; even my conscience reminded me of stopping. I said, "Here is a great coat and a high pair of boots for winter," and he handed them out without a word.

I had them priced as well as I could after he left. We thought that they amounted to about \$80 or \$100. I had then seen the fulfillment of Brother Kimball's prophesy. When I looked back I saw the providences of God as in this case in sustaining and providing for us in this way to keep us from suffering in so likely a manner as this, to keep us from suffering cold and hunger. The manner as this took place was all controlled by providence.

Among the emigrants I made money enough to buy a stable horse and the best wagon I thought I ever saw, paying \$60 for both, and I loaned out some of my money without interest and was honorably paid back again. Now I was a leading disciple in the practice of medicine and everything difficult was discovered. It seemed like they would not make a move without me.

Brother Noble's wife, within about one month of her expected sickness, had the dropsy so bad he thought she could not live until that month was out, so that she could be doctored without injury to her offspring. The doctors in the valley had a consultation over her case, and President Young with them; they could devise no means to save the woman without destroying the infant and she could not live but a few days without help; but they would not make a move until they sent for me. When I came they told me they could not see how the woman could be saved without destroying the child. I told them there would be no difficulty in bringing about that object. They wanted to know if I thought that I could take the water out of that woman and save both alive. I said, "Yes, I certainly can, and lobelia is the thing that will do it." I just gave her Thomsonian courses of medicine and soon had the water all out, and in due time she had a fine boy to the joy of all who were watching to see what the result would be.

I do not think the medicine is yet found and probably never will be that will act in accordance with the laws of life and the intention of nature like lobelia. No difference what the matter is or where the obstructions are, lobelia will find it and remove the obstructions and create a healthy action. Oh wonderful medicine that will act, so much like intelligence; but cayenne pepper and sweating ought always to accompany a course of medicine; and also an injection.

Indian Whipped.—Now in the year 1851, I left Salt Lake to go to Parowan to live, to help strengthen the place against Indians; for they were very doubtful neighbors and committed some trespasses against us which was very hard to bear, such as killing our young calves on the range to eat and were otherwise very saucy

and turbulent, especially among the women. One Indian struck John D. Lee's wife over the head and cut a gash some three or four inches long and we like to had war over it; and if it had not been for the old Piede Captain we do not know what trouble we might have had. He truly was a good Indian; he said he would whip the Indian until Brother Lee said it was enough, if that would do.

So Brother Lee agreed to that. So the Captain had him tied to a liberty pole [Community flag pole], and took the end of a short lariat and he did his duty to him, too. He made him rise and twist every lick he gave him, but he took it like a soldier, although his back was mangled considerable. The old captain seemed to get tired and would stop to rest, and would say, "How much more?" They would say, "More yet," until I thought the atonement was fully made. The last time he stopped he said, "Will that do?" Lee said, "Yes," and the white man and the red man was glad that the difficulty was settled.

It was a great risk of trouble and bloodshed with the Indians that was now settled. While he was whipping the Indian we expected an outbreak with the Indians as we could see them passing to and fro. Some with their bows and arrows which was against the treaty we had previously made for all weapons to be left at home on that occasion, but some Indians seemed to approach with their weapons and we would go and meet them and have them leave their weapons. They left their weapons but appeared very lazy about it. If it had not been for our energy and watchful care we would have very likely had trouble, but it all worked right in the end. The Indians paid more respect to our rights after that.

The more the Indians became acquainted with us the more they liked us. The Indians brought in Indian children that they had stolen to sell to us. I bought one girl, some three or four years old, and called her Lucy. I gave her about as good education as I gave my own children and she made a nice smart woman as anyone. She was the mother of Sylvia Meeks. She died at Harrisburg, I think in her twenty-sixth or seventh year of her age. An Indian man (Dick) came to live with me and continued with me about fifteen years, and I was never acquainted with a more honest man in my life. I never knew him to lie or steal in all that time.

He and I were digging potatoes one evening and it was not time to quit work yet, an impulse struck me to look towards Cedar City; we could see the road five or six miles distance, and when I looked I saw the dust rising in the road. The impulse struck me again with force as much as to say, "There is someone from Cedar City wanting you to go there to doctor someone, and now cover up your potatoes with vines to keep the frost off." "Come Dick," I said, "let us cover up our potatoes."

We had just finished and met the messenger at the field gate, some two or three hundred yards from the house, saying, there was a woman at Cedar City that would die before morning without assistance, so I went. The woman had a rising in her breast which was expected to break inside any minute which would prove fatal; but by making an incision with a lancet two inches deep it reached the corruption and she was instantly relieved, and was soon well.

My course in general has been an inspired course all through my life.

Exploring Expedition to Long Valley.—I think it was in June in 1852. John C. L. Smith was president at Parowan and a good man he was too, and was much respected. He, together with John Steele, his counselor, and Francis T. Whitney, Solomon Chamberlain, John Dart, John D. Lee and myself went on an exploring expedition up the Sevier and over on the headwaters of the Rio Virgin and down through Long Valley to what is called the "Elephant" where the creek is closed upon by impassable high rocks on each side. We passed on down in the bed of the creek we supposed six miles before a chance appeared for us to leave the creek which we gladly embraced. We then took a west course and went some seven or eight miles and came to an insurmountable crevice. [The present Orderville Gulch, Zion Park, Utah, above the Narrows.]

To travel, the mountain presented a perpendicular jump-off clear away to the creek on the north and to the south it was no better. We could look down and see the beautiful clear water winding its way through the valley but could not get to it and we and our animals famishing for want of water and completely hemmed in and late in the day, too. The question was, what is best now. We unanimously agreed that it was best to call on our Heavenly Father who will answer the prayers of His children in trouble when they ask Him. So we all took it by turn in prayer till we had every one prayed individually, first the President and then his counselor and so on till we all prayed. After prayer was over the Spirit fell upon our President and he prophesied in the name of the Lord that we would find water within three miles of that place. Every man believed it would be so.

You may be sure we were off in a hurry without observing much order, pushing our animals considerable. Thinking we would get to water we made a forced march till dusk before we stopped and found no water. We could go no farther south for the awful precipices that hindered and it was now night, too. We could do no better than turn our horses out and lay down till morning trusting to our Heavenly Father for the result. John Dart and myself, before we lay down, took our canteens and went in search of water we thought two miles, but I guess not so far. We came to such awful looking places that seemed to pitch right down out of sight, it scared us back and we were glad to get back

safe. We all lay down with heavy hearts till morning when we arose at daylight.

Through the blessings of our Heavenly Father our horses were all right and we started on our back track for we could go no other way, but we did not rush as we did the night before, being fagged and famished, not knowing what to think of the prophesy that water could be found in three miles. We traveled slow in Indian file. I was in the lead and probably about nine o'clock we had reached within three miles from where we started out the night before. I cast my eyes under the glare of the sun on a large portion of solid rock but not steep but horses could go up by winding a little. I saw a bright streak, I thought looked like silver, it shone so bright. But soon discovered it was water issuing from the brow of the earth which sloped on the rock. The water had not yet reached the foot of the rock which was some twenty rods below and looked like it had started to run sometime that night. We had water sufficient for every purpose by digging holes in the ground by the edge of the rock and the horses would go up and down that rock with pleasure, having the water above and the grass below.

Here we stayed several days not knowing the course to get out, being completely hemmed in. We sent out John Steele and John D. Lee to hunt a way out. They went on foot but did not get back that night and lay out in the mountains, but the Lord was merciful unto them in bringing them at camp time to a basin in a rock, full of good water. Here they fared well and thanked the Lord for it. And right here as the sun was going down in the west and tinted the tips of the mountains in the east with golden colors, they stood on quite a mountain and with longing eyes and praying hearts wished to know how we could get out of that country. Inspiration seemed to burst forth as by vision.

Look east see the lay of the country, that is the course to get out; and it proved to be our only and best chance to get out and we had no trouble in getting out. And I have been at that watering place where we were hemmed in once or twice since that time and looked at the place where we got the water and there was no signs of standing water ever being there. And today when I think about it my heart swells with gratitude to my Heavenly Father for His kindness and mercy over us on that trip.

A New Wife.—Several years after I moved to Parowan I went back to the city; I took my daughter, Peggy Jane, a young woman, with me, and when I started from home my wife said, "Don't you come back without another wife." That put me to studying for she never talked that way before; so the more I studied about it the more I was determined to try and get another wife. So when I arrived at Brother John Dalton's who had charge of the Church Farm four miles south of the city, I left my team

there so as to have no encumbrance at the city. We went to Brother Free's in the city, an old acquaintance of ours. I told them there that I intended to get a hand-cart girl to go home with me. They appeared very anxious that I should get one. Sister Free told me she knew of one who had no relations there and it would suit her the best kind. There was a woman then present said she knew her in England and said she was twenty-four years old and as good a woman as ever was. Now I was very much elated at the prospect. I would not have sold my chance for a considerable amount. I never felt more sure of anything in my life that I did not have hold of.

I found out where she stayed and away I went as full of imagination as the milk-maid we read of in the spelling book. I found the place and stopped outside the gate and spoke to a young woman on the porch and asked her, "Are you Hannah Virgil?" "No, sir," she said; said I, "Does she stop here?" "Yes, sir, but she is not at home." I said, "Are you a hand-cart girl?" "Yes, sir," she said. "Well, I am looking for a hand-cart girl to go home with me; maybe it will suit you to go with me." She said, "I am engaged, or I would." That moment she said, "Yonder comes Hannah Virgil—now." And when she walked up and spoke to me and I saw her countenance, there was a monitory impulse struck me with such force it seemed as powerful on my feelings as the command of a superior officer when he would with a stern voice say "No."

Here now the fat was all in the fire; my feelings I cannot well describe, if I were to try. I left quickly, badly whipped without saying a word to the girl on the subject. I went straightway to President John Young where I was in high repute for letting him have that ox on the plains, he having taken Sarah McCleave to wife, oldest sister of Mary Jane,¹⁰ two years previous to Mary Jane's arrival in the hand carts. She says to me, "Brother Meeks go out to the Church Farm and get your team and harness it to Mr. Young's carriage, he himself not being at home, and Aunt Mary and I will go with you to see Mary Jane; it may be that she will go with you."

I had told them that I was going to start home in the morning for I did not think it worth while to try any longer. I was ashamed to tell them anything about Hannah Virgil, I felt so mean. However I went to the Church Farm and got my team and harnessed it to the carriage. "How far is it to where Mary Jane lives?" I asked. I knew that the Warm Springs was only a mile and a half from Brother Young's. I thought we could soon get back. When we reached the Warm Springs, I says, "Where does Mary Jane live now?" "Oh, it is down by the Hot Springs, six miles farther."

If I had known that in time, I never should have started. It was now late in the evening and I intended starting home in the

10. See this issue of the Quarterly, p. 125.

morning; but as I had started I must stick with them, but felt disappointed. When we arrived at Hot Springs the sun was just going down. "Now, where is the house?" said I. She pointed away down under the fading sun two miles farther to a little log cabin where she said her sister lived. I felt vexed but could not turn back now. We drove up close to the house and found Mary Jane on her "all-fours" scouring the floor. When the dog barked she looked up and saw and knew Brother Young's carriage, Sister Young, her sister, Sarah, with a strange man dressed precisely, as she saw all this in a vision shown to her about three nights before when she knelt down in the dark when all were in bed and asked the Lord what she ought to do, because she was teased so much about marrying. In the vision she was told that was the man she must go home with. So when she saw me in the carriage she knew that was the man for her. We went into the house of Brother Levi Gifford, where she lived. I was well acquainted with the whole family and good family of people, too.

Sarah did not sit down but took Mary Jane out of doors and told her I had come for her, and sent a runner to tell me to come out there. I started and met Aunt Mary Young coming post haste after me. She spoke very animatedly saying: "Mary Jane says she will go with you," and we had not spoken to each other yet, neither had we seen each other's faces. The trial I had when I met Hannah Virgil was nothing to what this was. They told her I had come for her and she said she would go.

Now, if that monitory impulse strikes me with the same power saying "No," what will I do. Can I stand it, or will I have to wilt and wither under this, the hardest trial I had ever met with in my life? (O Lord help.) That instant it was manifest to me to just see her countenance and I would know what I ought to do. But that did not assure me that I would be inspired to take her, and to refuse, it would bring an everlasting stigma that would last through life and I thought very justly, too.

I went out to where they were, the sun being down. The red clouds in the West were all that gave light. I thought if I could see her countenance by the light of the red clouds I would know what to do; and when I was introduced and shook hands with her I was right in the light. I stepped one side to let the light shine in her face. Peace sprung up in my troubled soul with a hearty relish for the words, "Yes, take her." It put me in mind of the poet when he said "No tongue can express the sweet comfort and peace of a soul in its earliest love."

I then told Mary Jane it was just right and we all went back in the house. And when Brother Gifford learned that she was going home with me he was out of humor and talked very strongly against me by way of insinuations and said, "Mary Jane if you knew Brother Meeks as well as I do you would not be so willing to go with him; I know Meeks," he said. "Well," said Sister

Gifford, "Old man, you don't know any harm of him, do you?" "No, I don't," he said. The fact was he wanted Mary Jane himself and both his boys wanted her. The three were so disappointed that they were as cross to her as a wet hen. One of them said "If you are going with that man I want that ring of mine you have." She pulled it off and gave it to him, saying, "I don't want your ring." So we put out into the carriage, dark as it was, and went up to President Young's and in the morning she was sealed to me, it being the 12th day of November, 1856; and the next day we started home. Mary Jane was nearly seventeen years old and I was nearly sixty-two years old! People may say what they please about being mis-mated in age in marriage, but the Lord knows best about these matters. And if there was ever a match consummated by the providences of God this was one; and she has borne me ten children, and if anything they were above the average of smartness, all well formed and intelligent. I have often said if I had picked the Territory I could not have suited myself as well as in Mary Jane. So I give God the glory while I receive the blessings and an exaltation through the lineage of her posterity; so you can see how the Lord had his eye on Mary Jane from the beginning of this narrative; at any rate clear down until now. She has four grandchildren and a likelihood of having many more, and a nicer and smarter woman no man need to want.

Harrisburg Troubles—In 1851 I moved from Salt Lake City to Parowan and remained there until 1862, then I moved to Harrisburg and while there I saw more trouble than I ever saw in all my life before. I went there well off and left there miserably broke up and through the rascality of the people. I had a good herd of cattle and was milking six or eight cows at a time, and some twelve or fifteen head of the best stock of horses I thought in the Territory. I raised some fine stallions and breed mares. I also had a good flock of sheep.

I had a two-and-half acre lot and built stone buildings on it, and ten acres of farming land in the field. I let Samuel Hamilton have an acre and a quarter of my farming land.

Now the people of Harrisburg began to think they wanted more land; there being a good place for farming where Leeds now is situated, they got the privilege of taking up land there, and the enthusiasm ran so high as soon to give that place a majority which monopolized the water for that place. Now nothing would do but to turn the whole creek that way and so it was done.

It was customary to relinquish our right to the water in the old field when we had our land given out to us in the new field. This I would not do, not knowing what might happen; but when I got my land and water bona fide in my possession I would relinquish my right in the old field. It was a right conceded by all, that a person could do as he pleased with his water claim. So I

paid a wagon to John Adams to fence my land, I being sick could not do it. John Adams let the time pass without working at my fence until April before he let me know that he had given it up. Now it was in a bad fix.

Now W..... S....., the little usurper, appeared to be the great man of the fence committee; I had to go to him to commute the sentence in my behalf. They had made a law that every person that had not a good rock or substantial five foot fence done by a certain day should forfeit their land. It being a tremendous busy time and I sick, I knew I could not do it. I asked the privilege to haul in brush as a temporary fence and for me to stand accountable until I could build a substantial fence; but that unrighteous judge W..... S..... would not do it, and so they took my land and gave it to Richard Ashby, who already had his portion of land, and gave him the privilege to fence with brush as I had wanted to do; and seven years afterwards I saw the fence and it looked like a safe fence.

Now I was knocked out of my land in the new field but had not relinquished my right in the old field so I commenced putting in a crop in the old field. Then went Judge Lewis and Ephraim Ellsworth to Bishop Thomas Willis at Toquerville, who had charge of our Ward at that time, and told him that the consequence of my taking water in the old field would about break up the new field.

Bishop Willis wrote me a letter advising me to give up work in the old field and try to get some land in the new field and make me a crop. The letter reached me while I was plowing. I took his counsel and stopped the plow. I made a raise of some land in the new field, but only for one year.

It being so very late now if I could not have a very good chance I should fail in getting a crop. John Harris was water-master; I said to Brother Harris, "If I can't have water to go over my land the first time I can't make a crop. Will you extend the time until I can water all the land the first time?" He said, "No." So I gave it up; so the public had the use of my water claim as long as I owned it without any remuneration.

W..... S..... was the controlling influence that kept me out of my rights and he did it by assuming rights that he never was elected or appointed to act in, and the people were too weak in their duties to oust him and give me my rights.

President Young saw the situation and sent word to them to give me my rights. That word did stir up S..... a little. He said if I would furnish a hand to help fence my land he would give me my rights, which I did until he said the work was finished. He then gave out all the land that was worth anything; some to those who had their portion of land already, and left about four acres in the corner upon the side hill which was poor sandstone soil and too broken to cultivate.

Brother Fuller said he would not give two cents for it. S..... told me that it was that or nothing; when at the same time my recorded rights were eight acres and three-quarters of land, and water for the same. I never got my own until I sold out.

When Brother Hogan was appointed as Bishop he did try to set things right. He had S..... and myself come before him to arbitrate it, but S..... told him plainly that he would not abide his decision unless it suited him. He said he had it all in his own hands and intended to keep it there. The Bishop said it was not worth while to go further with it, as S..... had said he would not abide the decision.

Now ten years had rolled away and I had to buy my bread-stuff and haul it from the North which was a great tax, besides paying out a great deal of my stock for it, and W..... S..... was the primary cause of the whole of it.

Now a greater trouble commenced by Lucy, [Priddy's adopted Indian daughter], being found in the family-way, and she said it was John M., whom we all thought was going to marry her as it was no secret in the two families that such was the intention. John heard that Lucy said it was his and he came over to my house to find out if Lucy said so. I told him she had, and he said, "It was a cursed lie," and appeared much agitated as though he could hardly control himself, and said, "Where is Lucy? I want to see her, tell her to come here." At that moment an animal was seen in my corn. I told him an animal was in the corn and I must go but that I would be back in a minute, and John started immediately after me, and I never spoke to him again, for he went on and got Mosiah's gun and shot himself in the head which was the beginning of trouble for me, for they charged me for being the cause of the murder and thought that my blood ought to atone for it, and the plan was concocted to bring it about; but Mary Jane stood up for the truth like a faithful witness, or I don't know how far they would have missed proving me guilty according to their testimony, although there was not a particle of truth in it. Mary Jane had heard every word that had passed between John and myself, so there was no chance for their falsehood to have credit in the case.

They went to Brother Snow and told him they thought my blood ought to atone for John killing himself and that I had threatened him and scared him which caused him to kill himself. The matter lay still for a little while until Judge Lewis told them that I was going to get the start of them and administer on John's property and agreed to see them through as a lawyer for \$50. At least M. H. told me so, but Judge Lewis denied it; although there was not a particle of truth in the story about my interfering with the property.

Now in the height of their enthusiasm about John's property M. H. and John's mother administered on the estate, being sworn

in and gave bond of a \$1000 for faithful discharge of duty as administrators according to law and justice. They commenced their administration with the help of their lawyer by making bills against John for things that never existed. The whole family connection conspired together to absorb the whole property so that Lucy and her offspring should have nothing, although the law was very plain in her favor. They stumped up bills enough to absorb the property or very near it. Judge Mc. every two or three weeks would come up and drive off from two to six head of John's cattle at a time.

Some months afterwards I asked Mosiah, "What did Judge, Mc. pay for those cattle of John's?" He answered, "I don't know." I felt a little chagrined at that and said, "Now you are a pretty administrator, ain't you; sworn to do according to law and justice and now you have let the property go and can't account for it." I said, "Maybe your lady got goods for them." Margaret spoke up and said her mother never got but one dress of Mc. and she paid for that to her certain knowledge and told what she paid for it. After that I asked the old lady what Mc. paid for those cattle; she said, "I don't know." I never was more surprised. I said to her, "You are a pretty administrator ain't you? Sworn to do according to law and justice and you have let the property go and can't account for it."

Now Joseph Mc. was the most active in the practical part of the administration and I thought he would certainly know what was paid for the cattle, but they said they went to pay John's taxes and said he paid \$9 out of his property to finish paying for it. I said, "Where is the property that requires so much taxes?" He said, "I don't know, but that is what they told me." They paled in John's grave with rough pickets and charged \$53 for it. The old lady's bill for washing three years was \$48.

Several other people put in bills. The most preposterous ones I ever heard of. They were put before Judge Mc. and sworn to. I asked Mc. why he suffered it when he knew the truth of the matter. He said it was their business and not his. It is not pleasant for me to talk upon the subject. I will just say that Mc. moved to Bullionville or Meadow Valley, and I happened to meet him there and called two witnesses to hear what he would say about what he paid for the cattle. He said he paid goods for them to the administrators. Who was right I will not say, for I do not know; but they all had a fat time over John's property. Mc. died soon after this, but I think their lawyer never got any pay.

Brother Snow came and called us all together one night in order to find out the truth of the whole matter, as I was charged with John's murder and Lucy charged with other men, and they said that they could prove it and some said they could swear that John was not the father of the child. I never saw a wiser plan taken to bring out the truth and find out who would lie.

The pro's and con's are too tedious to mention all, but after all, the testimony was given. "Now," said Brother Snow, "If any-one thinks Lucy has lied, I want them to say so." Mosiah raised up but stood silent awhile as though he did not want to say, but finally said, "I do," and undertook to prove by Judge L. that Lucy was seen with a good chance to be under suspicion, but it was proven to the satisfaction of all that Lucy was not there.

Brother Snow wished for all to talk that had anything to say in the matter, but no one else did besides Mosiah. Brother Snow called upon Brother Lewis who wisely said, "I have nothing to say."

Brother Snow had broken into their arrangement as their lawyer and if he had mingled with the rest he would have been caught in the same trap with them, for he was the same piece as the rest, against me in doing all he could to help them in their getting the property. So it looked to me, and I believe it is true.

Now the time had come for Brother Snow to pass judgment. "Brethren," said he, "every word that Lucy has said is the truth and I know that John M. is the father of that child just as well as though I had seen; and Brother Mosiah thought that Brother Meeks' blood ought to atone for John murdering himself. "No," said he, "you are the cause of it yourself, and you will have to meet that again."

What started them under headway about the property was that I had asked Brother Lewis if Lucy would swear that John was the father of the child, would that legalize it? He said I had better ask the judge, as people placed different constructions upon the law, and that was all I ever said to him upon the subject; he took advantage of that, done as he did.

Probably Brother Lewis was not so much to blame as some thought he was. Seeing that the property was all going the way it was I wanted the judge to take it out of their hands and appoint someone else. He asked me if I would like to take it; I told him no, I would not have it. "Who, then?" said he. I told him any honest man would do, but he would not, and I was told that he went and told them that as long as they done as well as they had been doing they might continue to act.

I was counseled by those who saw how things were going to arbitrate it and leave it to two men; in fact, Brother Snow told me how to proceed. They finally agreed to arbitrate and E. K. Fuller of Harrisburg and Benjamin Stringham of Leeds were chosen. I said, "Now will you agree to do everything on the principle of righteousness, justice and reason?" They agreed to do so, and in the start the old lady came in with a bill that was so glaring that it seemed to beat everything. It seemed that she was determined to carry her point at all hazards.

The two men saw how matters were going and said to me, "Brother Meeks, you will have to go to law if you get anything."

I told them they could have it all before I would go to law, for their evidence would be like their bills.

The arbitrators said, "There was a house and lot you can have, but nothing else without going to law." So they gave me possession of the house and lot and Brother Snow counseled me to deed it to Sylvia and I did so; and I never got any of John's property except that house and lot.

Now after being kept out of my rights to land and water in the Leeds field and the troubles on Lucy's account at Harrisburg, I felt like I wanted rest to my soul; but the silver mines began to open the avenues of trouble right among us again although it was hailed as a great advantage to the country. I never liked it. The wickedness of the miners and the love of money caused the love of many to wax cold although there was many honorable exceptions among the miners.

Frank Taylor and his wife, I thought were good people. I rented a room to them, they being miners. Other miners would visit them that were drunken sots which annoyed me very much. Yet I received much benefit through the proceeds of the mines through the industry of my two boys; they helped me very much. Joseph went right into mining and Hyrum engaged with Barbee as cook. Barbee having a store, Hyrum could get anything he wanted, which did help us very much. The boys could have any credit they wanted, but were cautious about going in debt. Barbee would let them have anything out of his store and take their labor, and it so happened they wanted to replenish themselves out of the store and took considerable more than was coming to them and as the fates would have it Barbee he sold out entirely and wanted the money of the boys. As they had been good to me, I thought I ought to help them out.

About this time I sent a note by John Earl and his father on Brother Starks for \$142 in cash. They said they could bring the money as well as not as they were going there anyway. They betrayed their trust and bartered off the note for clothing, wheat, etc. I never got the money only between thirty and forty dollars. Now the tax collector had advertised for the taxes to be paid by a certain date or be paid with cost. Now I had no money to pay my taxes and the boys in debt and a kind of shut down in mining about getting money for work; my family necessities preying upon us, and I owed some money myself that must be paid. Now what shall I do?

I made up my mind to sell out and leave the place and while looking at the situation, for ten years back to the present day people failing to pay me what they owed me threw me behind with them, I must pay, and the boys in debt and my taxes to pay, and having my bread and clothing to buy, it did look like a long shot and a narrow chance for me to ever get through. Right in the nick of the pinch here came a miner to buy my water in the

Leeds field. I put him off the first day. I was in a quandary what to do. It was against the principles I believed in to sell to the Gentiles but if I don't take this chance I shall be broken up. Now what shall I do?

It now forcibly occurred to my mind to take the money from the Gentile, for the same reason that David eat the shew bread; although that was against the law it was to keep himself from starving and this was the sole reason that caused me to sell out to the Gentiles. Alma Angle and Joseph Wilkinson posted right off to St. George to tell President Young what I had done. President Young said to them these words, "I don't blame Brother Meeks one particle." So that settled that question with them. The man paid me the \$75 per acre which set me right again, and I moved to Orderville.

I will now go back to Nauvoo. At a certain time the mob was threatening to come upon us. We had to stand guard night and day. We were every man counseled to prepare for the worst. I made me a spear out of an old table fork and put a handle to it six or seven feet long, as I gave up my gun to those that would probably need it more than I would. I lived near half a mile from the Temple but every man when he heard the drum beat must be at the Temple quick as possible night or day with their weapons of defense. Sometimes the alarm would be given in the darkest hour of the night. We were broken of our rest a great deal, having to jump up out of our beds half asleep and run to the Temple with our eyes hardly open.

I don't remember how many days we expected the mob to come every day. It was once reported that the mob was in sight and that their approach was expected every minute. I was upstairs with a company of brethren. We could look out of a window along the road but could not see them coming. Brother Coulson prayed in our behalf and the mob did not come, but I understand that they turned and went down to the river to camp and come on us in the morning. An accident happened in their midst, although it was a providential accident; a gun went off and killed one of their men, so that prevented them from coming and that storm blew over.

Another incident I will relate while I was cutting up the lap of an large oak tree, together with a man named Jackson, as it was our day to work tithing: We were strangers to each other. It was hot weather and very sickly. Some would take the fever and die before the news would get circulated. Early in the day he suddenly took a very high fever; it was a very serious case and he was very much alarmed about it. I told him that there was a little weed growing around I thought might do him good. He eagerly wished for it. It was lobelia of the first year's growth. Some not much larger than a dollar and lay flat on the ground. I got some

of it and told him to eat it, just like a cow would eat grass and he did so, and in a few minutes it vomited him powerfully and broke the fever and he finished his day's work. I mention this to show you what virtue there is in lobelia.

About forty years ago in Versailles, Brown County, Illinois, there was a woman afflicted with what the doctors called prolapsus uteri in its worse form, but the plain English of it is the falling of the womb. She had been attended for a long time by the best doctors in the country and given up as incurable. The parts were tanned with stringents to such a degree there was but little or no sensibility in the parts. I think that she had been in this condition over a year. I never was acquainted with this complaint before but with great confidence in the botanic medicines I undertook her case. I just gave her regular Thomsonian courses of medicines with common tonics or strengthening medicines. I used some female injections of slippery elm and she soon got well.

Not long from that time her husband ate an overdose of wild grapes and they proved so costive he had no passage for nine days. Dr. Vandeventer gave him up and said he could not be cured without cutting him open for his guts were tied in a knot, and untie the knot with his fingers. Thomas Harold would not agree to be cut open. They sent for the doctor again, and he said he would not go without he would be cut open. He said he might as well die one way as another, and he would live as long as he could, so I will send for Meeks, so they sent for me. I went with him.

Mr. Brown, the messenger, said, "The doctor says his guts are tied in a knot." "And do you think so?" said I. "Yes," said he, "The doctor ought to know." It was the first time that such a subject was ever brought to my mind. I paused a minute and saw the impossibility of such being the case. I said to Mr. Brown, "When you gut a hog and get the guts in your fingers, can you tie them in a knot without ridding them of the strifin a foot or so and then taking the guts in the shape of a bow knot and drawing it in double with your fingers?" He said, "No, you are right." I treated him with lobelia in the form of regular courses of medicine and brought grape seeds from him both up and down until he was empty and soon well.

President Kimball's oldest daughter was in the same condition as the preceding case by being unfortunate while crossing the plains; the best of her ability was to sit in her chair on a pillow while her bed was made then get back to bed again. She had been in that condition twelve or fifteen months when I first saw her. She was given up by everyone but her father, who thought she would be well sometime, but could not tell how. He asked his son-in-law, Horace Whitney one day, "Have you ever asked Brother Meeks about your wife?" He said, "No." "Well, you go and see Brother Meeks, he may know more than you think he does," or

words to that amount. He asked me about her; I told him I thought that I could do her good, if they would get a good nurse to do the practical part that I would undertake the case.

She chose her own mother and made a good choice too, although she did not believe that I could cure her; but when the fourth course of medicine was administered then she believed that I could cure her, and I think from that time in about two or three weeks she was well; but did not adopt my policy in sending her husband on a mission for twelve months or at least nine, until nature could have time to recuperate and come to its constitutional condition of health and strength; for she had a miscarriage some six or eight months after she thought herself well. She probably took my counsel afterwards, for the last time I saw her she had had six children after I had attended her. I told them that she would have to keep hands off for a year or so or she would be apt to meet with misfortunes, and she found it so.

I don't know what encomiums I could place on lobelia to be competent with its virtues, the extent of its theraputic action on the human system. I think there are but few if any who understand. I have been in the habitual use of it now for forty-seven years and I don't profess to know all about its operations on the system yet, neither do I ever expect to until I understand the physiology of the human system more than I do and the laws of which it is governed, for lobelia will act on the system in complete conformity with the laws of health; and when that law is obstructed and fails to fulfill the operations that nature intended it to fulfill while healthy, it will remove those obstructions wherever located, for lobelia will permeate the whole system until it finds where the obstruction is seated and there it will spend its influence and powers by relaxing the parts obstructed.

There should always accompany the lobelia with cayenne pepper which is the purest and best stimulant that is known in the compass of medicine. It will increase the very life and vitality of the system and give the blood a greater velocity and power. Now the system being so relaxed with lobelia and the blood being so stimulated with such power it will act on the whole system like an increased flow of water turned into a muddy spring of water; it will soon run clear and although lobelia is set at naught and persecuted the way it is, it is for the same reason that the Latter-day Saints are persecuted; it is ordained by God to be used in wisdom. The world will not persecute them that are like them but hold them the same as their own.

It is stated that Joseph Smith said that Thomson was as much inspired to bring forth his principle of practice according to the dignity and importance of it as he was to introduce the gospel. Then we should look on those principles as an appendix to the gospel as a temporal salvation. It was introduced nearly

contemporary with the gospel and in its main features runs in sympathy with the gospel, even the "Word of Wisdom" and Thomsonian runs together and strengthens each other instead of coming in collision with each other.

Thomson was educated the same as Joseph Smith was; he had not much experience the same as Joseph Smith and was not of high parentage so thought by the world the same as Joseph Smith was. They tried to kill him the same as Joseph Smith, they lanced him the same as they did Joseph Smith and did everything in their power to stop its progress, but could not do it because it was of inspiration and of course of divine origin like Joseph Smith's mission, and has never lacked opposition ever since it was introduced, just like Mormonism; and that is one evidence of its being correct, for the Prophets have said there must needs be an opposition in all things, and they have also said it must needs be that offences come, but woe unto them by whom they come.

Foul Spirits—About the year 1857, William Titt, some ten or twelve years old, was sent by President Daniel H. Wells from Salt Lake City to me at Parowan for a home as he and his stepmother could not agree. So I took him in and he lived with me until he was quite a man. He was quite a good man; he was born a natural seer. He was the best hand to look in a seer stone that I was ever acquainted with. I believe the Lord overruled his coming to me, I having the knowledge of the science of seer stones and being somewhat gifted in knowing one when I saw it. I used to find many and William could tell by looking in it who that stone was for, and I would give that stone to the one he said it was for and they would see in them.

I yet remember two men's names, Isaac Grundy and James Rollands. They both could see in their stones when they got them, and if they were strangers he could describe the persons but could not tell their names. I told him that if he would be faithful he did not know the eminence he would arrive at in consequence of his gift. I kept the seer stones under my immediate control and when needed I would bring them out. He did a great deal of good by finding lost property and by telling people how their kinfolks were getting along, even in England. He would satisfy them that he could see correct by describing things correctly, but when it came to things that the devil did not want the truth to come out the devil had power to make false appearances, and William would miss the truth. William being young and limited in experience he was not able to compete with the devil at all times, and they undertook to destroy him and they told him if it had not been for old Meeks they would have destroyed him. I think it was on account of his gift that made them try to destroy him.

They commenced by coming in the house one evening, some an hour by sun, where William was sitting on the floor by the

fire. There were three of them, and they caught him around the body and squeezed him nearly to death. I called on two of the brethren to lay hands on with me, and before they entered the door William began cursing them. They were so astonished at that, knowing that William did not swear, they stopped at the door. I urged them in quick saying, "It is the devil talking through William." We had not hands on him but a little while until William says, "There goes one devil out of the door; there goes another, and there goes another," says he. The three all went out at the door and William was rational again.

After that my wife sent William down to Red Creek [Paragonah] on an errand; he rode my stallion, a fine horse but very gentle. In coming back he overtook three women (as he supposed) who would look back every once in a while as if they wanted him to come up with them and he did so, and they filed off into a little side path to give the road to him, and when he got even with them, one said, "William, your father is dead." "How do you know?" says he. "I saw a man that saw him laid out." William burst into a flood of tears. She said, "William get off of that horse and turn him out." She said, "Come out a little way I want to show you the prettiest thing you ever saw." The news about his father being dead, and they otherwise bothered him so much, that he was almost crazy. He got off the horse and put the bridle rein over his arm and led the horse home. When he got home he was so exhausted he fell his whole length into the house and left the horse at the door.

In getting our wood that season we took a single horse and snaked our wood to a certain place where we could throw it over a precipice which was perpendicular and thereby come to it with a wagon, and when we would get in about twenty rods of the wood those three devils would meet us and torment William so bad that one time I had to lay one hand on William's head and take the lines in the other and go home without wood. At another time they met us as usual; one says to William, "Go back, for little Joseph is nearly dead." William says, "What is the matter?" "He fell in the fire and nearly burned to death," (was the answer). William began to cry like his heart would break. I told him to tell them that they were liars and not to believe a word of it, and although I knew better, the skin would draw and crawl all over me and my hair would stand up like a scared hog's bristles. I knew they were there for I could feel their presence, and to this day I have the same feeling when they come in my presence. Although I cannot see them, I know they are there.

At another time they gave him a book to read. Just as we got to the wood pile he held out his hand and said, "Here it is." I could see nothing. I told him to read in it, and he did so. To my astonishment it was a passable discourse with language and words

that he was not competent to use, but the subject was all chaff, no good principles in it. He got so fearful he must sleep with me at nights. I told him to put the Doctrine and Covenants under his head and never consent to anything that they would propose to him, and they would have no power over him, and they never troubled any more in that way while I was acquainted with him. He got so he would sleep by himself without fear.

The last time they came to trouble him he was upstairs in bed after night. He said he saw them all three coming slowly as though they were doubtful. They approached close by and one said, "I know we cannot do anything with you now," but another said, "I do not intend to have my trip for nothing. I will go and attack that yearling in the yard," and in the morning I found that yearling on the lift and it died, and I took the hide off and hung it on the pole. When William saw the hide off he said, "Do you know what killed that yearling calf?" I said, "Poverty, I guess." "No," said he. "It was one of those devils, for he told me he was going to attack that yearling last night." If he had not told me that, I should never have known what killed it. If I had known that in the morning, I believe I could have saved it.

Some time after this circumstance they came to him and invited him to go and see where they lived. I will give it in his own words as near as I can remember. He said, "I went and close by where we got our wood there was a hole in the ground with steps to go down to an underground room. They set me a stool to sit on and offered me a glass of beer, and appeared lively and jolly, and said, 'there is the three you thought were women when you were coming from Red Creek, and if it had not been for old Meeks we would have had you, but we could not do anything with him.' " William said they appeared very kind and friendly to him as though they had no desire to try to trouble him any more.

A neighbor of mine persuaded William by fair promises to go and live with him. William went and soon became careless and used bad language and went to the city, and I understood after awhile married, and the last account I had was in the papers: he had a mining lawsuit and got beat. I believe the reason why the foul spirits showed no disposition to trouble William Titt anymore was because they were deprived of it by a higher power. Even the word of God, which is in the Doctrine and Covenants, which is sharper than a two-edged sword which cuts every way even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, joints and marrow, and the unadulterated word of God, which is in the book of Doctrine and Covenants and it being under his head it produced a halo of powerful influences, antagonistic to their influences and they could not help themselves. I never knew of them troubling the same person again after their power to afflict a person was

broken off in that way. It may be like a receipt for all time, never can call on you again.

A New Theory on Consumption—Consumption has occupied the mind of the medical profession for some four thousand years with more uncertainty as regards its primary cause and radical cure than any other malady on record; and why it is so? Because they do not understand its pathology. Therefore they work on effect and not the cause; remove the cause and the effect will cease. Volumes have been written pro and con on the subject and after all their elaborate works on consumption they generally come out with this one short answer—(it is simply an ulcer on the lungs). Now it is estimated that there are seven millions of pores in the skin that let out the waste matter of the system when in health, just fast enough to give place for what is coming next; but when these little pores become closed by taking cold, the waste matter is checked in its progress out, and has to revert back into the system, and as the stomach is the center of sympathy for the whole system it mostly centers right there.

Now the blood is the vehicle that carries everything and distributes it all over the system and is dependent on the stomach for its next load; such as the stomach has, it takes, and when there is nothing in the stomach but filth it has to take that or nothing, and is like a honey bee, always taking a full load if they can get it. Then passes on slow, being heavy loaded, being dark colored almost black, it enters the lungs to meet with the air to become decarbonized and changes color and leaves its load right in the lungs instead of distributing it all through the system as it would have done in a healthy condition of the system; but the secretory vessels being already stuffed full of the waste matter there was no room for it to accept any more as it passes along to the dumping ground in the lungs. The blood being faithful to the law that governs it, carrying everything forward and nothing backward, it leaves the lungs with the color changed to a scarlet red with a brisk lively motion full of life and activity, just like a honey bee emerging from the hive after leaving its load behind and ready for another trip and thus the lungs are continually supplied with matter to cough up to get shut of it, which causes a vacuum in the lungs that invites a seep from the whole system to fill up that vacuum; besides what the blood deposits, which will cause coughing enough to consume the whole system in a short time.

How do I know my theory to be correct?—by practical demonstration; for I have had but little trouble in curing every case of pulmonary consumption since I have adopted my new theory. How come I to adopt this new theory? By helping to dissect a young man who died of consumption who had taken no medicine to cause his liver to decay, as the doctors say their liver decays and they cough and spit their liver up (but I never could believe

that doctrine), and if nature did not form new liver they must die and of course incurable. Such was the argument of Doctor Pendleton ¹¹ whom I helped to dissect the young man. He said his liver was all gone, but when we came to his liver it was perfectly sound. That stumped the doctor. "Well," said he, "That half bushel of stuff they said he spit up we know come out of his lungs; they must be all gone," and when we come to the lungs, they were sound too. "Now," said I, "Doctor where did all that stuff come from that he spit up?" He could not tell me, but was very much stumped. There was no organ in the whole internal viscera that was decayed or any portion of it missing or gone.

Many examinations have been made on patients dying of consumption under calomel treatment and they have invariably presented a decayed liver, hence their idea that that was the primary cause of their death; when at the same time it was the calomel they gave that caused the decay of the liver, calomel being acknowledged to be by the whole faculty their chief medicine in consumption and that medicine is what rots the liver. In all my research into the mysteries of consumption I never found a case that the patient died without taking calomel but what their liver was sound (and vice versa.)

It matters but little whether my theory is correct or not as long as my course of treatment is successful, and that is to cleanse and purify the whole system of the waste matter which ought to come out by relaxing the pores of the skin and stimulating them to a more vigorous action, and thus get shut of all the impure stagnated, acrimonious, yes, poisonous fluids that are in the system; then there is nothing left to feed the cough. Then the cure is certain. If people would let calomel alone, consumption of the liver would be rarely met with. Keep the pores of the skin open and your bowels free; you will do very well if you don't expose yourself too much.

A New Theory about Hysterics in Women and the Hypochondria in Men—Now the learned doctors of the day say that only women have hysterics while men have hypochondria. Now I am to show their mistake. It is the same complaint in both sexes; nothing different. What symptoms and characteristics are exactly the same in both sexes is not denied by anyone, and I say the same cause produces the complaint in both sexes alike, and I shall call it the hippo, or the blues, which is caused by nothing less than the drying or shriveling up of the nerves, for there is an analogy in all God's creations pertaining to this earth, both animate and inanimate.

When any order of animals or productions arrive at its climax of perfection it commences to go down to mingle with its native element; man has to abide the same law. He flourishes in youthful vigor, buds, blossoms and bears fruit, and when he

11. See Addenda B, this issue of the Quarterly, p. 39.

has filled the measure of his creation he has to return to dust from whence he came; hence a decline commences, and that decline consists in drying up of the nerves just like a cornstock that has filled its measure. It commences to dry up and has to obey the law of decomposition until it returns to its native element; just so with man and this passing through the turn of life with both sexes.

I have thought that women stood it better than men, and while in this condition he is different from what he used to be; his memory fails, his intellect is not so bright, his patience is short, he thinks that everyone is trying to put something in his way or at least take nothing out of his way, and no wonder he has the blues, for the whole man is perverted and everything seems to be wrong end foremost which throws the whole phenomenon of nature into confusion, double as bad on some individuals as others.

Some have been transformed in their feelings and mind that they would actually look everything in a wrong light. Their organs of sense would be so deranged that they would see all sorts of forms which it does not see. The smell would detect odors which do not exist. The touch demonstrates to the brain objects with which it does not come in contact with. The taste is perverted and disordered to an extent which seems to an uninterested observer impossible, and the ears convey imaginary sounds of the most perplexing or terrific character; and this is not half the symptoms resulting from the shriveling up of the nervous system. Every authority I have examined very readily admits that such a state of things is the result of a deranged condition of the nerves, but holds that those symptoms are the cause of the derangement of the nerves; but I hold it as settled truth that the drying up or shriveling up of the nerves according to the law of old age is the primary cause of all those symptoms.

Evil Spirits—I will now give you a narrative of an incident given to me second-handed by a close neighbor to the circumstance which took place in Daniel Clark's family at Parowan, Iron County. The victim was a girl some twelve years old of D. Clark's. She was possessed of evil spirits to such a degree that her feet and legs, hands and arms were drawn up to her body so she could not help herself one particle, and they called it rheumatism. The spirits would rip and tear all over the house and make a terrible fuss so it could be heard by everyone in the house. Her mouth was drawn to one side so that she had to be fed with a spoon by the nurse. A surprise party among the little girls in the place was gotten up and they sent this little girl some of their dinner, more than a common man would eat. She desired to wait until morning before she ate; it was set by the bedside until morning; when morning did come there was not the least vestige of a crumb of anything to be found anywhere although it was well covered with a pan.

One day while her mother was in the room alone with her, her hands came up as straight as ever; her mother stepped into the other room to have her father come and see, and when they came in her hands were drawn up as bad as ever. They then acknowledged it was not rheumatism. Her mother went in one day to cut her hair and something drew her attention for a moment and she laid the scissors on the table close by the bedside, and when she turned to pick up the scissors they were gone. She hunted for them until she was tired and gave up and turned to other business. When she did go in again, the girl's hair was all cut off in a ridiculous manner, her hair piled on her breast below her chin and the scissors were gone, and they hunted high and low but could not find them, but when stirring the bed she turned up the upper bed; there were the scissors between the two beds right under where the girl lay.

When they gave an apple to her they would find it scattered all over the floor in small pieces, some under the bed * * * The spirits would throw her out of the bed and she could not help herself. The man of the house and the boys thought it a trick played by someone just to devil them and swore vengeance or something else against the person if they could find them out. One of the boys swore he would make them get out of there quick and ventured in the dark among them when they were making quite a fuss and bawled out, "You—, get out of here or I will shoot you," and that seemed to make them worse instead of better—which made him glad to get out of there himself, believing that it was not his neighbors playing tricks on him. They would leave prints of teeth where they had bitten her on the belly and arms.

Her father tried to experiment by putting an apple in a tin can, and put buckskin over the mouth of the can and tied it on good with buckskin strings; in the morning it was just as he left it except the apple was gone. The girl had a china doll and wished it dressed differently. When the doll was brought to her it was all to pieces. She then saw a little girl dressed in green standing by the bedside dressing her doll, and when dressed it was entirely differently dressed to what it was before. After the doll was dressed there were two pins left and she stuck them in the pillow. One evening she told her mother she had been out all day playing with lots of little girls and had just come home. She said she got another little girl to lie in the bed in her place until she came back. Her mother was much alarmed for fear that they would take her entirely off and not bring her back.

The visible world is controlled by the invisible world of spirits, although some have bodies of flesh while others are disembodied; and when the Lord designs to accomplish a work among the wicked for their destruction he generally employs disembodied spirits.

This narrative I received at the mouth of the girl's father and mother after the girl had gotten well. She dreamed fourteen times what would cure her before she would tell her mother that it was Dr. Phelps Brown's herbal ointment and it did cure her and the leading ingredient in the ointment is lobelia.

An incident took place in Parowan, Iron County, the same winter that Colonel Johnston came against Salt Lake City with the United States Army. There was a teamster by the name of James McCann, a young man, started to go back to the states by way of California. He reached Parowan with both feet frozen above his ankles. He was left with me to have both feet amputated as it was thought there was no possible chance to save his life without amputation. I was at my wits end to know what to do. I saw no possible chance for amputation. An impulse seemed to strike my mind as tho by inspiration that I would give him cayenne pepper inwardly and see what effect that would have on the frozen feet.

I commenced by giving him rather small doses at first, about three times a day. It increased the warmth and power of action in the blood to such a degree that it gave him such pain and misery in his legs that he could not bear it. He lay down on his back and elevated his feet up against the wall for three or four days and then he could sit up in a chair. The frozen flesh would rot and rope down from his foot when it would be on his knee, clear down to the floor, just like a buck-wheat batter, and the new flesh would form as fast as the dead flesh would get out of the way. In fact the new flesh would seem to crowd the dead flesh out of the way to make room for the new flesh.

That was all the medical treatment he had and to my astonishment and to every one else that knew of the circumstances, the sixteenth day after I gave him the first dose of pepper he walked nine miles, or from Parowan to Red Creek and back, and said that he could have walked as far again. He lost but five toe nails all told. Now the healing power of nature is in the blood and to accelerate the blood is to accelerate the healing power of nature and I am convinced that there is nothing will do this like cayenne pepper; you will find it applicable in all cases of sickness.

It would be very appropriate for the incident I will now relate to immediately succeed the one on the preceding page as they have reference one to the other. Since I came to Orderville I have had a great many supernatural communications. In one instance I had a view of an angel in the form of a right white fowl like a swan, high up, flying very regular and steady across the firmament to the southeast. My feelings seemed to signify that it was a messenger with dispatches on important business. I felt both sweet and solemn about this time; if I recollect right the clock struck twelve. I don't know whether I was asleep or awake but

it seemed to me that I was both asleep and awake; however, there was intelligence came to me in some form and talked with me.

I don't think I saw any personage or heard any vocal voice but it seemed to me just as tangible as if I had seen and heard both personage and voice. It talked with me until daylight began to appear and then it left me alone to muse over what had just passed. In conversing with it I could feel my tongue work as in the expressing of words in talking. I had a good time you may be sure, but have never revealed but one thing; in fact, I have, I believe, about forgotten what I learned at that time; but one thing he said to me: "There is a responsibility on you that you have never discharged. (What is that?) You know how to cure frozen feet without amputation and you have not published it; don't you remember reading in the paper of a man with his big toe frozen and had it amputated?" (I did remember it while he was talking with me.) "Well, there is no need of amputation," said he. So I hastened to publish it by sending to the editor of the Deseret News, and it got mislaid and was not published, and I did not know it till some months passed, and the intelligence came to me again, and said, "You have not published that yet." "Well, I thought I had," I said. "Well, it is not done," said he. "Well, I will do it," said I, and I did do it.

While I am speaking about this messenger it brings to my mind another circumstance similar to the preceding page for a good many years past; frequently I had spells that required a cup of coffee to check, and when I came to Orderville I was intending to do entirely without warm drinks; yet those spells did come on me once in awhile, and my family, (some of them), says to me, "You had better try a cup of coffee, you know it used to help you." I agreed to it and took a cup and it did help me, and I took another cup the next morning and that helped me also, but had no thoughts of continuing its use anymore till the second night after, intelligence came to me and says, "That coffee was good for you." "On what principle?" said I. "Your system is weak and feeble and your blood weak and languid and below a natural action and the coffee will only raise it to a natural action."

"This is reasonable," said I. "But young folks, whose system is not below a natural action like yours is, it will injure." I said, "That is reasonable too." Ever since that I tried to use coffee in wisdom only as medicines and it has proved good for me. I consider tea and coffee should be used only as medicine and not by everyone, for everyone don't need that kind of medicine often, until they get old.

Now my first wife has been dead about fifty-nine years and she came to me since I have been in the Territory of Utah and asked me how long I thought it would be before she could be with me. I told her I did not know, but that I had done all I knew in that line and would do all I could as fast as it will be made

known to me what to do to get you with me. I says, "Polly are you happy where you are?" She says, "Yes, but not as happy as I will be when I get to be with you." She looked the most pleasing I ever saw her, and I was overjoyed all the time she was with me.

I will now relate a circumstance of the hardest temptation to overcome that I ever had in all my life. I never could talk about it without shedding tears. While living in Nauvoo I went away out into McDonough County to hunt an animal which had strayed from me. I had turned to come home and met a woman on horseback and a little boy riding on behind her. I had not passed her but a short distance when I came to a beautiful bunch of yarn thread, right in the road, that I thought I ever saw, a large bunch, some blue some yellow, some white, the deepest colors, I never saw better. I was almost made frantic at the thoughts of furnishing my family with what I knew they greatly needed, a bunch of thread to make them clothing. I eagerly picked it up and started home with it; instantly as strong as language (tho I heard nothing) something said "Whose thread have you got?" That was the first I thought about it; ah yes, sure enough, whose thread have you got; well I know it's not mine; it must belong to that woman I met; well who is she? It may be she is a poor widow woman who has worked hard to get this thread to clothe her naked children in need of it more than your family. It's not yours anyway.

I was beset with such cutting arguments that it seemed almost like killing me when I come to my right mind. In the midst of all this a little son of mine that died in Illinois, he appeared in my mind and seemed like he said, "Father, I am depending on you to do the work for me that I can't do for myself, and will you take a course that will keep you from doing it? How will you feel to do so." I never want a worse hell than I was in. I had taken the wrong road purposely to avoid a house I knew I ought to leave the thread at. But I could stand it no longer. I left the road I was in and went to that house and delivered the thread to them and told them the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. And never was I caught in such a circumstance before nor since and by the help of God I never will.

Every person has an atmosphere of his own which is the result of electricity that is constantly generating in the system and passing off in a constant current through the animal system which we shall call animal magnetism, which has a powerful attracting influence over affinitive elements which surround it; the temperamental quality of that influence is signified by the spirit that predominates in the person and as the person is subject to any kind of a spirit that their free agency will permit as a matter of course the halo of influences that surrounds them will change also; hence the attracting influence of magnetism will draw everyone of like passion, right into its own ranks, and that principle doesn't stop

with our fellow mortals but extends itself to the spirits which are unseen by the natural eye.

If a person will give way to an evil influence it will contaminate the whole of the influences that were previously good which will permit or invite every evil spirit that was a mind to accept of the opportunity to come in and banquet in tormenting some person that may have yielded to their influences; thus when a person in a community will suffer themselves to be influenced to oppose those that are responsible for the good order in that community, it opens a door for evil influences to enter into that community through the contaminated influence and power of attraction of the magnetism of the atmosphere that surrounds that person because the evil spirits are permitted (yes invited) to come in and show a portion of their free agency, and I know of no better way to bring trouble into a family than for a man or his wife to cultivate a familiarity or friendship with evil spirits, whether in the flesh or disembodied.

It makes no difference as to the principle so that they feel welcome by them that cultivate that friendship to come into the family circle and break up the peace and union of that family and great caution should be used in such cases, how we tolerate such spirits about us, that we are not acquainted with but use respectful prudence and civility to persons that enter in our circles so as not to give offence to any except they that are very offensive themselves. But treat them with common civility but not cultivate their feelings by showing an undue portion of friendship that will cause them to believe that they were really welcome to a great portion if not all the privileges of the circle to which they feel that they are made welcome even if a great portion of that community is greatly annoyed by them, especially those that are responsible for the good order and peace of that community. This principle applies to foul spirits with the same force of truth that it does to spirits in the flesh.

May the 19th, 1882. This morning a few thoughts forcibly suggested themselves to me before I got out of bed. Old people that have passed the turn of life should not eat much cold victuals nor take heavy draughts of anything that is cold because they are deficient in the warmth of the system and what little warmth there is in the system has to be assimilated into the cold that is in the system to bring the temperature of the whole system into an equilibrium; this instead of increasing the heat (which is one great object in eating), it decreases it. Heat is life or the residence of it and the more warmth until it comes to the maximum of health the more life is enjoyed and (vice versa). The more cold the more death, till warmth is overpowered and the life goes out with the warmth.

All men and women are subject to this law because they all pass through the turn of life, similar (no difference) and that consists in passing down the stream of life to mingle with their native element and that turn of life consists in the drying up of the nervous system. The calves of the legs become flabby and loose like a cow's bag half milked and every muscle, leader and tendon in the whole system become weakened and relaxed. It certainly is supreme reasoning that the very life of man can be cultivated and improved and lengthened out on the same principles as other things and I believe that the improvement would be just as great in man as on Irish potato or the lower order of animals. Isaiah says in the last chapter, but one: That the days of man shall be as the days of a tree. And it is reasonable to suppose that his physical power will develop and increase according to his longevity.

All this will be brought about upon common sense principles, and when we learn common sense principles in taking care of ourselves and practice it and take common sense remedies and eat common sense food, eating nothing that will militate against our health, wear nothing that will militate against our present or future comfort, take no medicines that will poison the system and adhere to the Word of Wisdom that says, all wholesome herbs are ordained of God for the constitution and nature and use of man and then practice it, then will the human family begin to lengthen out their days, longer and longer as they practice those principles till the days of man will be as the days of a tree; not suffering the ravages of sickness and misery that now afflict the present generation in consequence of their not observing the laws of health and longevity and keeping the commandments of God.

Then will the powers of the priesthood become more of a supreme fact in the eyes of the nations of the earth in controlling foul spirits and the spirits of disobedience. Although the devil will be close on our heels as long as he can muster his forces to come up against the Saints of the most high God. But there must be an opposition in all things and let us prepare ourselves for it by dealing justly, and loving mercy and walking humbly before our God.

A Dream, or Manifestation.—The 10th of May, 1884. This morning after daylight at an unusual hour I fell into a very pleasant quiet slumber. I found myself at a meeting of elderly men and but few women. I knew no one there, but old Brother John Dalton. I shook hands with him and sat down in a chair that was set for me. I felt happy. I looked in one corner of the room and saw a little girl in a fit. I rose up and went to her and laid my hands on her head, together with John Dalton. I said, "Brethren I wish one or two more would come," which was promptly obeyed. I then cast my eyes around and asked, "Whose child is this?"

The answer was ("Brother Sturdies"), a name I never heard before. I then asked: "How old is she?" "Nine years old today," was the answer. We then administered to her in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I being mouth; and rebuked the foul spirit and it instantly left the girl calm, quiet and as much relaxed as any person; which brought to mind with great force what the Prophet Joseph Smith said; it was Satan's business to draw up or bind up the bodies of the people and then take possession of them and control them.

A Short History of Dr. Meeks' Practice of Medicine (*In Dr. Meeks' handwriting*)

Being always an anti-poison man in principle, ignoring poison of every name and nature with the greatest degree of abhorrence, not believing in bleeding, blistering, poisoning or starving the patients, and for a number of years he resorted to a regular Thomsonian course of medicine for every complaint which was the safest and surest plan for success that ever was devised by man, as he thought, and it proved to be true. But circumstances did not always admit of it and he had to do the best he could which brought him to his studies what he should do.

Case 1. James McKann, teamster in General Johnston's Army that come to kill off the Mormons, he was brought to my house for me to amputate both feet which was froze as high as 2 or 3 inches above the ancles. I did not know what to do. It come into my mind as by inspiration to give him cayenne pepper inwardly, and nothing else. In 16 days he was well and walked 9 miles, and said he could of walked farther. He only lost 5 toenails from both feet.

Case 2. The worst case of inflammatory rheumatism I think I ever saw was cured in one week by taking a little chew of Indian root and half that amount of yellow dock three times a day, swallowing it down every time. Jennette Clark was the woman cured.

Case 3. Mary Smith, a young girl, had a bunch growing on her upper lip close to her nose protruding above her nose, which was entirely stopped. She could not breathe through it. All she took was equal quantities of burdock, yellow dock and dandelion in powders, and a snuff of yellow dock for her nose, and the tumor gradually vanished away and left her a smooth face. Some said it was a canker sore, while others said it was a cancer sore. Howbeit, it got well under the above treatment.

Case 4. While living at Parowan a man by the name of Bishop was brought to me from Buttermilk Fort, Millard County, Utah, in a bad fix with his back half bent; could not straighten

up. His kidneys and urinary organs were all affected, so that he could not walk a step. I gave him nothing but burdock seeds and dandelion tea, and in twelve days he was well enough to go home rejoicing.

Case 5. While I lived in the city, Andrew Love had been under Dr. Bernhisel's¹² treatment for a very bad case of kidney complaint and he was given up. I gave him nothing but burdock and dandelion, and he soon recovered to the joy of all.

Case 6. In the first settling of the Salt Lake Valley Lorenzo D. Young's wife had the phthisic¹³ for twelve or fifteen years. She could not live in a crowded fort and had a house built some rods outside on higher ground. I gave her nothing but bitter root or Indian hemp root, and it cured her entirely. I think she had it no more. Ten or twelve years afterwards she said she never had it any more after taking that medicine.

Case 7. Orson B. Adams got three fingers cut off of one hand within one-half inch of hand, leaving the bones sticking out naked. It was urged by some to cut the bones off close to his hand or it would never skin over. I would not agree to it, but took the case in hand. I gave him medicines that prevented inflammation or a fever from arising in the wound, and he got well in a very short time considering what a severe wound it was, done by a circular saw. The bones that stuck out grew over nicely and looks like short fingers with no nails on. Cayenne pepper was the agent that accomplished the object.

Case 8. Barnabas Carter got struck with a piece of cast metal drum in a machine that was going a furious speed. It burst all to pieces, one piece went through the weather-boards of a house that stood some distance off. One piece or two struck Carter on the breast and side and knocked him down with a dangerous wound. Being unconscious, he was carried home. There was a great excitement, very warm weather and a great crowd. There was no gash cut, but a terrible bruise and it was turning blue. I told them I wanted them to leave and give me a chance and I would promise them there should not be left a blue spot of bruised blood under the skin in a short time. In this case I gave lobelia as well as cayenne pepper to relax the system so that the bruised blood would assimilate with the warm uninjured blood and become equalized through the whole system. I don't know that I gave lobelia enough to puke him or not. If I did it was so much better.

One main object I have in view is to turn the hearts of the Saints to the Word of Wisdom that the wisdom may be sanctified in the hearts of the Saints, to the exclusion of the popular physicians and their poison medicine of the present day, and sim-

12. See "Early Utah Medical Practice," this issue of the Quarterly, p. 18.

13. Consumption.

plify every one among the Saints to one name for each article, with one meaning to that name; that children may not err thereby, ignoring all the customs and fashions and technicalities of the dead languages that has caused the death of thousands of our dear friends, and obey the word of the Lord by using these herbs that He says He has ordained for the "*Constitution*", "*Nature*", and "*Use of Man*."

Also to simplify the practice of midwifery down to its natural wants; "And what are its natural wants?" Nothing but to have the obstructions removed, and you cannot prevent delivery only at the expense of life because it's the law of nature which is the law of life, which is the law of God, which is immutable. (Did you ever know a squaw die in childbed?)

Then away with your pretended science of midwifery. There is more harm done by it than good.

When the pains flats out and stops, just remove the obstructions and the pains will return, and come as a natural consequence, being a natural call the same as any other call of nature. Precisely there is no difference in the principle, and the Lord has ordained means among those anti-poison herbs adapted to that very purpose.

When the foregoing conditions are reached we then can raise all the medicines needful in our gardens which are well adapted to human culture, but as yet cannot furnish them all on account of climatic difference. Then will be the time when there is no danger of poisoning our families and bringing them to a premature grave. We then shall be delivered from the greatest curse that ever visited the human family since Adam first set his foot on this earth. May God help to speed on the time when the Saints may enjoy the blessings of such times and Israel gathered and Zion built up and Him on the throne where right it is to reign. When the foregoing condition takes place among the community there will be no more schools of midwifery.

Having had an interview with a pupil of Mrs. Shipp's ¹⁴ school in the city and also saw the announcement of that school in pamphlet form and learned their prescription for childbed sickness (chloroform) (opium) (quinine) (aconite) (ergot) and (strychnine), all of which is as poisonous a catalogue of articles as might be needed to kill a well man, I learned that Dr. Anderson ¹⁵ was expected to lecture in her school.

A remedy for *diphtheria* I never knew to fail: Give a good thorough emetic of lobelia and bathe the throat from ear to ear, and gargle also with a liquid made by putting two teaspoonsful of finely pulverized lobelia seeds and the same amount of cayenne

14. See "Women Doctors," this issue of the Quarterly, p. 31.

15. See "Early Utah Medical Practice," this issue of the Quarterly, p. 20.

pepper into one quart of good keen vinegar, and go through the operation of bathing and gargling as often as the emergency of the case may require.

This course will meet the poison both inside and out, and destroy its power, lobelia being the most powerful anti-poison that is known. You need not be afraid of it. It is perfectly harmless and operates exactly with the laws of life and health.

P. MEEKS.

Lobelia

Its principles, properties and effects upon the human system, etc. (A later writing.)

1st. Lobelia is the most powerful diffusive stimulant known in medicine. After taking a dose it instantly permeates the whole system, removing obstructions wherever found, and restoring a healthy action wherever needed, and is one of the most powerful relaxants known in the science of medicine, and yet perfectly harmless in all its operations upon the human system, being in perfect harmony with the laws of life and health, and a surer, quicker and more powerful anti-poison (I think), is not known, and probably never will be.

As an instance, I attended a case of hydrophobia. A boy ten or twelve years of age, Philetus Davis, by name, having been bitten by a rabid dog, lobelia was administered. He recovered perfect health, and says he has never had a tremor of the complaint. He now lives at Toquerville, and has a large family.

2nd. Lobelia performs all of its cures by destroying the poisons in the system, caused by the vitiated and acrimonious fluids of the system that causes so much ill health. When taken inwardly, it acts like intelligence. No matter where the obstruction is found in the system, it concentrates its power and influence on that spot, and will diffuse itself through the whole system till it finds that spot, and overcomes the complaint by relaxing the parts, and scattering the pain and misery, causing it to escape with perspiration and neutralizing the poison in the blood, while that portion of the poison that might escape through the pores of the skin should be met with the tincture of lobelia outwardly as a wash. (It does act like intelligence).

The same dose that would deliver a dead foetus speedily, will prevent an abortion if the child were alive. No odds what effect is required to help the laws of life and health, it will operate or work exactly to that end. I never knew any bad results to follow its operations, and I have used it nearly fifty years. You need not inquire of the patient where or what is the nature of the complaint. Give the lobelia and it will find the disease and assist nature to overcome it. You must never scald lobelia, or it will render it perfectly inert. It will not act upon a dying person.

From Dr. Horton Howard's "*Materia Medica*", p. 260: *Lobelia Inflata* is a biennial plant, growing from eight to thirty inches high; stem erect, milky, branched. Leaves alternate, milky, oval, or oblong, acute, edges jagged with unequal teeth. Flowers scattered along the branches, small, pale blue; seeds many, very minute, brown, resembling tobacco seeds.

Being biennial, it throws out the first year only a few radical roundish leaves lying close to the ground; the next year it produces the stem, branches and seeds. The leaves and roots of the first year are as powerful as the mature plant, excepting the seeds, which are the strongest.

The lobelia is the most valuable and efficient emetic known; its full merits being scarcely appreciated even by those who are in the habit of making frequent use of it. It also acts as a sudorific, expectorant and diffusible stimulant, and for the relief and even cure of asthma, and as an antispasmodic, its equal has not yet come to the knowledge of the world. As a stimulant it extends its effects to every part of the system, removing obstructions and restoring a healthy action wherever one exists or the other is needed. Its action or effects may often be sensibly felt or known by a pricking sensation over the system, particularly in the fingers and toes.

Professor Rafinesque¹⁶ says that some of the medicinal properties of lobelia were known to the Indians, it being used by them to clear the stomach and head in their great councils. As an antidote to poisons of all kinds whether animal or vegetable, the lobelia stands unrivalled, particularly in the cure of hydrophobia. The lobelia is used in powder, infusion or tincture, of the leaves and pods; or the seeds, either simply by itself or compounded with other articles. The best time to gather it is in the fall, when the leaves are beginning to turn yellow, as the seed is then ripe, and we have the advantage of the whole plant.

Doctor Coffin, of England, says in his treatise on lobelia, that lobelia is the best midwife in the world, and I believe it, from actual knowledge, by experience, and if the general public would believe it, it would save a vast amount of suffering.

Orderville, July 13, 1882.

The following catalogue of roots and herbs is prominently stimulant or astringent or bitter, or diuretic or emmenagogue, as under their appropriate head; but they all possess more properties than one, but these are their leading properties as under the appropriate head.

16. See Addenda E, this issue of the Quarterly, p. 46.

STIMULANT

lobelia
black pepper
cayenne pepper
ginger
horseradish
cinnamon
catnip
hoarhound
tea
coffee

ASTRINGENT

barberry bark
sumach
raspberry
cranesbill
red dock root
tan bark
swamp dogwood
larb, or urva ursa
cinquefoil
chokecherry

EMMENAGOGUE

pennyroyl
tansy
queen of the meadow
silkweed root
asafoetida
catnip
hoarhound
blue cohosh
black cohosh
Indian root
BITTER
golden seal
mountain grape
balmony
columbo root
bitter root
barberry bark
hops
gum myrrh
quaking asp
tansy

White Oil Linament:

Take equal quantities of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine and salt petre, a tablespoon each, and one hen egg. Put it into 1 pint of best vinegar, shake it well together several times. Good for rheumatism, swellings of all kinds, sprains, aches and pains of any kind whatever.

Stone in the bladder:

Take the size of a pea concentrated lye; put it in a teacup of water; when the scum rises, skim it off, pour the balance into a bottle with a glass stopper to it, except the dregs; throw that away. A half teaspoonful is a dose to dissolve the stone in the bladder; taken several times a day (communicated to me).

DIURETICS

sumach leaves
elder bark
parsley root
dandelion
horseradish
milkweed root
pumpkin seeds
juniper berries

spearmint
queen of the meadow
hoarhound
mullein
watermelon seeds
sweet pink, top and root
button snake root
Virginia snake root

Dr. Thomson's Receipts—(Composition Powders)

2 lbs. bayberry bark; 1 lb. ginger; 1 lb. hemlock bark; 2 ounces of cayenne; 2 ounces cloves. Finely powdered and well mixed.

Take one gallon of the best alcohol; 1 lb. gum myrrh; 1 ounce of cayenne; bottle it up and shake it every day for ten days.

For canker in the throat: Burned copperas put in soft grease and rub it in behind the turn of the jaws and behind the ears and throat and top of the head several times.

It is said that the root of the blue flag is a sovereign remedy for the *tooth ache*; that the pain ceases the instant it is chewed.

Good strong vinegar and soot or eggshells will do to cure the *yellow jaundice* in most cases.

To relax any contraction of the system whatever: Take equal quantities of yellow dock, dandelion, burdock, and lobelia, all finely pulverized, and put at the rate of 8 ounces to one quart of the best alcohol. Let it stand ten days. Shake it frequently. Use as a wash, always rubbing it downward with the hands.

To cure swelled joints: Take two hen eggs beat fine. Put in one tablespoonful each of table salt and black pepper in one pint of good vinegar. Mix it well together. Anoint with it, rubbing it downward with the hand several times a day.

To Color Turkey Red

2 ounces of cochineal; 1 lb. madder; 1 lb. red saunders; 2 ounces alum; 1 ounce red arsenic. Boil them three hours and leave five gallons of the dye in the kettle. Put in the dye one hour. Keep the dye warm. This quantity is for five pounds of deep turkey red in cotton and 4 lbs. of scarlet wool.

The Science of Midwifery Demonstrated

Obstetrics—In Leeds, Washington County, Utah, some years since I was called to a case of a woman in childbed, and could not be delivered with all the best wisdom and talents that were to be had among the women of that section of country. When I met her husband at the gate he asked, "Do you think you can do her any good?" I said, "I think I can." He said he had no faith in the world that I could do her any good, for, said he, "I have buried two women that died exactly in that situation and I thought there was no remedy in such cases." Well, she was in a deplorable condition. She had been five days in that condition without any progress whatever. All hands were disheartened and the case given up. There she lay in a cold, lifeless condition, her strength exhausted and her pains gone and little if any progress made.

Well, I commenced a little before sunset and by 8:00 o'clock next morning she was comfortable in bed with a twelve-pound boy by her side. But it was dead before I commenced.

Treatment, I relaxed her system to the flexibility of a wet cloth with lobelia, which can be done if persevered in sufficiently, without any danger whatever. It is perfectly harmless. At the same time give freely of cayenne pepper with the lobelia in warm teas of some kind, and this medicine will diffuse itself through the whole system from the top of the head to the end of the toes, removing obstructions wherever found and restoring a healthy action wherever needed, increasing vitality and the power of life-giving strength and energy to the internal forces; and in that condition of the system you can't prevent her delivery according to the law of nature which is the law of God, and by letting her alone in this condition the pains will return just natural as the water will follow the ditch. When the obstructions are removed, it is the law of the internal forces which is the law of God. This case was a woman forty-three years old, and this as her first child which made her case much harder to bring her through safely, but she did well and soon was up and around again; (this case of treatment is a sample of all similar cases).

In the summer of 1884, in Kane County, in Orderville, Utah, I was called to a young lady with her first child. She had been in hands two or three days and was given up by the midwives for a surgeon who they wanted to send for right off, saying she was malformed and never could be delivered only by taking a bit at a time. They were much opposed to me and my medicines, but by the influence of friends they said I might try what I could do. I took the same course with the kind of medicines as in the preceding case, and in due time the child came away and no one knew it till she told them to come and take it away. They feared she would mortify, but it is a mistaken idea altogether; take good care of the woman; it being a foreign body and not having any connection with the living principle, it having been separated from the living principle, itself will decay and mortify and lessen and come away by little, till it all comes without mortifying the woman, without medicine, by taking good care of the woman. I know a live woman today who went forty days before she got clear of what the midwives could not take away. She was controlled by my counsel.

In October, 1884, at Mt. Carmel, Kane County, Utah, I was called to see a woman seventeen years old. She had been some sixty or seventy hours in hands of midwives who had given her out as being so malformed that there was no possible chance for a safe delivery. They had such opposition against my giving her lobelia, (one of the best evidences of its being ordained of God for the benefit of mankind, because the Devil never opposes only what is of God and His emissaries), was so visible to me that I could, it seemed to me, almost see them with my natural eyes and without the assistance of inspiration I would cer-

tainly have been overcome. But by the help of the Lord I succeeded in delivering the woman of a dead foetus. And in all three of these cases the foetus was dead before I was called. But the woman did well and had no relapse whatever, and the very same treatment will prevent abortion if the foetus is not dead or disorganized. But if alive it will remove the obstructions and restore a healthy action to both mother and child.

Oh, what a wonderful medicine it must be, to work in complete conformity with the intentions of nature which are the laws of life and health which are the laws of the internal forces which are the laws of the Eternal God, which I believe is a portion of the Holy Ghost just suitable for this universe (less refined than for higher uses) and we call it electricity. What is the difference between electricity, oxygen, ether or rather ethereal and a suitable grade or degree of coarser or less refined portion of the Holy Ghost just adapted for the controlling agent of this universe in its present condition?

And when the earth becomes sanctified will it not be governed by the spirit of a higher law and a more refined spirit than that which governs it in its present condition? Is not the spirit or mental powers of man as liable to be sick or diseased as the physical, or tabernacle of man? If so the spirit of man needs doctoring as well as the body, as the principle of impurity is the cause of all our maladies. The principle of purity is as much above impurity as heaven is above the earth and God in the Word of Wisdom has told us that he has ordained all wholesome herbs for the constitution and nature and use of man and they are every one pure and holy and anti-poison in their effect on mankind and of equal virtue with the priesthood on the sick and when that which is pure and holy is applied to the tabernacle of man outwardly (which was the ancient order of using ointment) the absorbing principle of the system will invite the application through the whole tabernacle permeating every nook and corner in the whole system with the principle of purity which will supplant every principle of impurity and it will depart as though it was intelligent for they have no more communion than Christ and Belial, their element being diametrically opposite to each other like the tadpole and mountain trout; if they were to swap locations they would both die. The tadpole can't live in pure water. Neither can the fish live in poison water like the tadpole. The Lord told Moses to take four articles of different spices, giving the amount of each kind and the name of the spices also and compound them together and anoint the priest with it and they would be holy (pure and holy are synonymous terms) and who ever should touch it should be holy.

The 7th of October, 1884, in open daylight I had a vision. The first I knew I found myself in company with a number of

Saints or angels in the Temple or some other sacred place. I knew no one but Apostle Woodruff and John Allen. I was told that John Allen was worthy.

Brother Woodruff said to me, "Brother Meeks, you have been trying to sanctify yourself and set your house in order and have failed. Your table is the nucleus for tea drinkers and the will of the Lord is that that should cease." I replied, "Sarah doesn't give milk enough for her baby and thinks that tea will help her give more milk." He replied, "Should she think that violating the will of the Lord would obtain more milk rather than doing His will and trust His mercy?" He further said, "You have been thinking about having Mary Jane go into the practice of midwifery which is one of the most responsible positions that the mothers in Israel is called on to fill, for such a position. She as yet is not prepared. She must purge herself of some evils which she has not as yet overcome. She arrogates too much independence to herself regardless of the relationship she holds in the family circle. According to the law of the Lord she should study that and try to live up to it." I said, "Giddy Hogan was spoken of as going into the practice too. What do you think of her?" He replied, "She needs a preparation but not to the same extent."

I thought it wisdom not to write any more of the vision, although I had quite an interview.

A Short History of Dr. Meeks' Female Relief Pills which have lately been demonstrated by the practical use of the herbs of which they are composed. Those pills are compounded wholly out of those wholesome herbs that the Lord said in the Word of Wisdom He had ordained for the constitution or nature and use of man and he has suffered nothing to enter into those pills antagonistic to the Word of Wisdom. They are all anti-poison and are compounded as to act upon every organ of the whole system; at the same time removing obstructions in the system wherever they are found, and restoring a healthy action wherever it is needed, cleansing the blood and purifying the vitiated and acrimonious fluids of the system, perfectly harmonizing with the laws of life and health also in perfect harmony with any food that mankind ought to eat or drink. They are so compounded and modified as to be adapted to male or female of all ages and in all conditions of life, working in the system mild, pleasant and slow not interfering with any occupation you may be engaged in. It is at the same time specially necessary to observe the Word of Wisdom and adopt an hygienic course of diet. Two pills morning and night for an adult is a common dose.

These female relief pills in their present combination and proportions are designed for common use and common complaints of every name and nature. But when serious cases of midwifery

occur he takes a few articles of the same medicines that are in those pills and so proportions them together as to furnish strength and power to expel dead children without danger or bad results following.

The women that have used those medicines before confinement as a preparatory means have received great benefit thereby both in speed and ease. One case three and a half hours from the time she first knew what was the matter till she was safely delivered of a fine boy and both did well. Two other cases only three hours, another case of one-and-a-half hour after the midwife arrived, she having to go not over one hundred rods, and those that were miserable before confinement found relief by using those pills, two pills twice a day.

In midwifery these medicines do nothing less than remove the obstructions, and the pains will return as a natural consequence and delivery cannot be prevented only at the expense of life. It is a natural law that cannot be controlled any more than you can make water run up hill; clear out the ditch and you will not have trouble about the waters coming. So likewise remove the obstruction and the pains will come and the child with them. One is a principle that cannot be controlled as much as the other; it is the law of nature which is the law of life which is the law of God which is immutable.

Never look after the pains, but look after the obstructions, till they are removed and the object will be obtained without any more of your help; and you can't prevent only by sacrificing life.

Orderville, Sept. 24, 1886—Inasmuch as the Lord has blest me with a portion of His spirit and enlightened my mind and quickened by the same spirit to see and understand some of the mysteries of His kingdom for myself and not for another, I, P. Meeks, on the 20th day of September, 1886, early in the morning of that day, was suddenly quickened by the spirit so that I could see and understand the things of God. In that condition I was made to understand that I had committed a grievous sin, *had it not been done in ignorance*, but knowing my determination at all hazards when I know what is right.

I was then given to understand that I had no right to delegate to Brother Hogan any portion of that ministry or emoluments arising therefrom and make merchandise of the souls of men out of my Holy calling that I had covenanted to do myself before this world was made with all the sacred promises that I should have all the help needful in every emergency that I should get into without delegating any portion of that ministry to anyone else, especially when I had no authority, and all for filthy lucre's sake. That much of the demand is repudiated and detracted from by me, P. Meeks, as being unhallowed in principle.

All other considerations, bargains, contracts, covenants and promises and damages I consider as common dealing between two citizens of Zion and should be noticed in the same as is customary between brethren.

P. MEEKS.

(This last entry in his journal was written just a month before Dr. Meeks' death, which occurred in his 92nd year, at Orderville, Utah. He died highly respected. His was a life of usefulness and helpfulness to his fellow men, and many are the warm memories of his services to the communities in which he lived. It was said of him that he was a "gentle soul," for he was unusually kind, patient, and considerate.

Since his wife Sarah died in her 99th year and his wife Mary Jane in her 93rd, it would seem that Dr. Meeks' views on living and his theories and practice of medicine were not unfavorable to longevity.—J. C. A.)

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